

COSMOPOLITAN

AUGUST 1954 • 35c

ESTHER WILLIAMS

Mermaid in the Money

**Don't Be a Menace on
the Summer Highways**

**Are Our Children Too Soft
to Face Their Future?**

The Eddie Albert Story

**"I Know Now Why My
Husband Died Too Young"**

**A Complete Mystery Novel
Plus **5** Short Stories**



AUGUST 1954 •

COSMOPOLITAN



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. The hair of a little child is soft and naturally beautiful. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, shining and manageable.

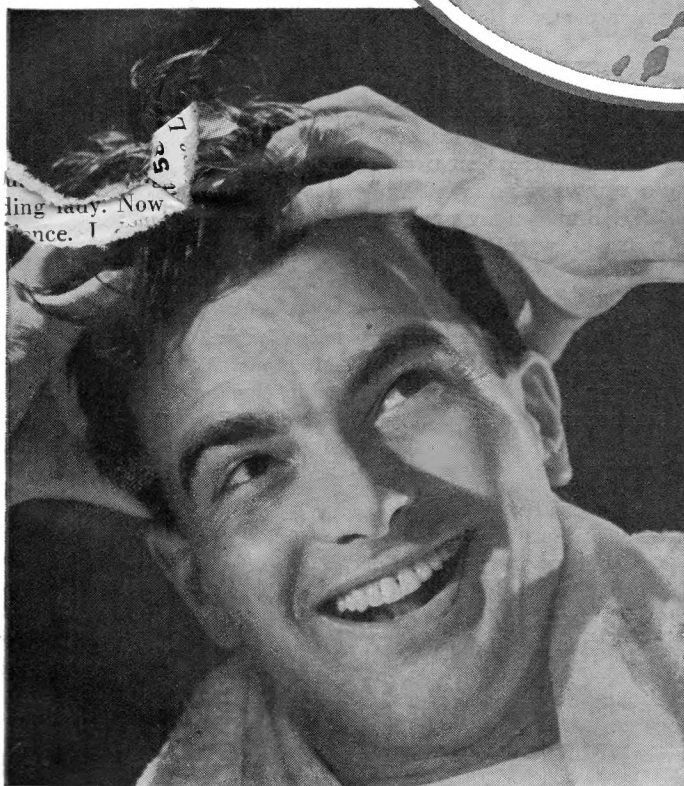
The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H BRECK INC • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 • MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA

THE
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(P. OVALE)

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?

Go after the germs with
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and Massage . . . Quick!



THOSE flakes and scales on coat of shoulder—especially if they persist—may be symptoms of infectious dandruff and the millions of germs that go with it.

Don't delay or experiment with untested methods. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice-a-day and keep it up. This is the tested way that has helped so many . . . may help you.

Listerine treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't expect results overnight. You must be persistent: use the treatment twice a day as long as necessary. You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching

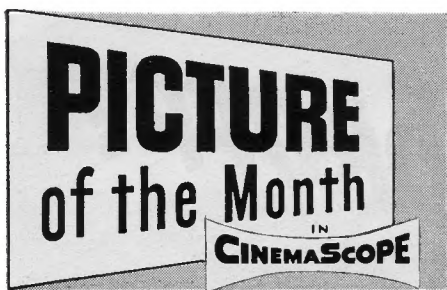
is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a wise precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand treatment.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



Still rubbing our wonderstruck eyes in delighted disbelief, we make haste to tell you that M-G-M's "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" starring Howard Keel and Jane Powell is the merriest madcap musical ever to careen across the screen! Perhaps you've heard those phrases before, but this time they're unquestionably true!



This CinemaScope dazzler in stunning color is definitely the bounciest and the biggest musical to hit the screen in more ways than fun! Against a sprawling, brawling backwoods background, it sways to tingly Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul tunes like "Bless Yore Beautiful Hide", "Goin' Co'tin'" and "Sobbin' Women". It rocks with the rip-snortin'est, cavortin'est dancing Michael ("Bandwagon") Kidd ever staged. And in addition to its principal luminaries, it shoots twelve bright young new stars high into the Hollywood heavens.

How they all prance and romance through this tempestuous tale of kissin', courtin' and kidnappin' based on a Stephen Vincent Benét story. Howard Keel's virile voice is ideal for powerful Adam Pontipee, who wrests a bride from a town that keeps a respectful distance from him and his six very red-bearded, very red-blooded brothers. Jane Powell blooms her loveliest as Milly, a village girl who marries Adam at first sight.

When Milly learns she's not so much a romantic bride for one man as a labor-saving device for seven giants, when she schemes to marry off her six superfluous "husbands", when the sprightly "June Bride" ballet and rollicking "Barn Raising" sequences backfire into a wholesale roof-raising, when Big Brother Adam shames his kissless kin into abducting their own village belles, when snow avalanches thwart irate rescuers, when winter turns to spring and love leads to a wholesale "shotgun wedding"...when all this hilarity happens, you'll be eternally grateful to M-G-M for having taken the magic of CinemaScope and making it all possible. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" is so huge a helping of happiness everybody'll be coming back for more!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE, Color by ANSCO, "SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS" starring JANE POWELL, HOWARD KEEL with JEFF RICHARDS, RUSS TAMBLYN, TOMMY RALL. Screen play by Albert Hackett & Frances Goodrich and Dorothy Kingsley. Based on the Story "The Sobbin' Women" by Stephen Vincent Benét. Lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Music by Gene de Paul. Choreography by Michael Kidd. Directed by STANLEY DONEN. Produced by JACK CUMMINGS.

COSMOPOLITAN

JOHN J. O'CONNELL

Editor

RICHARD E. BERLIN

President

ROBERT C. ATHERTON
Executive Editor—Art

LEWIS W. GILLENSON
Managing Editor

KATHRYN BOURNE
Fiction Editor

SHIRLEY BARDEN
Copy Editor

ANTHONY C. LA SALA
Layout

ANTHONY D. GUZZARDO, JR.
Production

HARRIET LA BARRE
Associate Editors

NOEL CLAD

DAVID PORTER
Advertising Manager

AUGUST, 1954

Vol. 137, No. 2

STORIES

SAHARA FLIGHT *Mary Thayer Muller* 34

THE LAST QUARREL *Hal Masson* 46

A SENSATION OF DROWNING *Adele Archer* 52

THE JACKPOT QUESTION *Frances Shields* 66

FIRST OFFENSE *John D. MacDonald* 74

ARTICLES

ARE WE AND OUR CHILDREN GETTING SOFT? *Harry Henderson* 16

EDDIE ALBERT *Maurice Zolotow* 26

THE HAZARDS OF SUMMER DRIVING *Dick Reddy* 42

SO YOU WANT TO STAY SINGLE *Haywood Vincent* 48

"I'M TO BLAME MY HUSBAND DIED TOO YOUNG" *Jane*

BASEBALL WIFE *Booton Herndon* 124

SERVICE

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE *Lawrence Galton* 12

THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER *Carol Carr* 23

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE *Edward R. Dooling* 118

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES 120

FEATURES

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN 4

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE *Amram Scheinfeld* 6

MERMAID IN THE MONEY *Louella O. Parsons* 8

MOVIE CITATIONS *Louella O. Parsons* 14

SHOE ROMANCE *Alice Richardson* 62

JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE 90

THE LAST WORD 132

LOOKING INTO SEPTEMBER 132

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

MURDER IN WHITE INK *Charles Hoffman* 94

COVER—When she was just eight, this mermaid daughter of a barge captain earned swimming time at a public pool by counting out towels—one hour of free swimming per hundred towels. Today, Esther Williams' income tax alone could fill the pool with champagne. How she handles her earnings—which keep getting larger because of pictures like M-G-M's upcoming "Jupiter's Darling"—is enough to make any entrepreneur take note. Cover—Cole of California bathing suit.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA, \$4.20. RE-ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, MARCH 25, 1952, AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N.Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. COPYRIGHT 1954, BY THE HEARST CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER TERMS OF THE FOURTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY COPYRIGHT. NOTICE TO POSTMASTER: PLEASE SEND NOTIFICATIONS REGARDING UNDELIVERABLE MAGAZINES TO COSMOPOLITAN, 250 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK.

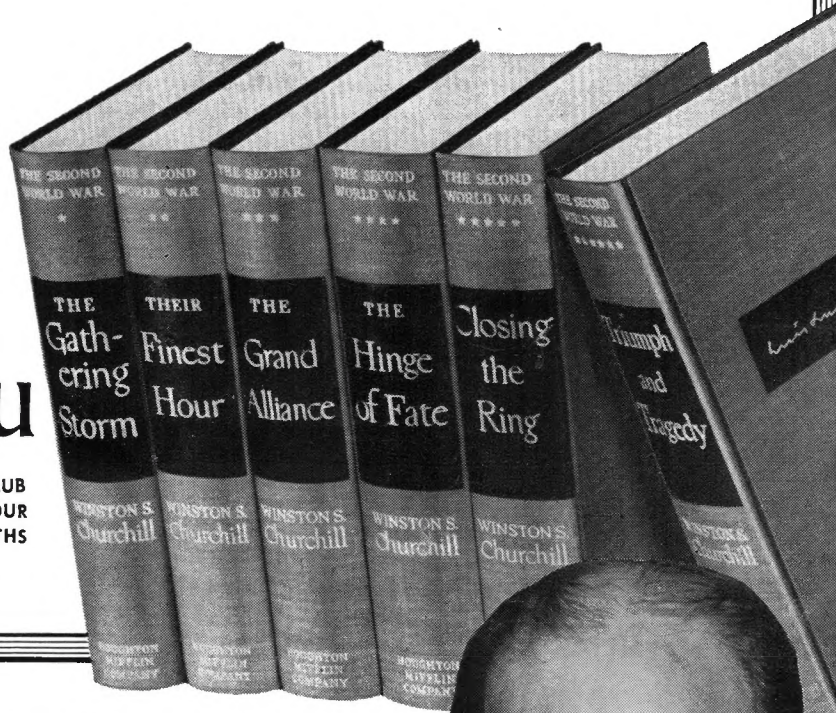
Opportunity of a Lifetime for Thoughtful Readers

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War
by Winston Churchill
Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS — OF YOUR
CHOICE — DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY \$36



FOR an obvious reason this can fairly be described as an "opportunity of a lifetime" for men and women of this generation: never again can the writing of such a work by such a personage recur, and to obtain it without cost is certainly something extraordinary. The set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Book-of-the-Month Club, important to every book-reading family.

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of these Churchill books were regular Club Selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is \$6.00; the price to Club members is only \$4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was 27% less than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in approximately \$1,000,000 worth of books each month, distributed *free* to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

Because of the unusual nature of this offer, the remaining copies of the present edition may shortly be exhausted. We urge you to act at once if you are interested. If no more copies are available by the time we receive your order, you will be notified and may then cancel if you wish.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

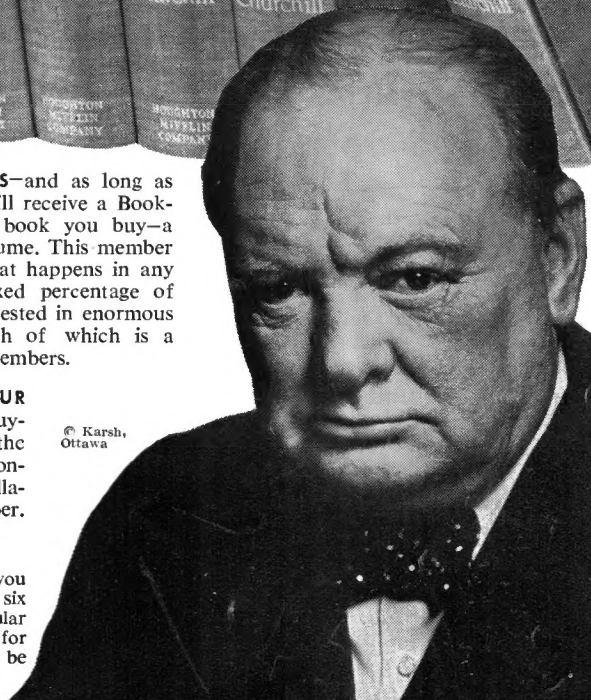
★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

© Karsh,
Ottawa

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular Book-Dividend system, write for information as to how this can be arranged.



BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ **MARY ANNE** by Daphne du Maurier \$3.50
- ☐ **A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE** by Eric Maria Remarque \$3.95
- ☐ **THE REASON WHY** by Cecil Woodham-Smith Price (to members only) \$3.75
- ☐ **THE MIND ALIVE** by Harry & Bonaro Overstreet \$3.75
- ☐ **BHOWANI JUNCTION** by John Masters \$3.75
- ☐ **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS** by Charles A. Lindbergh Price (to members only) \$3.95

- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann \$3.50
- ☐ **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST** by Sir John Hunt Price (to members only) \$4.95
- ☐ **SAYONARA** by James A. Michener \$3.50
- ☐ **SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET** by Heinrich Harrer Price (to members only) \$3.95

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A348

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, *The Second World War* by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. State.....
(If any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



2 delightful forms of
the **TALC** in America's
beloved fragrance

April Showers

1. The long-loved talc... silky-soft,
luxuriously smoothing and soothing...
with the fragrance that's fresh as a
garden in the rain. Ask for April Showers
REGULAR Talc. 39¢

2. New! Deodorant Form
An exciting, "two-purpose" version of
this famous, fragrant talc. Wonderful
ingredients have been added for all-over
body deodorant protection. Ask for
April Showers DEODORANT Talc. 50¢

**ANNOUNCING...
THE NEW...**

April Showers



**LIQUID CREAM
deodorant**

You'll want to discover this new
anti-perspirant in creamy liquid form.
Its smooth, creamy texture is so kind
to your skin... pleasant to use and
refreshingly scented! 79¢

Prices plus tax

by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

MARRIAGE VS. BISTROS, BASEBALL, AND BACHELORS

Will Shakespeare, a pretty well-known writer, penned, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments." Since then, practically everybody has had something to say about people getting married. Keeping our hand in, we carry three coupled items over the threshold of the dog days.

Two Guitars and an Argument

Eddie Albert and wife, Margo, whose guitars and dew-fresh voices have set supper-club cash registers ringing across the country, are a case in point. Eddie, who dropped the family name of Heimberger because radio announcers insisted on calling him hamburger, was appropriately interviewed by author Maurice Zolotow in the English Grill at New York City's Rockefeller Plaza. Mr. Z. happily reports they had a rousing argument.

Years ago, when Zolotow was first writing profiles, he used to sit meekly whenever the interviewee expressed ideas. Six or seven years back, he tired of being a yes man and began sounding off on his own. Now a veteran of thumping words with such vocal adversaries as Tallulah Bankhead and Ethel Merman, Zolotow concludes that a good get-their-dander-up offense is the best route to the heart of the subject. We think you'll agree that, starting on page 26, he goes much more than skin deep.

Their new night-club act is the first production Eddie and Margo have collaborated on since the appearance of Eddie Albert, Jr., who began a successful run in February, 1951. Blessed both maritally and professionally, Margo nonetheless harbors one regret from her early years in California, where she pitched for her school team. Hedged with night-club dates, she now has no time for baseball.

Diamond Wedding

Somebody who has time for little but baseball is Mrs. Monte Irvin. Booton Herndon, on page 124, tells her story of what it's like being married to a man whose career lasts only a hectic ten or twelve years.

Irvin, a potential All-American whose football career folded when nobody would advance him train fare to the University of Michigan, once set a New Jersey javelin record after practicing a scant week.

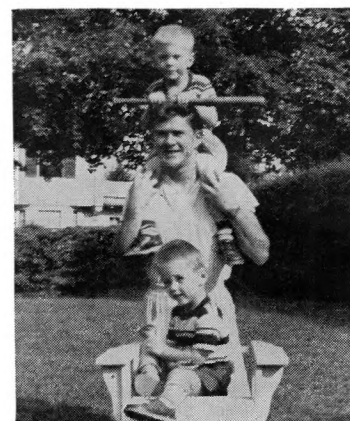
Monte likes Durocher and that left-field fence. But he worries that he is past his prime. High marks in the morale de-

partment go to Mrs. Monte, as demonstrated by camera artist Ruth Orkin, co-director of "The Little Fugitive," the sensitively photographed film that won Academy Award attention. Stalking the unflustered baseball wife through auto-graph hounds outside the Polo Grounds, Ruth watched one avid fan yank open the car door and push over Mrs. Irvin to reach the great man with pen and open page. Ruth felt like an extra in a De Mille mob scene, but Mrs. Irvin calmly smiled. Monte sighed. "And this is just Manhattan," he said softly. "Wonder what they do in Brooklyn."

Primer for Bachelors

One thing they're doing in Brooklyn, as elsewhere, is getting married, according to the borough's license bureau, which issued 5,650 writs of servitude in the first four months of this year. Out of the latest Brooklyn census of 2,738,175, however, there remained 290,860 single men over fourteen. Most of these are foregoners, according to author Haywood Vincent, whose "So You Want to Stay Single," on page 58, outlines tactics for the elusive male.

Couple of years ago, he did a piece



Vincent and Dividends

for us called "So You Want to Get Married," since which some three million grooms have dodged rice and listened to Mendelssohn. Haywood claims his current effort has been wrung from him by bachelor friends, unnerved by his previous advice to predatory ladies.

Haywood sent us his picture, showing Michael Vincent up on top, with Woody Vincent hogging Daddy's chair. The only thing we could figure was that the harried writer was too busy to read his own script.

N. C.

So that you may hear the true miracle of these low-cost high-fidelity recordings we offer

BOTH of these Musical Treasures Yours for only 10¢

on this 12-inch long-playing (33⅓ rpm) Pure Vinyl, custom pressed guaranteed HIGH FIDELITY recording

BEETHOVEN'S

5th SYMPHONY

and on the other side

SCHUBERT'S

"UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY No. 8

Now you can own and enjoy the best-loved Symphonies, Concertos, Operas, Operettas and Musical Comedies—from Bach to Gershwin —AT LESS THAN HALF THE USUAL COST!

Yes, on this special introductory offer—you may have Beethoven's 5th Symphony AND Schubert's 8th (Unfinished) Symphony—**BOTH COMPLETE** on one 12" long-playing High Fidelity Record—for only 10¢! We make this sensational offer to acquaint you with the new planned program called **MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD**.

Under this program you can now enjoy in your own home a complete recorded library of the world's great music... beautifully recorded on the latest high-fidelity electronic equipment, with the full range of sound (30-15,000 cycles per second)... *all for less than half the price you would normally expect to pay!* High-fidelity recordings like these usually sell at retail for \$5.95 each—but because assured distribution to members eliminates the usual expense of unsold records—and because of the development of mass production high-fidelity record pressing equipment—we are able to offer these 12" long-playing high-fidelity records exclusively to our members for only \$2.98 each!

WHAT DOES THIS MUSIC PROGRAM INCLUDE?

Music Treasures of the World makes available to you and your children the best-loved works of all the greatest composers, both serious and light—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Gershwin, etc. And these selections are thrilling *brand-new* performances, played by internationally famous philharmonic symphony orchestras under the batons of such eminent conductors as Walter Hendl, Hans Swarowsky, Dean Dixon,

Kurt Graunke, etc. — brilliantly recorded especially for these new long-playing records!

YOU LEARN TO UNDERSTAND GREAT MUSIC

By accepting this introductory offer now, you will also be automatically enrolled in our fascinating Music Appreciation Course—*absolutely free!* Each month you will receive—**FREE**—a new issue of our Course to help you understand the fine points of music and enable you to listen to all music as do the critics and composers themselves!

HOW THIS UNIQUE MUSIC PROGRAM WORKS

Your purchase of the record offered above for 10¢ does not obligate you to buy any additional Music Treasures records—*ever!* However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered a new 12" long-playing record at the special member's price of only \$2.98 each (plus a few cents for U. S. tax and shipping). If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you need merely return the form provided for that purpose.

Remember—whether or not you decide to purchase any additional records from Music Treasures of the World, the introductory records is yours to keep—for only 10¢! And you will still receive, each month, a new issue of our Music Appreciation Course, **FREE**. So send 10¢ now—while you can still get **BOTH** of the Musical Treasures listed above. Hear these great recordings for yourself. Accept this introductory offer—by mailing the coupon *today!*



FREE MUSIC APPRECIATION COURSE



Each month you will receive a treatise on some important phase of How to Appreciate Music. Each monthly issue is yours, *absolutely free* until you cancel—whether or not you purchase any additional records!

MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD, Dept. 122 C-8
100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

BOTH—Complete—for only 10¢

BEETHOVEN'S 5th Symphony
SCHUBERT'S 8th Symphony

Here is my 10¢ as payment in full for the 12" long-playing record described above—plus the first treatise of your Music Appreciation Course—which I may keep whether or not I purchase any additional records. Each month, as an Associate Member I will receive advance notice of the new record release, which I may purchase at the special member's price of only \$2.98 per record, plus a few cents for U. S. tax and shipping. However, I may decline to accept any or all records offered me and I may cancel membership any time. It is further understood that I will receive the Music Appreciation Course—one lesson each month—*absolutely free!*

Membership is limited to one subscription to any family or household.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

IN CANADA: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD, 100 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 1184 CASTLEFIELD AVE., TORONTO 10, ONTARIO

Women and Secrets, Undaunted Brides, and Whom Your Baby Will Look Like



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Why secrets leak. Why it's so hard to keep a secret—especially if you're a woman—is explained by analyst Carl F. Sulzberger. Guilty or worrisome secrets are burdens, and telling someone lightens the load. If you have a choice item, telling it is like making a gift. Violent quarrels often result between lovers, married people, or co-workers if gifts of secrets are withheld. Insecure people tell secrets to win favor or affection. Women are less secure than men, and so readier to tell secrets. "To a woman, secrets may represent valuable additions to her personality—like borrowed plumage. . . . Her vanity over having been made a confidante is secondary to her pride in



exhibiting these 'possessions.' Finally, men try to keep secrets because silence is a traditional sign of manly strength.

Cats, dogs—girls, "wolves." When city cats get chased by city dogs, it's good for both, says London analyst Dr. H. Spurway, because it satisfies both the bottled-up escape instinct of the cats and the pent-up chasing instinct of the dogs. Among humans, the same thing may hold when a strictly reared, inhibited girl is whistled at or pursued by an aggressive, lonely male.

Baby's looks. If your child looks like nobody now—wait. California studies show that as children reach their teens, their resemblance to their parents increases. A boy is likely to look more like his father at the same age, a girl like her mother. Girls generally tend to be nearer their parents' height than do boys. A teen-age girl is more likely to have her mother's girlhood figure than a boy his father's build at that age.

Marriage prospects. While sons of divorced parents are likely to be soured on marriage, daughters are not, reports marriage expert Paul Wallin (Stanford University). He finds that girls whose parents were miserable together view their own marriage prospects no less brightly than those whose parents were happily married. Dr. Wallin thinks it's because for most young women—unlike men—marriage represents their whole future, and they're strongly moved to be optimistic about it. Many feel they've learned from their parents' mistakes how to make their own marriage succeed.

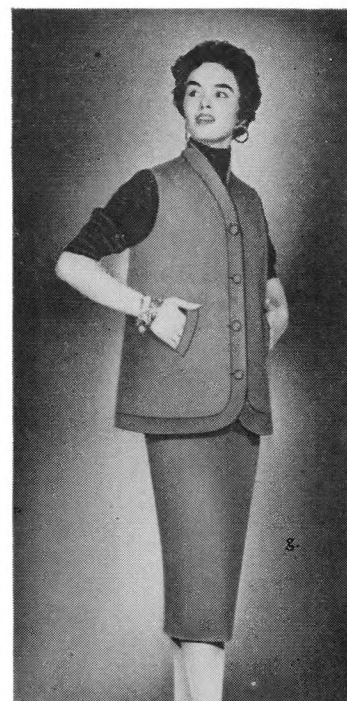
Dipsos dislike dips. Alcoholics are far less fond of sports involving water—liquid or frozen—than are nondrinkers. Psychologist Peter Jan Hampton (Muskogum College) finds swimming and skating only half as popular with heavy drinkers as with temperate men. In indoor amusements, card playing is ranked first by 72 per cent of the heavy drinkers but by only 31 per cent of the non-alcoholics, who rate dancing first.

Negro thrift. Contrary to persisting popular notions that Negroes give little thought to the morrow, economists H. W. Mooney and L. R. Klein find Negroes save more than whites. The only exceptions are upper-income Southern Negroes in business or professions, who save little because they are expected to live up to their positions more than are whites with similar incomes and who also have more poor relatives to support.

Backward bright boys. When a high-I.Q. lad gets poor marks in school, he probably doesn't get along well with his father and leans too much toward his mother, says youth-guidance expert Barbara Kimball. This was true of 20 bright prep-school boys with low marks, all of whom regarded their fathers—very successful men—as cold, distant, and too strict. The boys held back in their schoolwork either through resentment at being expected to follow in the father's footsteps or through fear of competing with him. At the same time, almost all these boys showed feminine traits and close attachment to the mother.

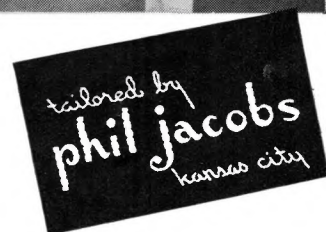


Your old-age happiness. Not your health or money, but your closeness to relatives and friends, alertness, and continued interest in life, will decide how happy you'll be in old age, says Dr. Dell Lebo. He finds that among Florida oldsters, the happiest have no bigger incomes or better health than most of the others, but do have more companionship (mates, relatives, friends) and are readier to go places and do things. **THE END**



Mother-to-Be

TOGEROY CASUALS



Enjoy yourself in corduroys especially tailored by phil jacobson for the young expectant mother . . . designs that are more functional, more flattering than ever before . . . to wear not only before the baby arrives but afterward, they're so pretty! Featuring our famous patented cut-out front and zip-to-fit waistbands.

- a. **COAT-DRESS** with contrasting linen collar, Victorian Grey, Navy and Cocoa. 14.95
- b. **SHIRT-TAIL JACKET**, Simulated hand stitching, Red, Gold, Beige and White. 6.95
- c. **PEDAL PUSHERS**, tie legs, zip-to-fit, Concealed Pockets, Navy, Brown, Talisman Green, Red, and Black. 6.95
- d. **TRI-TONE SUIT**, patented cut-out skirt, Palm Green/Chartreuse/White, and Navy/Shocking/White. 14.95
- e. **POODLE JACKET**, Buttercup/Brown Poodle, White/Black Poodle, and Shocking Pink/Navy Poodle. 10.95
- f. **SLACKS**, zip-to-fit, Concealed Pockets, Navy, Brown, Talisman Green, and Black. 7.95
- g. **JERKIN SUIT**, sleeveless, patented cut-out skirts, Gold, Talisman Green, Red and Brown. 10.95
- SKIRT** (not shown), Patented cut-out, Navy, Brown, Talisman Green, and Black. 4.95
- SKIRT** (not shown), zip-to-fit, Concealed Pockets, Navy, Brown, Black and Talisman Green. 5.95

Sizes 8-18

Lane Bryant

New York • Manhasset • Chicago • Oak Park • Philadelphia • Trenton
 Detroit • Brooklyn • Pittsburgh • Baltimore • Cleveland • Westgate
 St. Louis • Milwaukee • Minneapolis • Miami • Miami Beach
 Beverly Hills

NEWMAN STORES: St. Paul, Minn. • Oshkosh, Wisc. Green Bay, Wisc. •
 Decatur, Ill. • Waukegan, Ill. • Davenport, Iowa.

BENTON'S CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY: South Bend, Indiana • SAMUEL'S
 INC.: Kankakee, Ill. • THE NEW WORTHAM'S, INC.: Rockford, Ill. •
 W. H. ROLAND SMART SHOPS, INC.: Springfield, Ill. • THE NEW
 UTICA, Des Moines, Iowa.

If no store in your city, please send orders direct to: LANE BRYANT,
 Dept. M, 465 5th Ave., N.Y.C. 18, N.Y.



ESTHER'S AIM—A BABY A YEAR. At Susan's christening, she's flanked by friend Sally Cobb, husband Ben Gage, Governor and Mrs. Walter Kohler of Wisconsin (Susan's godparents), and her two young sons, Kimball and Benjamin.

Mermaid in the Money

Landlord, restaurateur, investor—Esther Williams has parlayed her first teen-aged splash into a million-dollar contract. Yet she and her family live on a strict \$15,000 a year

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Despite all the current hoop-la over Marilyn Monroe, the "comeback" of Marlene Dietrich, and the "durability" of Barbara Stanwyck, there is only one girl in Hollywood who is sure-fire at the box office.

This is Esther Williams. In terms of earnings to her company, M-G-M, she is the star of stars. She has been a hit since her very first picture. Yet off screen, she does not live, dress, or act like a movie star.

Between now and 1961, she is due to earn, merely from pictures, \$1,800,000. Income taxes will gnaw into that, but to keep the wolf from the door, she will also have her earnings from the Esther Williams bathing suits, from the apartment houses she owns in thriving Santa Monica, from a restaurant she and her husband own in a Los Angeles suburb, and from other properties. Currently, she is working up the inevitable night-club act for Las Vegas—and why not, when

she is offered \$35,000 a week for six weeks of it? She will fit this in between pictures, naturally.

And come next spring, if she follows the pattern she has set down during her thirteen years in Hollywood, Miss Williams will pay her income tax and her state taxes in one fell swoop. Thereafter, she and her husband and their three children will live on approximately \$15,000 for the year.

She's Economical by Nature

One of her economies is making her own clothes and hats. She likes to do it. Besides, she thinks the prices shops charge for such things are ridiculous. Another thing she prefers to do is her own cooking. She is superb in this department, too.

Late this year, her newest picture, "Jupiter's Darling," will be released, and nature co-operating, she may again face motherhood. She makes a picture a year,

and she would be delighted if she had a baby a year.

If this sounds to you quite unlike any other glamour girl's design for living, you are right. If it sounds to you as though Esther Jane Williams had designed her own living scheme, you can count yourself right again.

She is the girl who has everything, including genuine simplicity and genuine intelligence, perfect health, a perfect figure, a pretty face, handsome children and a big, strong husband, and wealth. And she firmly intends to keep everything, too.

That's her real name—Esther Jane Williams. She was a very poor but happy child. She virtually grew up on the beach at Santa Monica, teaching herself to swim, along with her brother and sisters. She has an intense family sense, which may be why she's so eager to have a large family. She credits all her happy, healthy outlook on life to her mother, a

(continued)



ON THE THEORY "YOU CAN'T EAT MEDALS," Esther cut loose from amateur swimming. Within four years, she made "Bathing Beauty," the most successful American movie ever shown in Europe. In South America, viewers insisted on seeing the swimming scenes twice. Ten years later, in "Easy to Love" (above), the big change was in Esther's pay-check.

Mermaid in the Money

(continued)

child psychologist, and I can't think of a more convincing recommendation for child psychology.

Healthy American-type Erotica

If "Jupiter's Darling," her newest production, follows the pattern of all her other pictures, save two, there will be nothing epic, thoughtful, or artistic about it. But you may be sure it will be light-hearted, enchanting to look upon, and romantic. "Jupiter's Darling" is laid back in 550 B.C. in Rome—but don't let that worry you. It's full of water ballets and Esther disporting in scanty bathing suits. It has its healthy, American-type erotica.

Like Esther herself. After "Bathing Beauty," her fourth picture and first starring one, she told her M-G-M bosses she



COMBINED EFFORTS of Esther, canny designers, and make-up artists proved a girl in the water doesn't have to look like a bedraggled cat. Critics called "One Piece Bathing Suit" and "Easy to Love" aesthetic. Esther found she could hold herself motionless for half an hour in the position at left.

wanted to have a child. They moaned slightly and muttered about what this might do to her figure—and their box-office figures.

Esther assured them she would keep her figure. So they mentioned this might take time off from her career. Esther replied, "Gentlemen, it takes six to eight weeks to make one of my pictures a year, nine months to have a baby. Surely we can get together."

She lost her first child. Before anyone had time to offer sympathy, she quietly said, "I believe when you fall off the merry-go-round you should get back on." She did. She has two sons, one five and a half, the other four, and a small daughter born last October.

Twice M-G-M has experimented with the formula of her pictures, and both times it pulled up lame. The first was back in 1946, when she was twenty-four. She costarred with William Powell in "The Hoodlum Saint." The picture flopped, buried under an avalanche of letters from indignant fans who demanded, "What is our Es doing kissing that old man?"

About seven years ago, M-G-M tried again, with "Fiesta." And while Esther did swim a bit, she was mostly on dry land, making like a lady matador with a rather intense fixation on her twin brother, Ricardo Montalban. "Fiesta" didn't quite die, but it certainly didn't shag itself into the three-million-dollar profit that's par for Williams flickers.

During the war, Esther married Ben Gage, a six-foot-five-inch sergeant. His height was undoubtedly what first attracted her, since the one thing that had irked her since high-school days was being taller than the numerous boys who dated her. She was five feet seven when she was twelve years old.

Dire predictions were made about the marriage. They still are. Esther pays them no mind. She has always said this marriage is for life, and after eight and a half years, it looks as though she knows what she's talking about. She also says she wants to have at least six children. She undoubtedly will.

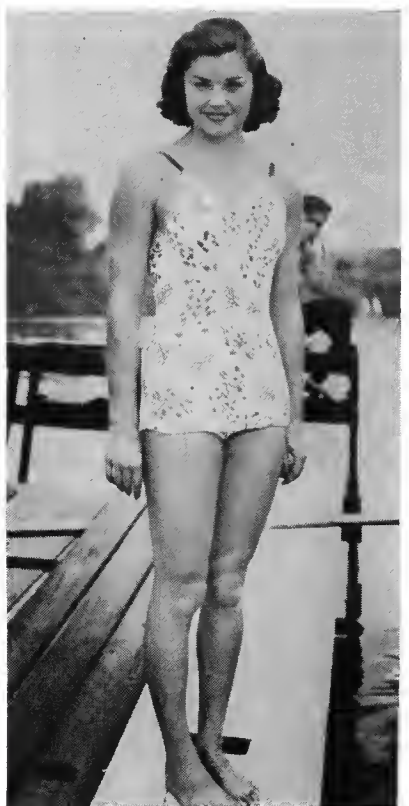
A Creature of Healthy Appetites

Off screen, Esther is no plaster saint, even though she's a conscientious church member. She is always a creature of healthy appetites, whether it's eating, drinking, or living. She has one of the best collections of ribald stories in town.

Typical of her realistic point of view is her reaction to the oft-repeated Hollywood crack about her. One producer is supposed to have said, when asked if she could act, "Wet, yes. Dry, no."

Esther says, "Wet, I'm in the money."

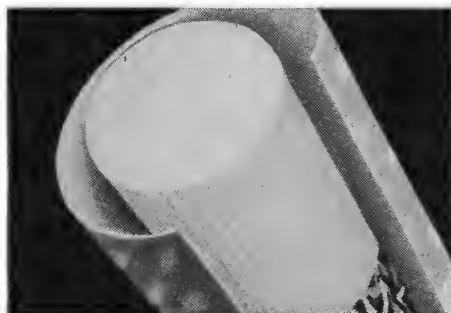
THE END



YOUNGEST OF FOUR CHILDREN.

Esther tagged after her beach-loving family. At thirteen, she was spending most of her after-school hours at the beach. Four years later, a national swimming champion, she still hadn't figured how swimming could pay more than her three-dollar-an-hour modeling.

NOW...
VICEROY
 has **DOUBLE** the
FILTERING
ACTION
 to Double your
 Smoking Pleasure



**1. NEW FILTER OF
 ESTRON MATERIAL!**

It's 100% filter! Pure! Snow-white!
 Supplies 20,000 tiny filter traps!
 Yet VICEROYS draw so smo-o-o-th...

**2. PLUS
 KING-SIZE
 LENGTH!**

The smoke is filtered through this extra length of rich, costly tobaccos, then through VICEROY'S exclusive filter tip, to give you an extra-filtering action found in no other cigarette—yes, *double the filtering action to double your smoking pleasure!* No wonder VICEROY outsells all other filter cigarettes combined!



**NEW
 KING-SIZE
 FILTER TIP**

VICEROY
 —only a penny or two more
 than cigarettes without filters!

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Roderick Horne



A key female hormone now promises an end to monthly complexion woes.

**Clearing Up
 Periodic Acne**

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Regularly every month, many women between the ages of twenty and fifty bear an unpleasant added burden. About ten days prior to the menses, as if to herald its coming, they break out with firm, painless red pimples occurring on the chin and sides of the face. Rarely are there more than six.

Until now, no effective way has been found to prevent or clear up these eruptions. Ointments, lotions, and numerous other measures have failed to change the pattern. Generally, each outbreak lasts about three weeks; then, after a brief interval of freedom, another unsightly crop appears.

Because of the eruption's intimate association with the menstrual cycle, it

seemed likely a hormone factor might be involved. Now progesterone, a key female hormone, promises to provide a simple solution.

Ninety-five women were treated with progesterone, receiving tablets or injections beginning ten days before the menses. In either form, the hormone produced gratifying results for the great majority, bringing the outbreaks under control and soon completely preventing them.

Some women have used progesterone now for as long as twenty months. Many, however, after two or three months of freedom from the eruptions, decided to see what would happen if they discontinued treatment. Their skins have stayed clear thus far for up to fourteen months.

For glaucoma, a serious eye disease that can lead to blindness if unchecked, Diamox is helpful. A chemically remodeled form of the first sulfa drug, sulfanilamide, it reduces pressure within the eyeball by holding down the inflow of fluid. Taken in pill form, it has benefited 130 patients. In some cases, it has kept eye pressure down indefinitely, thus avoiding operations to check glaucoma.

Cleft palate should be operated for only after a child reaches the age of four. An eight-year study of 250 cases shows that earlier surgery may be helpful at the time but cause facial deformity and poor mouth and jaw functioning later on. At four, when the upper jaw has attained almost its full width, the operation can be performed successfully without interfering with jaw development.

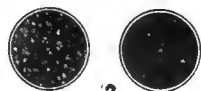
For more information about these items, consult your physician.

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.



Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. These photomicros prove it. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath). No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits.

Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion — even under make-up.



Also available in Canada



P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.



BEST COMEDY—Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have more plot than usual in “Living It Up,” and Dean has more songs. Not that it matters. These wonderful clowns are way beyond their material, good or bad—and here it’s very good. Paramount imported Sheree North (above) and her famous shimmy from Broadway’s “Hazel Flagg,” on which the film is based.

Cosmopolitan Movie Citations

*Warring Indians, mutinous sailors, and Martin and Lewis make
August a month of riotous Technicolor* **BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS**



BEST ACTION—One of the most intelligent Indian-versus-white-man tales ever filmed is "Apache." Burt Lancaster stars, but Jean Peters, as the Indian girl who adores him, steals this United Artists picture.



BEST PRODUCTION—The story of the young doctor and the girl he causes to be blind is tenderly retold by Universal-International in "Magnificent Obsession." Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson are great.



BEST NEWCOMER—In "The Caine Mutiny," Robert Francis outperforms even experts like José Ferrer and Humphrey Bogart. Fred MacMurray also shines. May Wynn debuts in this Columbia winner.

THE END

JON WHITCOMB says "WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW!"

If you have talent, you can be trained for success and security... Find out with our

FREE ART TALENT TEST



Jon Whitcomb, famous
illustrator of glamour girls and
faculty member of the
Famous Artists Course

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Married or unmarried, you'll find out if a full-time or part-time Art Career can be yours! This exciting test, printed on 8 large pages of drawing paper, reveals your sense of design, composition, form, observation, imagination, originality and picture sense. Yours FREE if you act today!

Never before has there been such a demand for artists to fill high-paid jobs. That's why America's 12 Most Famous Artists make you this special offer: Even though thousands paid \$1.00 to take our revealing 8-page Talent Test, it's yours FREE if you act at once. This is your once-in-a-lifetime chance to find out if you have real, hidden talent for a full-time or part-time Art Career. There is no charge or obligation of any kind. Quantity of tests is limited. You must mail coupon NOW!

Jon Whitcomb

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE ART TALENT TEST

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE

Studio 23-H, Westport, Conn.

Send with no obligation the Famous Artists Talent Test

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (please print)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

CARRY BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION



MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

ISSUED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST BANK

Are We and Our Children Getting Too Soft?

Experts warn that careless eating and exercise habits are impairing our own health and that of future generations

BY HARRY HENDERSON

In the past year, Americans have stepped up the horsepower of their cars, perfected a plane that flies straight up, and introduced helicopter commuting service.

This was the year in which 31 of our 44 million households owned automobiles, and 29 million of them owned television sets. This was also the year when gas and oil heat pushed still deeper into coal territory, eliminating millions of tons of shoveling and ash hauling, and when our candy sales topped two and a half billion pounds.

And this was the year when Americans had more leisure time and more money than ever before in anybody's history.

No doubt about it, this is a great country and a great people—a people in danger of becoming the world's biggest and flabbiest slobs.

The handwriting isn't on the wall. It is in the slack muscles, bulging stomachs, and growing passivity of American men, women, and children. It is unmistakably recorded in nutrition studies, in medical rejections of the armed forces, in such phenomena as the fact that horse racing, a sport requiring the minimum of human effort, is now our leading sport.

Our Nation Will Suffer

Our growing softness has reached the point where a leading health authority, Dr. Clifford L. Brownell, chairman of Columbia University's Health Education, Physical Education, and Recreation Department, says bluntly: "Our nation may pay a high price because it has substituted spectator sports, television, movies, and mechanized transportation for regular participation in outdoor work and

play. Our aversion to walking, our carelessness in correcting remedial defects, our 'sweet tooth,' and our inclination to luxury living will seriously affect the national level of physical fitness."

Shortly after Dr. Brownell made these remarks, commuters from New Jersey to New York celebrated the opening of the world's first "moving sidewalk" for human traffic at the Erie railroad station.

Dr. Brownell links our lagging physical and health education with the shocking number of young men rejected as unfit by the armed forces in World War II. In the nineteen-to-twenty-five age group, one man in five was rejected; in the eighteen-year-old bracket, one youth in four was rejected.

"More than fifty per cent of our youth in high schools have no physical education," Dr. Brownell points out. "Of the remainder, many are provided with inadequate, unbalanced programs. Facilities and skilled leadership for programs of physical education for girls are even more deficient." About the best that can be said for physical education and health instruction is that nearly everybody gets some at some point in his education. But relatively few get it at every level of schooling, and standards are poor.

In the field of nutrition, the evidence of our soft living and its harmful effects is even more alarming. Scores of studies show the same thing—that many of our health deficiencies are the result of eating habits that border on the suicidal. The hard fact is that many Americans—especially the well-to-do—are staggering around in such a state of malnutrition that they are near exhaustion. These people are not isolated eccentrics but typical

products of our best suburbs as well as our worst slums.

The most extensive studies ever made of our eating habits and their effect on our physical condition are known as the "Pennsylvania Mass Studies in Human Nutrition." This project kept tab of the food intake of some 12,000 people of all ages and occupations. In addition, it collected data on certain individuals' eating habits and their physical condition since 1935, a major scientific achievement, for it showed to what extent the scars of early malnutrition can be healed. A staff of fifty experts took part in these studies, but they are principally the work of twenty years of Dr. Pauline Beery Mack.

Americans Are Undernourished

These mass studies show conclusively that most "well-fed" Americans are seriously undernourished. Among the worst fed are white-collar middle-class Americans, living in cities or towns, with incomes above \$2,500. Malnutrition is also rife among the rich, who ignore nutritional needs in favor of delicacies.

However, Dr. Mack discovered, unbalanced eating is found at all income levels. "The great majority of our population," she says, "are not getting the food their bodies require, especially calcium, which comes chiefly from milk; vitamin A, supplied by liver and green and yellow vegetables; and the B vitamins of meat, green vegetables, and whole-grain cereals. American men are particularly deficient in vitamin C because they tend to skip salads, which women eat in the hope that they'll stay thin." In fact, she adds, "the only thing most women get enough of is vitamin C."

America's best-fed people are our babies. The worst-fed are wives. Over half the women nineteen to twenty-seven are undernourished. One of Dr. Mack's studies of middle-income, well-educated suburban wives—a third of them in families with incomes over \$5,000 a year—reveal that sixty per cent were underweight and one in four was so seriously underweight as to endanger her health. Half the wives were getting less than three quarters of the body's daily mineral requirements. And one out of three was not getting sufficient calories to do her work.

One reason for this appalling situation is that wives often neglect lunch, merely nibbling at a sandwich, because cooking for themselves is "not worth it." At supper, most women feel they should cook their husband's favorite dishes. Often this turns out to be mainly meat, potatoes, and pie, the sort of fare a figure-conscious wife shies away from, taking only a small portion. Thus, some wives never really get fed.

Why Teen-age Girls Are "Lazy"

Next to wives, the worst-fed group is teen-age girls, starved by extreme diet-

ing. The teen-ager's poor eating habits result in constant fatigue, commonly called "teen-age laziness," anemia, excessive tooth decay, poor complexion, and lackluster eyes. "And then the poor thing wonders why she isn't beautiful!" says Dr. Mack. "The sad thing is that most girls have picked up this dieting idea from their mothers and they seem to be hypnotized by fashion sketches and movie stars' figures."

"Dieting can keep women slender, it is true," Dr. Mack says, "but the chronic fatigue and poor health that accompany improperly balanced dieting will hardly

Standard Oil Co. of N. J.



Too tired out by indolence to cook, a multitude of Americans steer the family automobile toward a meal of unbalanced indigestibles at the nearest car-service emporium, where the only exercise is provided by the waitress.

(continued) 17



Quick snacks for energy are an American habit, here copied by Greek Prince Peter and Princess Irene. Most do little but kill hunger.

make them attractive. If men are interested in women without vitality, it is news to me."

Men are better fed than the women, primarily because they are hearty lunch eaters. Nevertheless, most men suffer from a vitamin-A deficiency, and some groups, particularly white-collar workers, are hard hit. Dr. Mack found that among white-collar workers, only one man out of four was getting sufficient vitamin A.

Most men are deficient in vitamin C, which comes from citrus fruits, tomatoes, and green, leafy vegetables. These deficiencies affect teeth and gums and the healing of scratches. Only in vitamin C are women ahead of the men.

Dr. Mack singles out as America's worst eating habit the skipping of breakfast or taking time for only a roll and a cup of coffee. In a study of the breakfast habits of 5,000 people, Dr. Mack and

Dr. Charles Urbach found that either no breakfast or a practically nutritionless one was had at least three mornings a week by more than twenty per cent. The worst offenders were small-town urbanites of medium income. A third of them regularly skipped breakfast.

"No wonder these people are tired, get sick easily, are always complaining," says Dr. Mack. "They've just gotten up from their longest fast, a night's sleep, and then they either go without breakfast or merely down a cup of coffee and a roll or doughnut. And then they think they are ready to face a day's work! Actually they cannot do a day's work. Breakfast should be a third of the day's food." For breakfast she recommends a half pint of fruit juice, a whole-wheat cooked cereal with a cup of milk, and a poached egg on whole-wheat toast with a strip of bacon. "Then," she adds, "if you want coffee, you can have it."

White-collar Workers' Fatigue

One of Dr. Mack's studies of white-collar workers reveals that 24 per cent of them showed severe fatigue symptoms between the ages of forty and forty-six. Those between the ages of forty-seven and fifty-six were in even worse shape—42 per cent in this group showed severe fatigue symptoms.

White-collar workers, Dr. Mack points out, are particularly poor eaters. "They have at best skimpy breakfasts, poor lunches, and fail to eat enough at the evening meal to make up for any of their deficiencies."

In all age, education, and income groups, the most common sign of these poor eating habits, Dr. Mack says, is "fatigue . . . a general feeling of tiredness, which comes from a total pattern of poor nutrition. Many of the ills of middle and later life can be traced to faulty nutrition."

Fatigue is the standard excuse for our declining muscular efforts, for riding instead of walking. We're too tired, we say. And Dr. Mack's evidence bears this out. We are too tired. The result is that we are becoming more and more passive, a nation of watchers, not doers.

Our growing passive habits are even overtaking what should be the most active segment of our population—our children. TV deserves a large part of the blame for this. If anyone had suggested ten years ago that children be sent once a day to a movie to watch several hours of miscellaneous film fare, including lady wrestlers, parents would have risen in moral horror and indignation and annihilated this would-be corrupter of minds and bodies. Yet today this is a common pattern in millions of homes.

Although TV's fare of inanity, crime, old Westerns, and silent movies has not

been accepted without squawks from parents, churchmen, P.T.A. groups, and a handful of TV columnists, few have complained about the passive nature it produces in its audience. Today's children flick a switch and expect to be entertained. They do nothing but absorb. Anyone who can remember the made-up games, the inventive play with tools and pots and pans, the exploratory walks, the investigative reading, and the healthy excitement of "Run, Sheepy, Run!" cannot fail to wonder what effect this one-eyed hypnotic monster will have on the vigor and creativeness of our youngsters.

Another product of our sedentary, listless pattern of living is low backache. Americans suffer from this nagging affliction to an extent unknown in other parts of the world. In two New York City clinics—the Back Consultation Service of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and the Low Back Clinic of the Columbia Medical Center—scientific task forces assaulted this grim problem. These teams, consisting of an orthopedic surgeon, a neurosurgeon, an internist, a radiologist, and a physical-medicine specialist, studied more than 4,000 cases of backache. They found most of the patients got too little exercise with the result that they had poor muscle strength and didn't get the emotional release provided by physical activity. The combination of decreased muscle strength and unrelieved emotional tension resulted in backache. A high percentage of them improved when they were given systematic muscle training. However, when exercise was stopped, their backache returned.

Our Children Versus Europe's

These findings aroused in Dr. Hans Kraus an interest in gauging the muscular fitness of the American population, particularly children, in an effort to predict what the low-backache problem would be in future generations. Using a simple series of trunk- and leg-muscle tests, Dr. Kraus and Ruth P. Hirschland tested nearly 4,500 school children in the Northeast. They then applied the tests to some 2,000 school children in similar communities in Italy and Austria, selecting these two countries because life there is less mechanized than in the United States. The results shocked medical circles.

Among the European children, less than one in ten failed a test. Among the American children, seven times as many failed. And the percentage of American children failing two or more tests was *fifty times* as great as among the European children. And these were supposedly healthy, normal American children, whose nutritional status and medical care were much better than their European counterparts!

Dr. Kraus attributes the differences between European and American children's muscular development to the fact that European children "do not use cars, elevators, or other labor-saving devices but must walk to school, frequently long distances. Their recreation is mainly based on active use of their bodies. The children examined in this country are usually taken to and from school by car or bus. They engage in recreation as spectators rather than as participants."

These startling results also reflect the paradoxical fact that in the United States our knowledge of physical training and fitness is elaborately applied to helping our top athletes and our handicapped children, such as polio victims. This helps "the best and the worst"—and they unquestionably need help—but it leaves out the great bulk of our children.

Are We Training Spectators?

This, incidentally, is why so many top physical educators oppose "Little League" baseball teams. The Little Leagues are fine for the kids who make the team, say these authorities, but what about kids who don't? Shall they become, at an age when their activity should be greatest, mere spectators?

The Kraus-Hirschland studies, the trend toward making spectators out of children, the passivity of TV watching, and the antiexercise attitudes of most city-suburban dwellers, when combined with our well-known nutritional deficiencies, portray a nation on the verge of physical bankruptcy. Can we do anything about our dilemma?

What the Schools Can Do

All authorities agree we can, and they have very definite ideas how. But nobody is promising it is going to be easy. Dr. Brownell, for example, calls for a revitalized program of physical education.

"Daily planned periods of at least thirty minutes of physical exercise are necessary for all children, beginning with nursery school and kindergarten," he says. "In the high schools, there should be a sixty-minute daily program of direct physical education for all high-school boys and girls."

These standards would help, but with the present overcrowding of schools and shortage of teachers, the schools alone cannot carry the burden of revitalizing America. That's going to have to be done in the home, by all of us.

The fact that neglected muscles can be
(continued)



Sedentary children, assured of effortless entertainment from television, are forgetting how to invent amusements for themselves.



SELLS STORY AFTER 5 WEEKS OF TRAINING

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment, I had a short story in the mail."—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, social matters, budgets, household affairs, fashions, children, sports, hobbies, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week, as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our FREE Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.) (Licensed by State of New York)

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Cosmopolitan, August.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

☐ Check here if Veteran. 15-M-594

Copyright, 1953, Newspaper Institute of America

Soft Living (continued)

Our schools sadly lack physical-training facilities. Recent tests show European children are far stronger than ours



Spectators throng to cheer the stamina of a few top athletes yet are too tired to cope with their own sagging muscles and aching backs. Miler Wes Santee typifies the stamina that conditioning can produce.

restored to healthy activity is demonstrated in some tests made on freshman and sophomore girls at George Washington University, in Washington, D.C., by Professor Helen B. Lawrence. When she first gave the girls the Kraus-Hirschland muscle tests, a third of them failed at least one. But eight months later, all but four out of ninety girls were able to pass all the tests. Some were able to pass the tests within three weeks, but in most cases it took longer. "You can't build up muscles unused for years overnight," says Professor Lawrence.

Our suicidal eating habits can be broken, Dr. Mack's studies show, and new ones learned, simply because the key to good eating is education, not money. Through her studies, Dr. Mack has demonstrated the physical condition of a family can be steadily improved.

What a Year of Good Diet Did

In one study of 64 families, Dr. Mack showed how much a family can change in one year—by switching to good eating habits. Husbands who had always felt

exhausted became full of pep. Teen-age girls had greatly improved skin textures, better bones, glossier hair, and more energy for dates and dancing. Even young children, originally the best fed, showed marked advances in skeletal development. Tooth decay decreased. And the mothers not only lost their fatigue but made other physical gains. Significantly, the biggest single change in these families' eating habits was in the switch to larger breakfasts.

School Lunches Paid Off

Then, in a series of studies made near Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Dr. Mack showed that the number of colds, rate of dental decay, and energy levels of an entire community had been improved through a school-lunch program aimed at overcoming deficiencies and educating mothers. What they learned about their children's needs, they applied to family meals.

"We found that by improving the health of the child, you can also automatically improve the physical well-being

of the parents," says Dr. Mack. "It's sort of a double payoff."

The most recent experiments of Dr. Mack have pointed dramatically to a powerful weapon—the snack—in overcoming fatigue.

The Pennsylvania mass studies had shown that the between-meal snack was widely used by both adults and children as a kind of energy pickup, and that teen-agers snacked oftener than any other age group. The problem, Dr. Mack reasoned, was to find something for snack purposes that would go further nutritionally than jelly sandwiches.

Dr. Mack and her colleagues decided that vitamin C, if added to snacks, would be the answer. They set up a series of tests to show what snacks could do if vitamin C was added in the form of frozen orange juice. "Orange juice . . . was chosen," says Dr. Mack, "because of its vitamin-C content, and its provision also of total energy, carotene (pro vitamin A), and other vitamins and minerals in small amounts."

Orange Juice Worked Wonders

Dr. Mack's results demonstrated that orange-juice snacks worked wonders as a fatigue chaser. Most impressive were the results of physical tests, such as push-ups, which showed orange juice immediately sparked energy, in both adults and children. On one morning, they drank orange juice and then did various physical tests; on the following morning they drank colored, artificially flavored water, and again did the tests. On orange-juice mornings, their ability to do push-ups and sit-ups was stepped up, and the time it took them to do two manual speed-accuracy tests was cut.

When the orange-juice concentration was doubled, to two parts frozen juice to three parts water, gains in the test increased still more. Both children and adults registered about the same degree of improvement.

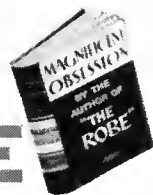
Energy-building snacks and nutritionally valuable breakfasts can put America back on the bounce. Or, as Dr. Mack puts it, "Simple nutrition education can improve the physical well-being and happiness of everyone." And let's face it, girls—this is a woman's problem.

Most of us are in crying need of exercise. This means that we have to overcome the habits that have us riding when we can walk, attitudes that make physical effort something to be scorned—and that have brought us to our present state of physical bankruptcy.

Physical exercise is not punishment. It is quite simply something that you can do at no expense to make yourself feel better. You can make effective exercise a part of your daily routines. Look at the

(continued)

**A LOVE STORY
SO PASSIONATE
SO POWERFULLY
COMPELLING** that no
woman will ever forget
its overwhelming beauty!



Universal International presents

**JANE WYMAN
ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH**

in LLOYD C. DOUGLAS'

**"MAGNIFICENT
OBSESSION"**



COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

with AGNES MOOREHEAD • OTTO KRUGER • GREGG PALMER
Directed by Douglas Sirk • Screenplay by Robert Blees • Produced by Ross Hunter



Daily tennis keeps Maureen Connolly and Pat Stewart in trim. Correctly done, household tasks can help you stay fit.

suggestions below, and start getting some extra health dividends out of your regular activities.

Exercise won't pay your rent or eliminate all your problems. But it will help

you meet the stresses we all encounter with more ease and perhaps even the satisfaction we call happiness. And it will help cut America's medical bill, now the world's largest.

How to Make Your Everyday Physical Activity Pep You Up—Not Tire You Out

Stretching: Make your morning stretch a real, feet-on-the-floor rouser for the entire body—twisting, turning, bending, and thrusting hard for two or three minutes. Stretching—pitting one muscle against another—is one of the principal methods used by the great jungle animals, like lions, to keep themselves fit.

Car Polishing: You can convert this into an exercise for arms, shoulders, neck, wrists, back, and legs, simply by adopting motions that exercise different groups of muscles. Squatting instead of bending

down to do lower sections will bring your legs into the act. Don't concentrate all your rubbing in one arm; professional car washers often develop one wrist and forearm twice the size of the other.

Walking: As a single exercise, walking cannot be beaten. The hardest thing about walking is overcoming the long-standing habit of riding even short distances. Every time you start for the car, ask yourself, "Can't I walk?" until your new walking habits are set. Commuters living within a mile of their station can

benefit much by walking to it in the morning; in the evening, it may be too tiring. Walk briskly, with no more arm swinging than necessary. Don't lag, for it is tiring. Allow yourself no more than thirty minutes to cover a mile. This may mean earlier rising, but it will tone up your entire body.

Picking Up: Every young mother picks up a zillion things a day, from babies to toys to clothes. This can be excellent exercise—if you know how to do it. If you don't, it can be exhausting. The way *not* to do it is the way it's usually done—by bending over with collapsed shoulders and letting your trailing arms do the picking up. If you have to pick up a baby frequently, this not only exhausts you but can deform you, putting a hump of muscle on your back and neck. To do it properly, for maximum exercise and least fatigue, squat with the back and neck fairly erect, take a firm grip with the arms supported by knees initially, and then push up, letting legs, thighs, and back do the lifting.

Stairs: The reason stairs are so tiring is that most people do not know how to climb them. The most common mistake is to go up rapidly, carrying the weight on the toe and ball of the arched foot. The best way is to put each foot, heel and toe, fully on the step, then let the upper leg push downward while the lower one thrusts upward. This exercise is good for the hips, thighs, and back, especially if you consciously think of it as exercise and not just stair climbing. Remember, you are lifting between 100 and 200 pounds with each step. Take it easy. It is heavy work and not recommended if you are in poor health or have a severe cardiac condition.

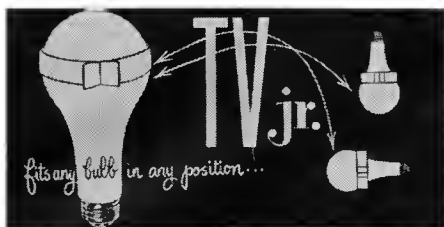
Mattress Turning: This household chore can be utilized to strengthen the hips and abdomen as well as arms and shoulders. Fatigue results usually from not using the right muscles. Instead of collapsing your shoulders and tugging with your arms, bend at the knees and get *under* the weight. Then push up, letting the strength come from the hips. Some authorities claim this exercise will keep you flatter than the best girdle.

Waiting: Although we seldom realize it, we spend a great many minutes each day just waiting—for kids to get dressed, for people to come, for trains and elevators. Generally we stand, slouched and slack, a wearing pastime. Try to use these otherwise-wasted periods for exercising—the simple tensing and flexing of legs, arms, and neck; rotating shoulder blades; deep rhythmic breathing.

THE END

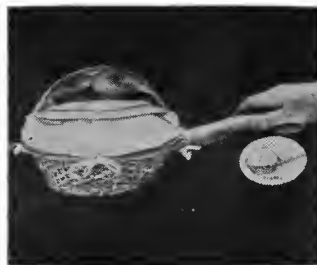
The Cosmopolitan Shopper

Summertime, when the living is easy . . . Surely you'll need a bread and butter gift for your host or hostess! Maybe you'll even like one for yourself! **BY CAROL CARR**



KILL FLIES . . . BUGS

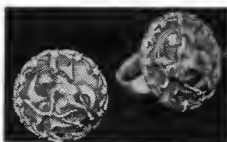
Slip TV Jr. (1954's miracle insect exterminator) Lindane asbestos collar, on any light bulb . . . turn on 2 hours . . . vapor penetrates every crack, crevice leaving repelling residue that keeps house FREE of flies, ants, moths (for closets), roaches, mosquitoes, etc., for weeks. Harmless to humans and pets when used as directed. Keep flies and insects OUTSIDE. Easy, economical. Set of 15 "TV Junior" Collars (season's supply per room) \$1. ppd. No C.O.D. Carol Beatty, Dept. 608-R, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Send for FREE Catalog of 130 selections.



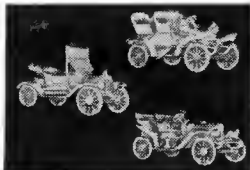
HOT ROLLS ANYONE! Bunhut keeps the warm air in. When the cover of this imported willow basket is zipped, a plastic bone keeps it up . . . your biscuits stay hot all through the meal. Available for \$4.00 ppd. from S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. CS, Lynbrook, LI.

UNIQUE COPPER JEWELRY

It's So Smart To Wear Your Zodiac! Makes the cleverest birthday gift ever! Earrings (pr); Cuff links (pr); Adjustable Ring; Tie Clasp ea. \$1.50 (ppd, tax incl.) Enclose exact birth date.



ANTIQUE AUTO SCATTER PINS



1" replicas of Model T Ford; '03 Cadillac; '09 Stanley Steamer. 'Park' them on hat, suit, scarf or dress. Only \$2 for set of 3. ALSO Cuff Links \$1.50 pr; Tie Clasp \$1.50 Ppd, tax incl.

Buy several sets for gifts. Free Catalog. (No C.O.D.) ROSLYN HOFFMAN 656 BROADWAY K-8, NEW YORK 12



MUSIC IN THE AIR . . . and will the children love it. Collection of tried and true children's favorites on your choice of 45's or 78's, with word and picture booklet of all 46 songs included. \$2.98 ppd. from Song Parade Co., Dept. CS, 318 Market St., Newark, NJ.



YOU NAME IT . . . It can be written with any pencil on these clever "write it yourself" matches. Box of 50 matches complete with 4 sheets of 24-k gold leaf paper \$1.80, two for \$3.50 ppd. available from Bodine's of Baltimore 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore, Md.

FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE
Around-the-World Shoppers Club



This Exquisite 6-Piece Set Of Florentine Silver

Send no money now or later for this unusual Florentine Silver Set. It's yours FREE for joining the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Your Set was hand-made in Florence, Italy, with skilled techniques going back to the time of Michelangelo. Each piece has a different Renaissance design, and handles are tooled in Florentine bas-relief. As a member, each month you will receive a wonderful surprise gift sent to you direct from a different foreign country, *postpaid, duty-free*—accompanied by a colorful brochure describing your gift! Send no money; simply write us and we will enroll you, billing you as follows until you decide to cancel: ☐ \$5.00 every 2 months; ☐ \$9.00 every 4 months; ☐ \$12.00 every 6 months or ☐ \$22 every 12 months. *Please be sure to specify plan you choose.* Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now while this Florentine Silver Set is FREE for joining.

AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB

Dept. 107, 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.



A Special Blend of High Grade TEA . . .

LING'S JASLOONG

stimulating, refreshing and flavorful
Treat Yourself and Your Friends To Some Today!

—Hot or Cold—

Loose Leaves—
In half pound gold lacquered cans.....\$1.60
Carton of two cans..... 3.00

Tea Bags—
A hundred in a gold lacquered can..... 1.95
Carton of two cans..... 3.65

Mailed Postpaid

Send check or money order to:

LING BROTHERS, INC.
One Broadway, New York City



NEW CAPE STOLE or FROM OLD FUR COAT, . . . \$22.95

Now have that out-of-style, even discarded fur coat remodeled into choice of these glamorous new capes, complete with new lining, new interlining, beautiful monogram, fur cleaned and glazed, all yours for only \$22.95. Morton's nationally famous fur remodeling has the "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL." Our work also praised by Style Editors in GLAMOUR, HARPER'S BAZAAR, MADEMOISELLE, etc. Order by Mail. Don't send money. Just mail us your old fur coat with dress size and height. When your completed new cape arrives, pay postman, \$22.95, plus postage.

MORTON'S,

Dept. 47-H, 312 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Or write for folder of other style capes and stoles, all \$22.95.

WRITE SHORTHAND In Only 4 Days!



Imagine!—in only 4 short days you can write shorthand—the first step toward a well-paying secretarial job... or take notes quickly anywhere... anytime. Abreviatix is an amazingly simplified method—explained

in four easy-to-understand lessons—all contained in one book. A shorthand teacher writes: "A marvelous system... to read it is to learn it." Only \$1.50 prepaid. Money returned if not completely satisfied. Send order now to Fineline Co. (143), 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

YOUR PRIVATE LABEL

PERSONALIZED IDENTIFICATION TAPE

300 two inch labels printed on 1/2" cellulose tape complete with plastic dispenser. Choice of white, blue, yellow, orange, red, green or silver tape printed in black or blue ink. Excellent for members of the Armed Forces.

Name and address on other copy not to exceed four lines.



\$2.00
ppd.

VICKERY TAPE, INC.
Dept. C, 286 W. 3rd St., Peru, Indiana

KILL FLIES OUTDOORS



New! Sanitary! Easily used disposable Fly-Trap. Kills disease carrying flies OUTSIDE before they get indoors. For Home, Farm, Business. Hang chemically treated, baited trap in tree or bush. Holds over 25,000 dead flies. No objectionable handling. When filled destroy entire trap. Guaranteed results. Set traps about 30' apart for a fly-free summer. Set of 3, \$1. ppd. No COD's. Carol Beatty, Dept. 308-R, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Send for FREE Catalog.

WHY BE FAT!

If you want to reduce and just can't, try pleasant tasting scientifically tested KELPIOINE CANOY for just 7 days... Lose up to 5 lbs. a week... safely, quickly, easily... Amazing new Kelpidine Candy formula curbs your appetite. You reduce an ugly fat without drugs, exercise, or feeling hungry. Sold on money back guarantee. For generous supply send your name, address and \$3.00 cash, check or money order or send \$5.00 for large economy size, or \$1. for trial size.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO.

CANDY DIVISION

Dept. K-84, 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

NEW EASY WAY STOPS SMOKING

If you want to stop smoking, try chewing STOPSMOKE chewing gum. See how the aromatic flavor of STOPSMOKE chewing gum helps you give up the desire for tobacco. Rush \$1 to STOPSMOKE for 7 days' supply. (For heavy smokers—10 days' supply—\$2.) Money refunded if not satisfied. Write: STOPSMOKE CO., Dept. #22, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

\$1

TOWELS

LARGE SIZE

ASSORTED COLORS

12 for \$1.00

Non-Woven Mirafab

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NEW! Not SECONDS

MAKES WONDERFUL PRESENTS!

Supply limited at this low price so order several sets NOW for GUARANTEED PROMPT delivery!

AGENTS WANTED—MAKE BIG MONEY

MURRAY HILL HOUSE

157 E. 31st ST., Dept. 101-G

N. Y. C. 16, N. Y.



BURN REFUSE SAFELY OUTDOORS

Tilt back hood—pour in refuse—ignite—close and safely burn damp, green, dry, garbage and refuse to fine ash in any weather. Scientific draft design ends neighbor-annoying nuisance and fire hazard of flying ash, sparks, burning blowing bits of paper. Minimizes smoke, smell. Needs no watching. Ends refuse hauling and fire hazards to quickly pay for itself. S. urd ly made of RUST-RESISTANT ALUMINUM BONDED TO STEEL. Recommended by Bureaus of Fire Prevention. Over 100,000 satisfied users. Model A—21 1/2" sq. x 29" high—2 bu. cap.—\$12.95 postpaid (\$13.95 W. of Denver). Model B—24" sq. x 34" high—3 bu. cap.—\$16.95 postpaid (\$18.95 W. of Denver). Money back guarantee.

ALSTO COMPANY

Dept. C-8, 4007 Detroit Ave., Cleveland 13, Ohio

GOING FOR A SWIM?

Then you'll need a waterproof bathing suit bag, and cosmetic kit filled with beauty care samples. Turn to page 117 for our Beauty Editor's special offer!



LISTEN and LEARN A
LANGUAGE by
LINGUAPHONE IN 20
MINUTES
A DAY

World's-Standard CONVERSATIONAL METHOD

FRENCH

SPANISH

GERMAN

ITALIAN

RUSSIAN

JAPANESE

—29 Languages
available

SEND FOR
FREE
BOOKLET

Are interesting job, travel, cultural opportunities passing you by because you speak only one tongue?

No Textbook Can Teach
You To Speak

With Linguaphone you bring the atmosphere of a foreign land right into your own home. You learn another language the same easy, natural way you learned English as a child, long before you went to school. It's like living in another country. You LISTEN—You hear native men and women speak about everyday matters with a 1954 vocabulary—you understand—YOU SPEAK. World-wide educational endorsement: a million home-study students of all ages. Write for FREE BOOK, "Passport to a New World of Opportunity." Linguaphone Institute, 264-08 RCA Building, N. Y. 20.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

264-08 RCA Building, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Send me your FREE book.

Language interest

Name

Address

City.....Zone.....State.....

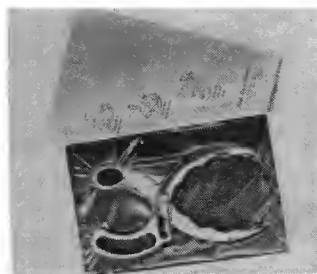
Leaders for 50 years in Up-To-Date Modern Language Courses.

The
Cosmopolitan
Shopper

continued from page 23



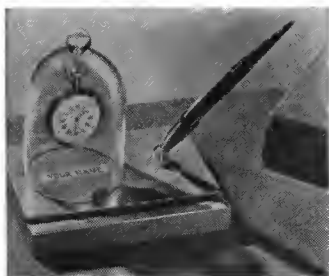
COCKTAILS FOR TWO on your ironing board. Your ironing board does double duty with this clever skirt and topper, with smart quilted border and two large pockets for gadgets. Wipes clean with damp cloth. 54" x 15" x 30", tapered to fit any board. Dorothy Damar, 815 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, NJ; \$2.98 ppd.



THE ANSWER TO MANY a husband or wife's pet peeve, these adjustable tongs called "Roast Ressler." Adjusts to pick up a strip of bacon or a large turkey or roast. Perfect gift for the summer hostess. Available from Andover Gift House Dept. CS, Andover, Mass., \$4.95 ppd.



COUNTING THE DAYS? They pass quickly with a Leecraft date bank. Each time you insert a coin the date changes! Wonderful gift for children of all ages up to 100. Available for \$1.98 ppd. from Leecraft, Dept. CS, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, NY.



DOES ANYONE YOU KNOW own a grandfather's watch? Make it useful with this Treasure Dome Desk Set. Black and gold ballpoint pen on blonde, ebony or mahogany hardwood base. Beautiful "bell case" displays watch. Carol Beatty, Dept. CS, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



SUGAR AND SPICE and everything nice. Old New England sugarin' buckets done up into new centerpiece. wheelbarrel style. Hand turned pine, hand polished in Honey Maple or Salem Antique. 7" high, 12" long with built in plastic liner. Puddin' Holler, Dept. CS, E. Swazey NH, 4.95 ppd.



WHAT'S NEW IN WOOD? Jewelry for Madame! Brightly colored wooden jewelry, perfect complement to any sports wardrobe. Black, red or brown. Necklace. \$4.00, Earrings \$1.50. Complete set, \$5.00 ppd. tax included. From Aimee Lee, Dept. CS, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, NY.



SUN AND SURF PLAY HAVOC with car upholstery... these denim slip covers are the answer to sand, wet suits and suntan oil. Order a pair for yourself as well as for your summer host or hostess from Mardo Sales, Dept. CS, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, NY.. \$2.98 ppd.

HAIR REMOVED

Instantly

NEW GUARANTEE

is on this excellent product cosmetic, a hair remover that immediately gets rid of superfluous hair from face, arms, legs not only above the skin, but below it. It leaves the skin soft and smooth. Your money back if after the third application hair grows back. The hair remover is priced at only \$2 (triple size \$5) ppd. If order is accompanied by check, cash or money order. You pay postage if you order C.O.D.

DAVLO COMPANY,
Dept. C-030
125 East 46th St.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Recover Your "YACHT" CHAIRS

only
\$2.10
per set ppd
Slip-on Back
Tack-on Seat



Simple to put on—rugged enough to last for years, these attractive coverings (18-ounce-per-square-yard sailcloth) are designed for a chair seat approximately 16" by 27" and a chair back 7" by 22". Coverings have white piping along edges and are available in red, blue, turquoise, green or yellow. Match up your chairs in the color of your choice.

Ematol Products Co.

Dep't L, Box 95, South Weymouth, Mass.

I'm not buying a thing Till I See Frederick's Catalog

Send 10¢ for Frederick's booklet "gorgeous dresses, blouses, lingerie, sweaters, etc. Every thing to give you glamour! Sizes 10-20."

Attract the men you want by wearing gorgeous Hollywood creations, especially designed for mole appeal

FREDERICK'S of HOLLYWOOD Dept. 147
5430 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 27, Cal.

Padded Bras and Bust Pads

Comfortable -

Even In Hot Weather

Get FREE Custom Contour fitting chart and information about Conforms® cool, soft, natural featherdown padded bras and bust pads. No hot airtight rubber nor plastic used. Wearers agree they're comfortable, even in hot weather, fluffy after washing, secure and natural. FREE fitting chart insures correct fit—in the privacy of your own home. New beauty and comfort in your future. Mail this coupon today. No obligation, of course.



FREE!

Charlene of California,

Box 112, Sunnymead, California

Please send me in plain envelope FREE Custom Contour Fitting Chart and information as marked:

☐ Charlene Bras ☐ Charlene Bust Pads ☐ Charlene Surgical Forms
I am ☐ Under 25 ☐ 25-45 ☐ Over 45

Name _____
Address _____

NEW Figure Mold HIDE-A-WAIST

17 SECTIONAL FEATURES STREAMLINE WAISTLINE HIDE BULGES

ADJUSTABLE TO TAILOR-MADE FIT



HIDE-A-WAIST BACK VIEW

FEATURES

Galore

17 Sectional Features... Streamline Waistline... Adjustable... Washable—made of Leno Lastex, satinated rayon. Fully guaranteed. Lightweight Sizes 24 to 40.



ONLY
2.98

Say "goodbye" to clumsy waist line! Hide-A-Waist automatically shapes your figure to a new loveliness. Banishes unwanted bulges—gives you the narrow youthful waist newest styles demand. You've never had such graceful, alluring curves—such freedom and style in anything you've worn. 4 extra-length detachable and adjustable garters complete Hide-A-Waist.

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

Order today. Wear it 10 days FREE. If not delighted, return for refund. Sizes 24 to 34, \$2.98. Sizes 35 and over, \$3.98 (50c extra for the 4 extra-length detachable and adjustable garters.)

The S. J. Wegman Company Dept. 590-H
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size.....(waist size in inches).

Also send.....sets of extra-length detachable and adjustable garters at only 50c for set of four.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LET'S STAKE A BATH



for our feathered friends and your garden will come to life. This new sturdy bird bath is all metal and portable. Just snap the porcelain enameled bowl on the green ornamental iron base. Stands 28" out of the ground. Bowl is

16½" in diameter, 2" deep. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Only \$4.95 ppd.

Write for Gift Catalog.

DOWNS & CO., Dept. 5954, Evanston, Ill.





CORNBALL OR INTELLECTUAL? Guesting on Sid Caesar's show, dual personality Albert pulled out the stops, melted even the cynics.

Eddie Albert

The shy kid of "Brother Rat" and later the bearded photographer of "Roman Holiday," Eddie Albert is regarded by viewers and experts alike as television's brightest new star

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

PHOTOS BY ZINN ARTHUR

In the summer of 1952, two American tourists were promenading along the Via Veneto in Rome. The couple were Peter Lind Hayes and his wife, Mary Healy, the comedy team, on their first visit to Rome. They marched along, goggling at the unusual sights. Passing a sidewalk café, they paused to stare at a picturesque spectacle: a stocky man with a heavy beard seated at a table. He was wearing sandals, old pants, and an open shirt. Under one arm, he balanced a long loaf of Italian bread. His other arm supported a small boy, who was spooning *gelato* into his mouth. As they watched, a waiter brought the man a *negrone*—a sort of gin and bitters. The man carefully deposited the loaf on the table. He guzzled the drink, smacked his lips with Latin gusto, and then wiped them off with the back of his hand.

"Now, there," Hayes observed solemnly, "is a typical Italian scene and that is a typical Italian."

Just then, the drinker caught sight of them. He grinned. Even through the ten-

drils of his beard, it was a grin that could belong to nobody else.

"Good grief," shouted Hayes, "that isn't a typical Italian—that's Eddie Albert!"

A Master at Stealing Scenes

Eddie Albert had grown the beard for his role in "Roman Holiday." As the harassed photographer who surreptitiously shoots action candids of a princess on a spree, Albert managed to do the impossible—steal scenes from the enchanting Audrey Hepburn. As is well known in Broadway, Hollywood, and Rome, the only way anybody can steal a scene from Miss Hepburn is to employ the Brink's bandits.

But Albert did it. And he did it mainly by dint of his unique charm.

Without a beard, the Albert grin is even more irresistible. It is a warm and honest grin. The flesh around Albert's eyes crinkles up, a mischievous gleam lights up his blue eyes, and happy wrinkles play around his smiling lips. With

curly brownish-gray hair, a well-scrubbed honest face, and a sincere Midwestern voice that manages to convey a whole range of emotions within its down-to-earth flatness, Eddie Albert is the hottest virtuoso of charm to hit television since Arthur Godfrey's equally potent grin first started hypnotizing people.

Albert is NBC's secret weapon in its unceasing guerrilla warfare with CBS. For more than five years now, NBC has been trying desperately to develop a performer with the bewitching Godfrey folk-siness. In Eddie Albert, NBC thinks it has found its boy, and that is why, this summer, it gave him the coveted nine-to-ten-thirty Saturday-night slot for his "Saturday Night Revue."

These many weeks, Albert has been delighting the nation with a fast-paced mixture of songs, dances, and comedy sketches. He was signed as a thirteen-week summer replacement, but NBC is not hiding the fact that, come autumn, it hopes to produce an Eddie Albert one-hour evening variety program and an

(continued) 27

PRIME MOTIVE for his night-club act with Margo: "A closer relationship as husband and wife."

Eddie Albert (continued)



EDDIE AND MARGO'S act has brilliant pace, brings in five figures a week. Physical culturist Eddie exudes healthy vitality.



CUTTING UP AT THE WALDORF is old stuff for Margo, who at thirteen, chaperoned by her uncle Xavier Cugat, was a hit there.



EDDIE'S CHARM at full blast—sophisticated folksiness in a straw hat, patter in Eddie Albert Heimberger's Midwest twang.

Eddie Albert one-hour morning show. In fact, if some exuberant NBC executives are to be believed, Eddie Albert's grin will become as common on television during the 1954-55 season as jokes about Liberace. Right now, Eddie is receiving \$5,000 a week. This fall he will move into the \$10,000 bracket. His boyish grin may yet turn into as valuable a bonanza as the Comstock Lode.

Like Godfrey, He Twangs a Uke

Albert has a variety of talents in addition to his million-dollar grin. Like Godfrey, he twangs a ukulele. In addition, he can strum a guitar, bow a fiddle, dance, sing, act in comedy or serious sketches, and do recitations. His recitations are among his most effective routines.

"Well, sir," the grinner recently drawled in the tones of a country storekeeper, "it's this way about talking songs 'stead of singin' them. I been taking voice lessons with this here coach over in Los Angeles, fellow name of Robert Weer."

You expect Albert to chew on a wisp of straw, but he was digging into a cottage-cheese-and-lettuce salad. Albert is a big salad man. He also dotes on fresh fruits, nuts, figs, and yogurt. Where other performers at rehearsals knock off a quick hamburger and black coffee, Albert brings a jug of fresh fruit, wheat germ, and blackstrap molasses all macerated together in one of those electric blending machines.

We were sitting in the living room of his subleased New York apartment. Above our heads swayed a pendulous mobile constructed out of pipe cleaners and fishline and cardboard. Albert had made it to amuse his only child, Eddie junior, three years old. That afternoon, Eddie senior was dressed in a T-shirt and dirty bluejeans. He looked like a typical Italian peasant.

"Y'see," he continued, "I used to be able to carry a tune. Never could carry it very far, but I carried it. So this fellow, name of Weer, he's been kind o' helpin' me out with the larynx. I been makin' nice progress. Got so I'm able to render a song. Of course, to render means to tear apart. So until I get more confidence in myself, I sort of act out the songs in a *recitativo*. That's grand-opera lingo for not bein' able to sing. Care for a drink, bub? Got some unusual vodka. It's flavored with buffalo grass. Genuine buffalo grass. Healthiest alcoholic drink in the world. Got more minerals and vitamins than bourbon."

I downed a slug of the vodka, which, according to the label, actually contained buffalo-grass extract. It was the healthiest alcoholic drink I ever swallowed. In fact, it was so healthy I knocked off two more helpings of buffalo grass.

Among the many songs the homespun

charmer recites. "September Song" is rated best by Albert *aficionados*. This is an aria, originally croaked by Walter Huston in "Knickerbocker Holiday," in which the elderly Peter Stuyvesant sings to a young girl of whom he is enamored. Albert prefaces his recitation by tremulously telling the story of the play and paying a tribute to Huston and composer Kurt Weill. Then he begins to speak the lyric, expressing the melancholy emotions of an aged man who has only a few short years to enjoy the delights of love. Each time Albert does this, he creates the illusion he has never recited "September Song" before, that the pauses and hesitations and quiverings of his vocal cords occur spontaneously under the stress of emotion. Albert's voice actually cracks at the closing lines. The audience cracks, too. Everybody starts weeping.

Last May, when he guested on Sid Caesar's program, Albert, in honor of Mother's Day, recited the lyric of "Smilin' Through" against a legato background of muted violins.

Now, as a stanch Oedipus-complex man myself, I yield to no one in my veneration for mothers, but let me say right here and now that the lyric of "Smilin' Through" is undoubtedly the most mawkish tribute that was ever invented by anybody. Edgar Guest is hard-boiled by comparison.

Well, as I watched Eddie speak the inane words of this song, I felt a catch in my throat and a tension in my tear ducts. After I wiped up my eyes, I immediately telephoned my mother to express all my feelings to her.

She said would I kindly call her back tomorrow as she was in the middle of a gin-rummy game and had her opponent on the schneid.

Eddie Albert is as modest about his guitar technique as he is about his singing. "I guess you can put in that I make out with the guitar," he said. "Specially if I'm backed with a thirty-piece orchestra. But I'm learnin'. Learnin' all the time. Same with dancin'. Been taking dancin' lessons. I believe a man should never stop educatin' himself. Life is a dynamic process. You got to keep growin' all the time."

World Problems Disturb Him

Albert has a dual personality. There is the corn-fed character with the homespun jargon. There is also a serious, studious, scholarly intellectual. He is constantly reading and pondering books on philosophy, ethics, psychoanalysis, and political economics. He is disturbed about the problems of war, sex education, neuroses, and the dilapidated state of human beings these days. During his leisure hours, he shuns the company of

other actors because they find his seriousness boring and he is frightened by their quickness of wit. He likes to engage in high-domed colloquies with college professors and other members of the intelligentsia.

"The real Eddie Albert," one of his acquaintances told me, "is a lonely, moody person. He'll sit in his den and just play that guitar of his and sing folk songs by the hour. He has very few friends. Like after he replaced Tom Ewell in 'The Seven Year Itch' for a short run last December, well, he went into Sardi's the night he opened. Usually, an event like that, everybody comes over and slaps you on the back and wishes you the best. But nobody came over. It's just that Eddie is a loner. Incidentally, he was great as the husband in 'The Seven Year Itch.' He gave the role a touch of helpless sadness instead of playing it just for laughs. That's the real key to Albert. Underneath everything, he's an actor. He's not a musician or a dancer, although he fools around with both. He's an actor playing the part of a musician or a dancer. He's not even a professional charm artist like a Godfrey. He's an actor playing the part of a charmer. The grin and the smile are just part of the act. He can play any part you ask him to play."

"Eddie's Folksiness Is Genuine"

On the other hand, an advertising-agency executive claims, "Eddie's folksiness is genuine. This boy is a real cornball. He's an honest-to-goodness schnook. He really believes in the home-and-mother bit. That's why he can sell himself on television."

Albert does happen to be one of the most versatile actors around. During the 1953-54 season, he ran this gamut: interpreting the difficult symbolic role of Winston Smith in the "Studio One" dramatization of 1984, the anti-Communist novel; portraying with much feeling an average husband trapped in a tedious marriage, in Paddy Chayefsky's "The Bachelor Party," on the "Goodyear Television Playhouse"; playing a raffish Bohemian photographer—with a fine light-comedy touch—in "Roman Holiday"; and costarring with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as a fast-talking traveling salesman of 1910 in the movie version of *Sister Carrie*.

When Albert starts grinning, women instinctively want to run their fingers through his curly locks. This reaction sometimes complicates his life. According to one rumor, his flourishing career at a big Hollywood studio was abruptly cut short when the production head discovered his wife was taking more than a detached interest in Albert.

His versatility is further illustrated by

his numerous guest appearances on variety programs. Recently, he and his wife, former movie star, Margo, did a thrilling inspirational episode on the Ed Sullivan television show. It was based on the book *One God* and concerned the meaning of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths.

"This Guy Can Do So Many Things"

"This Albert guy can do so many things and do them so well, it's frightening," a television director says. "Who else can switch from a calypso number into a religious mood, like Eddie did on the Sullivan show, and make it seem natural? Also, he's a quick study. He'll get up a tough dramatic part in two days. Some weeks last year, Eddie was simultaneously rehearsing two dramatic shows, knocking off guest shots, and handling an emcee bit on still another show. He's the kind of performer who never fights you. Do anything. You want him to put on a fright wig and a putty nose and take a pratt fall? He's agreeable. You want him to be profound and do the tragedy bit? He will. You want the grin? He's your boy."

"Yet, he's a quiet, colorless guy away from the stage. He reminds me of Alec Guinness, both in the variety of parts he can do well and the fact that when he's not acting he's a sort of blank piece of paper, a vacuum, waiting for a writer and a director to fill him in. Quite a rare phenomenon."

Unlike most performers, Albert is shy about discussing himself. He is not expansive or outgoing. He is an inhibited, contemplative individual, who sits on his emotions firmly except when he's acting and who only opens up and gets articulate when you broach an abstract impersonal subject like, Whither the United Nations? or, Should children of six be told about sex?

While Albert was running himself ragged on television and in movies last year, he was also preparing a night-club act with his wife, Mrs. Albert, the kinetic Margo, is a star in her own right. A gorgeous redhead, she is fiery and vivacious, at the opposite temperamental pole from her reserved spouse.

Margo's full name is Maria Margarita Guadalupe Teresa Estela Bolado Castilla y O'Donnell. She was born in Mexico City. Her mother is Mexican, her father Irish. She has been a professional entertainer since she was twelve and did solo Spanish dancing at the Cocomanut Grove in Los Angeles. While she was dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria a few years later, Ben Hecht cast her as the discarded mistress of a wealthy lawyer who is murdered in the movie "Crime Without Passion." Her sultry performance made her a star overnight. There followed a long, run as



COMBINATION OF INNATE CHARM and personal-development theory ("Everything I do should increase my personal growth") fascinates friends, like the Fredric Marches. Eddie has few intimates, tends to be a loner.

Miriamne in Maxwell Anderson's Broadway hit "Winterset" and other plays—"The Masque of Kings," "The Outward Room," "A Bell for Adano." She married Eddie during the run of "A Bell for Adano."

"At first," she recently recalled, "I thought the thing to make me happiest is forget show business and make a home for Eddie after his four years in the Navy." She was sitting cross-legged on the floor. Attired in a white terry-cloth robe, she was dabbing beer into her hair to set her bronze curls tighter. "I think

that for a woman's heart is nothing more satisfying than a happy marriage life. I think to forget show business forever. Then when the child is born, I am sure of this. I feel it is very creative for a woman to be a mother and care for her child—and not to allow the beautiful moments of watching him grow up belong to a governess or a nurse."

How Their Act Started

Then she sighed as if smitten by the contradictions of life. "But," she shrugged, "I guess I am also unhappy

not to be acting or dancing. Well, we were always singing and dancing together, Eddie and me, playing those guitars and things, and if we went to a party we might put on a show for two hours, and people said, 'Why do it for nothing? You should get paid for this.' So many said it."

So last January the Alberts rented a rehearsal room for three dollars an hour. They hired two guitarists and a pianist and went into action. It cost them close to \$20,000—for musical arrangements, special material, choreography, and

costumes—to get the act in shape. They rehearsed nine hours a day for six weeks and opened at the Waldorf in April. They were somewhat of a sensation. They were immediately booked into the Last Frontier at Las Vegas for \$15,000 a week. The act is a fast and furious display of every facet of the Albert-family talents. Both of them dance and sing and cavort and monologize for forty minutes during which they reel off fourteen numbers in breathtaking rapidity.

A Closer Husband-Wife Bond

Eddie Albert's reasoning as to why they developed the act is typical of his intellectual outlook. He crosses his legs, squints his eyes at you with deep *simpatico*, tightens his lips seriously, and explains, "I feel everything I do, well, it should increase my personal growth as a husband and a human being. I felt Margo and I would have a closer interpersonal relationship as husband and wife if we performed together. 'Course now I can't come home and complain to my wife about the leading lady. My wife is the leading lady. Now I have economic independence. I don't have to wait around for a producer to put me in a movie. Any time I'm layin' off, I can just call my agent and say, 'Get me two weeks at the Sheraton Plaza in Boston.' 'Course I could always go into this honey-selling business on a big scale. Got quite a lot of hives on my place. Isn't much fun, though. Bees don't applaud when you take a bow outside their hive."

"I got a further reason for creatin' a night-club act, which I was told I was crazy to do as I was makin' out pretty good in television and that's my education as a performer. A café is a place where you can work in front of live people. Learn to pace yourself to an audience. Timin'. Learnin' how to stand up and take it."

Eddie Albert stands a solid six feet and hefts 170 pounds. His chief eccentricities are wearing molded "space shoes," which cost \$70 a throw, and unmatched cuff links. On one occasion, he wore a gold link in one cuff and an enamel link in the other. Had he goofed? "No," he drawled. "I'm always mislayin' my links and I got a slew of unmatchin' links. The only way I figger to beat this is to start a big trend to unmatchin' cuff links. If I could only get Lucius Beebe or Adolphe Menjou interested in this trend, I might get somewhere."

Margo and her spouse reside in a huge rambling home in Hollywood Knolls, on the Caluenga Pass in North Hollywood. Albert is vague about the dimensions of the house. "It's kind of a big house," he murmurs. "Real big. Guess we've got ten, twelve rooms. I raise bees there. Lots of hives—eight, ten hives. Italian bees. Produce a mighty sweet-tastin' honey. I give

the honey away. I been stung hundreds of times by my bees. Those bees have no respect for talent. Had a queen bee in one hive that had so darn much sex appeal, thousands of bees from miles around flew over during the mating season to meet up with her. Swarmed all over the neighborhood. Made the neighbors pretty mad.

"Also make a little wine. Maybe a few hundred gallons a season. Give most of it away. Cheaper for me to buy it in a store. Costs me around five dollars a gallon to make my own, but I like it as a hobby. Raise my own grapes—golden chasselas, grenache, Pinot blanc."

Born Edward Albert Heimberger

The man with the million-dollar grin was born Edward Albert Heimberger on April 22, 1908, in Rock Island, Illinois. His parents, who now live with him in California, are German Catholics. They moved to Minneapolis when he was a year old. He was brought up with Teutonic severity and moral strictness. It may be that his friendly grin and appealing eyes were developed during a childhood in which the adults around him were somewhat cold and forbidding so that he had to use extreme devices to extract affection. This writer believes, unlike some television observers, that the Albert grin is a genuine expression of his need to be loved—which is why it communicates itself so compellingly to his audience.

To this day, Albert is shy about expressing his emotions to friends, and that

is one reason he has so few intimates. Perhaps, too, that is why he was drawn so powerfully to Margo—a woman who blends in her background the emotional mysticism of Ireland together with the passionate zest found in Latin countries, who is filled with a *joie de vivre* Albert has thirsted for all his life.

But this very inhibition in everyday life permits Albert to store up a vast reservoir of feelings and emotions which he can unleash, with striking effect, on a stage or before a television camera.

Eddie's father used to run restaurants. "Heimberger's hamburgers were famous all through Minnesota," Eddie quips. He knocked around for a few years, fooling with a ukulele act in high school and a singing trio at the University of Minnesota. Finally, in 1935, he and Grace Bradt teamed up in an act called "The Honeymooners" and came to New York to audition for NBC. The formula of their show was somewhat similar to the sketch of the same name on the "Jackie Gleason Show." It was a fifteen-minute show across the board, and they got only \$75 a week for being on five times a week. Among the other actors hired to play bit parts was a young fellow named Carson Kanin. Kanin, a year later, was casting director for George Abbott, and he recommended Eddie Albert for a part in "Brother Rat."

Pebble-kicking Simpleton Type

As Bing Edwards, a shy, stumble-footed, pebble-kicking simpleton, Albert scored a tremendous success. He then got

(continued) 31



WITH LUCILLE BALL, he played in lightweight "The Fuller Brush Girl" soon after dropping \$200,000 on educational films.



SEA-HAPPY Eddie hunted sharks in Panama waters, joined the Navy in 1942, got his fill at Tarawa.



ONE ANALYSIS of Eddie's knack of reaching his audience: "Under the warm exterior, a warm interior."

Eddie Albert (continued)

"Everyone should have time for what he enjoys." With Eddie, it's beekeeping, making his own wine, reading George Bernard Shaw, and eating carrots

into a golden rut playing pebble-kicking simpletons. He was the naïve playwright in "Room Service." Then he moved into Hollywood and played stumblebumps of one sweet sort or another in such epics as "Four Wives," "Angel from Texas," "Dispatch from Reuter's," "Rendezvous with Annie," "My Love Came Back," "Meet Me After the Show," "Hit Parade of 1947," "Time out of Mind," and "You Gotta Stay Happy."

He Tried to Enlighten Humanity

During his four years of service in World War II—he saw action at Tarawa, where he was in charge of one of the craft landing Marines on the beach—he resolved to do something useful to society after the war. So he set up an educational-film company. It was to make 16-millimeter films to enlighten humanity on various problems. After he was married, Eddie returned to Hollywood and worked furiously for two years until he had saved \$200,000. All of it went down the drain as the educational films proved to be fiscal fiascos. "But I learned a lot," Eddie insists.

Unable to enlighten humanity, Eddie decided to entertain it. This suddenly became difficult. Hollywood didn't want it. A Broadway appearance in "Miss Liberty" didn't help. He couldn't get moving on television even at a time when anybody who could spit straight was being hired. A situation comedy, "Leave It to Larry," was yanked off the cameras after five weeks. A daily one-man afternoon show was canceled after eight weeks.

At this nadir in the Albert fortunes, a brilliant young novelist and playwright named Robert Paul Smith happened to be twiddling the dials of his television set and chanced upon Eddie Albert's face grinning at him from all twenty-one inches of his screen.

"He had something," Smith recalls. "It was strictly for the birds, but he had it. He made you feel he was grinning right at you. He also struck me as a great salesman, like Godfrey, the kind of guy who can sell garbage to the Department of Sanitation."

Smith mentioned this to an advertising-agency friend. The friend said why didn't

Smith concoct a format for this genius, so Smith came up with "Nothing But the Best." He wrote a down-to-earth vernacular dialogue for Eddie Albert that suited him right down to an ear of corn. Within four weeks, "Nothing But the Best" became the summer's most talked-about show. It was ranked by many with the old "Garroway at Large" show as the finest informally relaxed programs ever done on television.

Asked to comment on Albert's character, Smith said, "That's none of my business. I think he's a fine performer."

By the end of the summer, Albert was hot again. He was hip-deep in playscripts submitted by Broadway producers. Hollywood had him on the phone, badgering him to take their filthy \$1,000 a week. But he worked mostly in television, playing in every conceivable type of show.

Right now, on his own Saturday-night showcase, he is still playing everything. "I just kind of love workin' for an audience," he says. "Don't care what I do. Make jokes, introduce acts, sing, dance, play guitar. Why, if they want, I'd even bring in one of my hives and feed some bees on the program. Yes, I'm a lucky man. I'm the richest of men. I wake up in the morning, and beside me is the loveliest woman in the world and she's my wife. And I know she loves me. Then I see my son, and he smiles at me. I go in to breakfast and have a good glass of fresh milk and some berries. Why, I feel like a king, and it isn't even half past eight yet!"

His Feelings Match the Country's

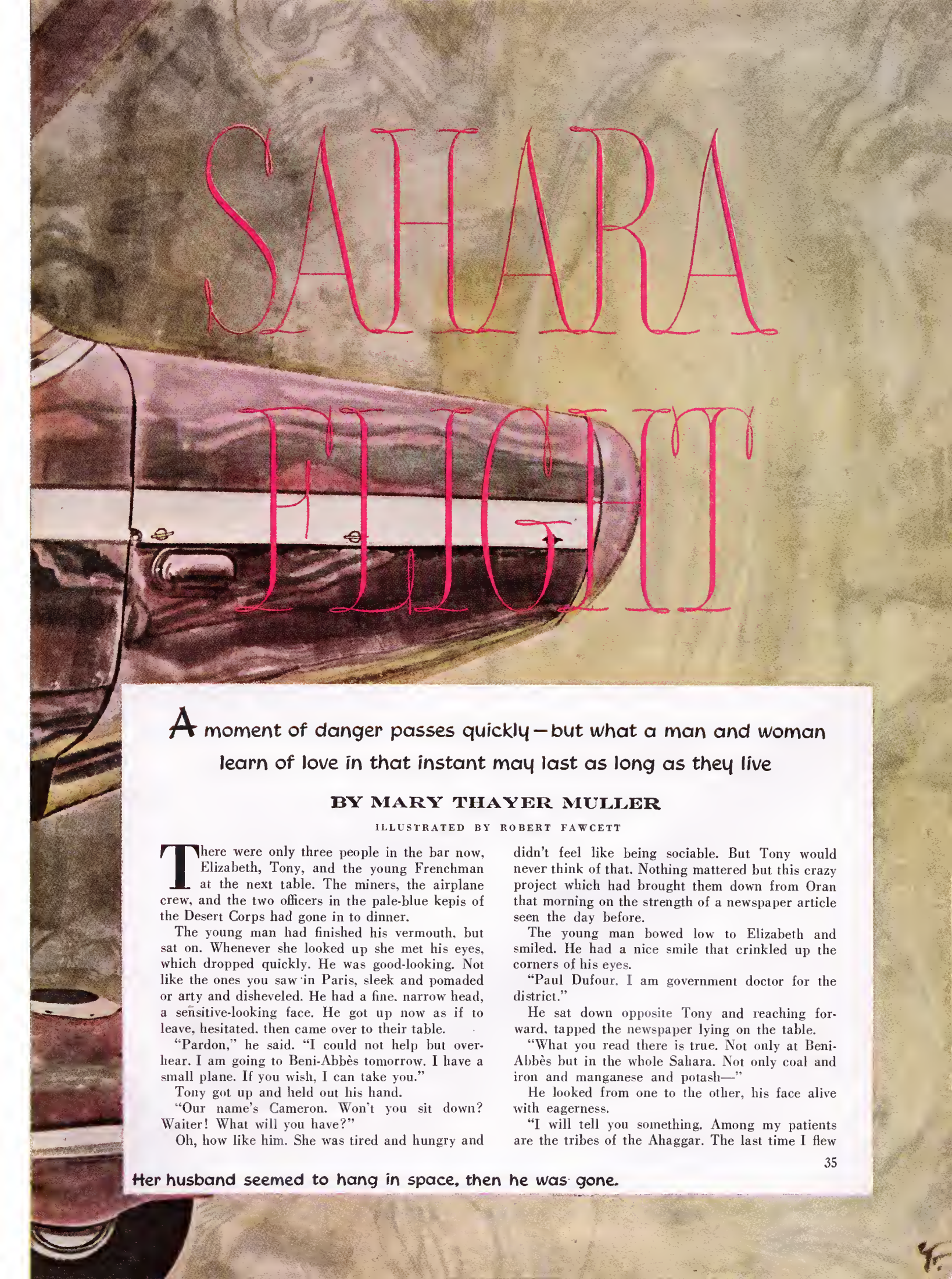
Eddie Albert may be, as some caustic critics insist, a performer who reeks with sentimentality and slushes over with emotions. But his sentiments and his emotions are genuine, and they come close to matching the feelings of America. So it is likely that within the next year the star of Eddie Albert will shine more brightly than anybody else's in the television heavens.

THE END

EDDIE IN ACTION concentrates more on putting his song across than being just a personality boy.







SAHARA

FLIGHT

A moment of danger passes quickly—but what a man and woman learn of love in that instant may last as long as they live

BY MARY THAYER MULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

There were only three people in the bar now, Elizabeth, Tony, and the young Frenchman at the next table. The miners, the airplane crew, and the two officers in the pale-blue kepis of the Desert Corps had gone in to dinner.

The young man had finished his vermouth, but sat on. Whenever she looked up she met his eyes, which dropped quickly. He was good-looking. Not like the ones you saw in Paris, sleek and pomaded or arty and disheveled. He had a fine, narrow head, a sensitive-looking face. He got up now as if to leave, hesitated, then came over to their table.

"Pardon," he said. "I could not help but overhear. I am going to Beni-Abbès tomorrow. I have a small plane. If you wish, I can take you."

Tony got up and held out his hand.

"Our name's Cameron. Won't you sit down? Waiter! What will you have?"

Oh, how like him. She was tired and hungry and

didn't feel like being sociable. But Tony would never think of that. Nothing mattered but this crazy project which had brought them down from Oran that morning on the strength of a newspaper article seen the day before.

The young man bowed low to Elizabeth and smiled. He had a nice smile that crinkled up the corners of his eyes.

"Paul Dufour. I am government doctor for the district."

He sat down opposite Tony and reaching forward, tapped the newspaper lying on the table.

"What you read there is true. Not only at Beni-Abbès but in the whole Sahara. Not only coal and iron and manganese and potash—"

He looked from one to the other, his face alive with eagerness.

"I will tell you something. Among my patients are the tribes of the Ahaggar. The last time I flew

Her husband seemed to hang in space, then he was gone.

to them, an old sheik showed me samples one of his men had dug from a rock face. I took them to the government geological service. There is tin and copper. Perhaps platinum."

Tony nodded, turned to Elizabeth. "You see?" Then to Dufour: "Why hasn't it been exploited? I understand that here at Colomb-Béchar mining has been going on for many years."

The doctor sighed. "Not enough capital. Not enough faith."

He looked tired now. Not as young.

"The treasure house of the world," he said sadly. "And its inhabitants die of hunger and disease."

Well, she was about to die of hunger herself. As for disease, if she didn't catch something in this appalling place, she'd be surprised.

Less than an hour out of Oran, she had hated the whole venture. The black wilderness, with its sudden peaks and tortured rock shapes, was formidable, frightening. She had never imagined such utter desolation. Colomb-Béchar, with its low walls and flat-roofed stucco houses, had looked from the air like a child's toy lost on the surface of a dark, rolling sea.

They had made a bumpy landing, disembarked in a strong wind laden with cutting sand. Cold, tired, and still weak from a bout of flu, she had looked forward longingly to a hot bath and a good cup of tea. The Hôtel de la Palmeraie afforded neither. There was a cracked washbasin in the bedroom where the *eau courante* ran only cold, and sometimes not even *courante*. The floors were stone. There was no heat except for the black stoves in the bar and dining room.

Dufour got up to go, and Tony rose to shake hands.

"You're very kind. If you're sure you have room for us, we'd be very grateful."

The doctor left them, and they went in to dinner.

She knew she was behaving badly, but she couldn't help it. She had had such hopes for this trip, had thought it might bring them together again. But you don't change a situation by taking it somewhere else. Tony was Tony, in New York or Africa. And she, alas, was Elizabeth.

"Just because you read some crazy newspaper story and meet a Frenchman in a bar, our whole trip has to be ruined. What is this place we're going to? I suppose there are no bathtubs there, either. And how do you know he can fly?"

Tony put down his fork firmly.

"I object to 'crazy,' and I object to 'ruined.' I suppose Columbus was crazy, too. And as for 'ruined,' this is exactly the sort of opportunity I've been looking for. It may be a chance to put some money where it won't be eaten by rats."

That was Tony. Ever since Roosevelt,

he'd been like a rabbit with a litter of young, ready to eat it rather than have anyone else lay hands on it. What if the Cameron fortune *had* diminished? There was still plenty.

"But if you think you're going to be too uncomfortable, why don't you go back? There's a plane to Oran tonight."

There was that cold light in his blue eyes that was like a wall between them. How had they ever passed it to love each other? And they had. So much. And so few years ago.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I'm not going back."

"Then try not to grouse about everything, will you?"

She began an angry retort, but her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

He rose brusquely, leaving her alone at the table. As he left the room, there was a hush among the other diners and she heard a smothered laugh. The Americans were having a quarrel. Amusing.

Embarrassed, she picked up a book she'd been reading and tried to look unconcerned. Someone was standing beside her. She looked up. It was Paul Dufour.

"May I sit down?"

"Please do." She tried to be gracious. "My husband has just left."

"I know. I came to tell him we are all set for tomorrow. We will start at dawn. I met him in the corridor. He is going to bed."

She wondered if he had sensed the quarrel, had come in here to be kind. It was very humiliating. Again the tears rose to her eyes. She spoke quickly.

"Have you had dinner?"

"Oh, yes. With the White Fathers at the mission. They are my friends."

Ah, yes. Government pay wouldn't run to hotel meals. His neat, dark suit was far from new. The clean shirt cuffs were slightly frayed. She felt suddenly more sympathetic toward him.

"You're awfully kind to be taking us."

"It will be a great pleasure. Besides"—he smiled—"I am not disinterested. If men like your husband invest in the Sahara, my patients will benefit."

"Are they so badly off?"

"They are nomads, the poorest people in the world. And the most courageous. They have many ills. There is no adequate hospital nearer than Oran. It is my dream to build one in the desert. But alas, our government is also poor."

"I don't see how it will help your nomads to have Americans making money here. Unless you mean employment."

"Yes, that of course. And"—he laughed—"wherever Americans go things get better. They are so kind."

"Not my husband," she said, and could have bitten her tongue off. "I mean—he thinks people ought to help themselves. You know, rugged individualism."

"Ah. He is right. But not everyone *can* do as he has done. Help himself."

"Oh, but he hasn't. His great-grandfather made the money."

"I see."

He looked thoughtful for a moment, then smiled. "Money is a dull subject for ladies," he said. "Are you enjoying your trip? You find Africa interesting?"

"No," she said. Then, impulsively: "Tell me—are you afraid of things?"

Her abruptness did not surprise him.

"Yes, some things. Are you?"

"Not the things one's supposed to be afraid of. Poverty. The hydrogen bomb."

"Nor I." He laughed.

"My husband worries about the bomb," she said.

"And you?" he asked. "Are you not afraid of anything?"

"Yes," she said, and was surprised to hear herself say it. "Of not being loved."

His eyes grew serious. "You should be more afraid of something else."

"What?"

"Of not loving."

"Oh, that. That would be fine."

"No. It would be like being dead."

"That would be fine, too."

He looked shocked, then sad. She felt ashamed, angry with herself. What had become of her dignity? Letting down her hair with this perfectly strange man, this foreigner. She began to gather her things.

Tony was standing beside them.

"Aren't you coming up?" he asked crossly. "Hello, Dufour."

Elizabeth said good night and left them. Tony stayed to talk to the doctor for a few minutes, then followed her. They went to bed without speaking. She slept badly, waking once from a nightmare to doze again fitfully until dawn.

It was the military airport, lying on the flat plain behind the dunes. By the time they reached it, the sun was up over the Djebel Béchar, the shadow of its peaks long and purple on the desert. There wasn't much to mark it as an airport—only the white sleeve standing level in the wind, a couple of sheds on one side.

The plane was a tiny, single-motored Norecrin. It looked pathetically small, inadequate. A couple of dark young men in blue coveralls were busy about it.

The doctor was already there, crouching under the plane doing something to a tangle of wires. Oh, dear. Were they really going up in that flimsy thing?

An officer stood watching indulgently. Then he saw Elizabeth's worried face.

"He is a very good pilot," he said in French. "He flew for France until the armistice, then with the Royal Air Force to the end. Many, many combat missions. And see, he takes every precaution."

One of the dark young men was coming toward them with two square bundles

in his arms. Parachutes. The officer helped Elizabeth put hers on, showed her how to pull the cord.

"Do not forget to count five," he said, laughing. "But may there be no need."

Dufour climbed into the pilot's seat, flashed her his gay smile. "Shall we go?"

Tony boosted her up on the wing, handed in the coats and the overnight bags. Those, with the doctor's bag and map case, nearly filled the back seat. Elizabeth occupied what was left of it. On the floor, a fire extinguisher and a gasoline can left just room for her feet. Tony sat in front with Dufour.

The motor roared. The little plane rattled, and raced across the field, bumping over the stony ground. Then they were in the air, the left wing pointing toward the sky, the right straight down. Below, the white and yellow houses of Colomb-Béchar flashed past. Now that side up—nothing but sky there and the shining wing. She closed her eyes, gasping. Her ears hurt, but she couldn't swallow, only catch her breath as they wheeled again and swooped straight down toward the field.

She opened her eyes just in time to see the ground crew duck as the plane buzzed them, then wave, and the doctor wave back. They swooped up again, and Dufour turned around, grinning. "Okay?" But when he saw her frightened face, his own fell. "I am very sorry," he said. "I will not do it again."

She managed a shaky smile.

From then on the course was straight and steady. The desert stretched away on every side, melting into the sky with no horizon, so that you were in a great bowl of gold and violet and blue. Straight down below were stretches of brownish pink. That, Dufour explained, was sand; the gray was rock; and the gray-green circles were hollows where rain collected and the ragged, thorny desert bushes grew. Slashing through the sandy stretches were the deep cuts of the *oueds*, the dry river beds that are roaring torrents for a few hours when the rain falls.

To hear him over the noise of the motor, she had to lean close, over the back of the seat. She could feel the warmth of his cheek near hers.

"It's so beautiful," she said. "And yesterday I thought it was hideous."

"It is both," he said. "It is changeable. You should see a storm in the Sahara. After it—if you lived—you would not recognize the same terrain. Even you"—he laughed—"you, too, would be changed. I have seen it happen."

"I'd like that."

Tony had been fidgeting. "Why not sit back and relax? You'll see plenty of the Sahara before you're through."



Night fell like a curtain. Then, in Paul's closeness, she forgot her hunger and the cold.

Dufour looked at him, and the muscles of his jaw tightened. She sat back.

Tony was looking at the map. Now and then he'd shout a question to the doctor, pointing out something—an oasis way off in the hazy distance, a nomad's black tent below them, and once, a couple of tiny, tin-roofed shacks and a glittering tower—a miner's pitch.

"Yes," said Dufour happily. "It is beginning." He pointed toward the left. "Look. El Erg."

There where he pointed was—what? The sea? Steel gray with choppy waves. It widened toward them, swept around in front. As they looked down, the waves lost their gray color, turned brownish pink. They seemed frozen into place.

They had read about El Erg—the deadliest part of the desert. Here there is nothing but sand, heaped into enormous dunes, mile after scorching mile. Even a nomad won't go into El Erg if he can help it.

The flying was rougher now. There was the moaning sound of wind in the dome over their heads, and the drops and bumps were frequent. Around them, the air was growing red and thick. A queer light filled the cabin. Elizabeth could hear the hiss of sand as it poured over them. Her ears hurt. They were going up.

The men had been silent for some time now. She saw Tony look at Dufour once or twice, then straight ahead.

Higher. But still the red haze and the hissing and the moan of wind. The little plane rose and fell, dropping straight

down with a sickening shudder, kicked up again with a violent bump. Then another breath-taking drop.

Tony leaned toward Dufour, shouted something of which she heard only the words "turn back." The doctor shook his head, and the word "fuel" drifted back.

She remembered what the officer had said: "He is a very good pilot." But, oh—she gasped as a sudden drop snatched her breath—she wished this were over.

The plane trembled and writhed, bucked like a bronco, sideslipped downward, was tossed up again. Again. Again. She couldn't stand it. She must scream, jump out—anything. No. Try to hold on. It must be over sometime. She kept her eyes shut, gripping the seat. There was pain in her hands. She found she was digging her nails in until they ached. It seemed as though hours passed.

Dufour was shouting something. She opened her eyes to see Tony on his feet, leaning toward her, his face ghastly in the weird light.

"We're going to bail out," he yelled.

Dufour opened the door on his left. A wave of stinging sand hit her face, and the wind slammed the door shut again. Tony threw himself on the right-hand door. It opened, and he loomed against the sky, seemed to hang in space, held up by the wind and sand. "Come on," he shouted to Elizabeth. "I can't hold it."

She sat still, paralyzed.

Then he was gone. The door flapped

wildly in the wind, then crashed shut.

She screamed once, then shut her eyes, shuddering. Oh, let death come quickly.

Through the roar of the motor, she heard Dufour's voice.

"He is all right. Sit still. I am going to land."

Then everything went black, and it was over. She had fainted.

She was rushing through a tunnel toward the light. It grew larger, closer, and pressed, burning, on her eyelids. She opened them with a moan, saw Paul Dufour's face close to hers. They seemed to be standing together high up in the burning sun. He was urging her to do something—to climb a mountain? To climb through the door of the plane, open, strangely, above her. Her legs seemed far away, faint and trembling. But clinging to his hands, she climbed, looked down the long way to the sand below. Before, she had been frightened. Now, obeying him, there was a sense of rightness, inevitability.

They were in a hollow between enormous dunes. The plane had landed on its right wing, which had dug in deep at the top of a dune. The other wing rose in the air like the mast of a sunk ship rising from the sea. They sat down in its shadow. Her trembling subsided.

Then he said, "As soon as you are able, I think we should start."

"Walking?"

"Yes. The plane is finished."

"Where are we?" she asked, dazed.

He looked at her gravely. "I do not know. I was off course in the storm, cruising, hoping to last it out. We are in El Erg. We may have a long way to go."

"And Tony?"

"I saw his chute open. He must have landed safely. He had a better chance than we."

The ultimate desertion. He had jumped, leaving her to her fate. It was the end for them.

"When," said Dufour—and later, clinging to the last straw of hope, she remembered with comfort he had not said "if"—"when we get out, we will send back searchers for him. With camels, they can cover great space quickly."

"I can start now, I think," she said.

He took some things from the plane and made a bundle, which he strapped to his back. Then he helped her to her feet, and they climbed the dune slowly, hand in hand, their feet sinking deep into the sliding sand. At the top, they paused for breath.

As far as they could see, there were only the great, glittering waves of sand—no hush or stone, not even a bird in sight. The sun was burning hot. They slid and plowed down into the next hollow.

How many ascents and descents they made, she never knew. Each time she knew she couldn't possibly achieve another, and each time, holding Paul's hand, she did.

The heat of the sun was cruel. Thirst began to be a torment. Twice Dufour took the canteen and offered it to her. The water was almost hot, but she drank eagerly until he gently took it from her. She noticed he drank none himself. When he offered it again, she shook her head.

At last, a sort of numbness came over her. She felt detached from her body, struggling through the sand. On and on, through the long, awful day.

Somewhere in this great sea Tony was wandering like this—alone.

At the top of each dune, Dufour consulted his compass. They were moving south and west. The sun was low now, a great red-golden ball. Then it sank, as suddenly as if a hand had reached up and snatched it. The desert was purple. Then black. Dark came, pitch dark, a perfectly starless night. They could go no farther.

In a hollow between the dunes, Dufour opened the bundle, spread a coat out. Elizabeth lay down, and he covered her with another. It was getting very cold.

Now hunger, which fatigue had kept at bay, gnawed through her like an army of rats. She felt dizzy and sick with the pain of it, but she made no complaint. She hoped she could bear what was coming, whatever it was. "Okay?" She would nod. Even, perhaps, at the end.

Then suddenly, in a flash, she remembered the dream—the one she had had the night before at Colomb-Béchar.

She had been crossing a high trestle. There was a strong wind blowing. Her arms were full of things she must not let fall. The cross-ties of the trestle became farther and farther apart; only a narrow rail spanned the gap. Then there were no more cross-ties, the rail reached out into empty space. She was going to drop her burdens—going to fall—She had awakened in terror.

Now, from across the abyss, a hand reached out to her.

"Paul?" It was the first time she had called him by his name.

"I am here. You cannot sleep?"

She reached out a hand to him, and he held it in both his own. At last she slept.



"All right, all right. Don't make a demonstration."

She waked warm. The sun was streaming over her. She sat up, dazed. She was alone. But fear had hardly begun when she saw Paul coming down the dune. He came fast, his dark, unshaven face excited and smiling. In one hand he carried the canteen, and in the other—she must be delirious—a thick glass tumbler.

"Madame's morning tea," he said, laughing.

It was tea, hot and strong and sirupy sweet. As the glow spread through her, she felt drunk, began to laugh foolishly. Paul knelt before her. She threw her arms around him, and they kissed, lightly, happily, like children. Then he helped her up and stood with his arm around her until her numbed legs would move again.

"Where—?"

"Wait. You will see."

Slowly they mounted the dune. She was very weak, but with his arm around her, she managed to climb.

"Look."

The dunes ended suddenly. Beyond them, a flat plain stretched away to a rim of blue hills. Straight below was a group of black tents near which robed figures were herding a flock of goats.

"Nomads," said Paul. "They are coming from Beni-Abbès." Then he drew his arm away. "They saw the parachute descend. They have your husband safe."

"Thank God," she said. "Is he all right?"

"A bad shoulder. And his hands are somewhat torn. I have given him something to ease the pain."

They descended the steep, sliding slope.

In the largest tent, Tony was lying on a rug, propped up against a blanket roll. His left arm was supported in a sling of

39

Tony wasn't used to pain.



white cloth, and his hands were wound in rags. He was pale and greeted Elizabeth gruffly when she knelt beside him.

"All right, all right. Don't make a demonstration."

His eyes had a hurt, puzzled look. Tony was not used to pain.

Their host was an old man, gray-headed, but tall and straight. He had greeted Elizabeth ceremoniously, laying his hand on forehead and heart to show both were at the service of his guest. He gave them native bread with something sweet and greasy on it. Paul talked to him in Arabic, translating to the others from time to time. Whenever he spoke to Elizabeth, Tony's eyes were on them. She kept her own from Paul, but she was conscious of every move he made.

"Sheik Mouloud says there is much excitement at Beni. A government plane came in last week with some geologists. They are staying at the fort and making mincemeat of the cliffs near by. You will talk to them," he said to Tony. "It is great good luck to arrive at this time."

"How do we get there?" asked Tony. "How long will it take?"

Paul spoke again to the old man and then to Tony.

"An hour ago a boy was sent by camel to the fort. If the military send a jeep for us, we could reach there tonight."

It was hard to believe, after last night, that safety—food and beds and warmth and water—were within such easy reach.

Safety and comfort—but she would not be with Paul.

At sunset, they came in sight of the fort, a low, white wall and a square tower. It seemed to be the only thing on the wide, stony plain, but as they drew near, they looked down into a deep valley filled with palms.

They descended a steep road between mud houses, where dark-skinned women and children in bright-colored dresses sat on the doorsteps in the last rays of the sun. The men were coming up from the grove below, some driving goats, or donkeys laden with brush and palm fronds. When they saw the doctor, they waved and called out gaily.

The jeep stopped before a high wooden gate, and the driver rang the bell. Beyond the gate lay a shadowy courtyard, and at the back was the open door of the little French hotel.

After the experience of the last two days, water in pitchers seemed the greatest luxury on earth. Clean again and exhausted, Elizabeth lay on the hard bed between the cold heavy-linen sheets and slept while Paul took Tony to the fort, where there were medical supplies.

They dined together, the three of them. It was not a cheerful meal. Tony was restless, glowering; Paul was quiet.

Since morning, she had had no word with him alone. He had seemed to avoid her. Now he talked mostly to Tony, and his manner was gentle, almost deferential. She felt lonely, and a faint chill of foreboding touched her heart.

"I don't like the look of it," Tony was saying. "Prospecting, mining, yes. But industrialization—not for me. Did you hear what that technical expert said? They plan to use the minerals here, produce electric power from the coal, make pig iron, gas, chemicals, right here. The whole place will be a factory."

"But," Paul said patiently, "to me it seems an excellent idea. It is the cost of transportation that has been the great drawback. If the products are hauled out in a near-finished state, the profit will be much greater."

"But don't you see, man," Tony demanded almost angrily. "North Africa is only half as far from Russia as the United States. A big industrial area here will be as good a target for the bomb—"

She couldn't bear it. She got up and walked out into the courtyard, stood there in the cold. The moonlight lay on the walls like ice. She looked across the pale mimosa to the stars.

Somewhere someone was singing one of those high, tuneless, native songs that go on and on. Happy, in spite of bitter poverty, unanxious, unafraid.

She heard the house door open.

"Paul," she said softly.

He came and stood beside her. She shuddered with cold, and he put his arm around her. She turned to him and raised her face to his. He drew her close. They stood so a long time. Then: "I cannot tell you," he said.

"I know," she whispered. "I know."

She turned from him and sat down on the moonlight-flooded step.

"I have never been in love before," he said. "And now, when I find my love, she is not mine."

"Paul?"

The sadness of his voice brought understanding more clearly than the words: "This is farewell."

"Paul—Paul!" It was a cry for help. "I have no one but you."

"You have your husband. Who loves you." Gently he spoke to her. "Perhaps you do not know. The parachute came down safely on the rocky plain. When Mouloud and his men found it, he was not there. They followed his tracks. He had gone back into El Erg to look for you—alone, hurt, without water. They found him unconscious."

She wished he'd stop. She didn't want to hear it, didn't believe it.

"But he deserted me," she cried. "He jumped."

Paul looked startled, shocked.

"Did you think that? With the

wrenched shoulder, the torn hands? No. He clung to the door of the plane until a sudden lurch threw him. I should have told you, but I thought you saw."

The room was dark, and she thought Tony was asleep. But when she came in, he switched on the light.

"Where have you been?"

"With Paul," she said. She expected an explosion of anger, but he looked away from her, kept silent for a moment. Then: "Don't think I haven't noticed. Do you love him, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," she said quietly.

He winced, but said nothing. After a while, he got up and went to the window, stood looking out.

"And to think"—he laughed bitterly—"I worried about the bomb."

Still she couldn't speak, but looking at the droop of his shoulders, the bandaged hands, her heart went out to him. He, too, was walking a trestle of insecurity. And there was no one to reach out a hand to him except her. Paul's words came back to her: *You should be afraid—of not loving.*

Tony turned. "Look, Elizabeth. I had some time to think, out there in the desert, when I thought you were lost. I haven't been a very good husband. I'd like another chance."

She didn't answer.

"All right." His voice grew husky. "I want you to be happy. If you want to stay with Paul, you can stay."

"Tony."

"I'd meant to invest a hundred thousand here, if things looked right. But I'm going to give it to Paul. To build his hospital. You'll be all right."

"Tony." She moved toward him, her hands outstretched.

"Okay," he said, turning away. "Don't make a demonstration. We'll say it's because I rather liked that Mouloud and his crowd."

"Tony, listen to me. I said I loved Paul. I do. I love him the way he is, here in the desert. I'll love thinking of him, here in your hospital, doing his work. He doesn't need me. He doesn't need anybody. But you and I, Tony, we've got to learn—"

He came to her then. The bandaged hands were on her shoulders, and she put her arms around him.

*Even you—she heard the voice again—*you, too, will be changed.**

Would the time ever come when her heart would cease to repeat every word he had said?

THE END

"I've never been in love before," he said. "And now, when I find my love, she is not mine."





We own one vehicle for every three people,

sixteen cars for every mile of road.

Our summer traffic flood kills four an hour.

These simple rules could save your life

The Hazards of Summer Driving

BY DICK REDDY

Last year, 1,388,300 Americans were victims of automobile accidents; of these, 38,300 died. As the weather grew warmer, the fatality rate climbed steadily, from an average of 90 deaths a day in March to over 100 a day in August and 110 a day in September.

A hot-weather rise in highway homicide (and suicide) is inevitable, since normal traffic is swelled by evening rides and weekend and vacation trips, but you'll stand a better chance of beating the odds of becoming a vacation statistic if you avoid the most common hot-weather driving hazards.

Limit your daily mileage.

Some of us like to plan our trips in advance, marking the route in detail and deciding beforehand on all the stops. Some of us prefer just to set out in a general direction and take what comes. Whichever way you do it, don't spoil your trip and multiply your highway risks by setting yourself too high a daily mileage.

Of course, it's fun to look at the map and pick out some distant spot as your destination. "Now, let's see," you muse, "all we have to average is about 400 miles a day."

Well, if the end of the day is approaching, and you're still shy of your mileage quota, you're going to have to make a decision. You'll either have to give up your day's destination or cover the remaining miles in a last, furious burst. If you stick to your schedule, you'll get little enjoyment from the countryside along the way and you'll probably be too tired to care when you finally do reach your destination. But worst of all, you'll be driving under constant tension, your alertness diminished, your speed too high for safety.

As a general rule, about 200 miles a day is enough for the pleasure driver

to plan on. This allows for variations in traffic, road, and weather conditions, and those all-important brief stops for relaxing. It lets you cruise instead of race, and it gets you off the road before the day's most perilous two hours for motorists—from one hour before sundown to one hour after. This is the period of the day when the largest number of road accidents occur.

If there is more than one driver in your party, have a thorough briefing session before you leave. Reach an understanding about just how you are going to make this trip, how far and how fast, and the sequence of drivers. This is especially important when older children share in the driving, and it will forestall a lot of tension-building squabbles along the way.

Don't start out tired.

The idea of putting in as many miles as possible on Friday evening to stretch your weekend or vacation is tempting, but it's dangerous. Sure, you're raring to go, but remember, your day's work has already robbed you of much of your alertness and co-ordination. Add to this the fact that the sundown period, just when you would be getting under way, is the most dangerous time on the road.

The same thing may apply to very early morning starts. Again, it's great to get a head start, but not if it means getting behind the wheel woozy from lack of sleep. Shorten your trip, if necessary, but don't make up miles and time by starting out fatigued and tense.

Don't overload your car.

You can pack your car until it squats on its hind tires like a begging dachshund, but not without putting a heavy strain on the tires, suspension, and engine. Even more important, overloading

changes the car's handling qualities. It tends to put most of the weight on the rear of the car, with the result that the front wheels "float" and steering effectiveness is seriously cut down. You may find yourself running out of road in the middle of an ordinary curve.

Modern brakes, in good condition, have a wide safety margin, but they can't bring an overloaded car to a stop in the same distance as a normally loaded one. Springs, too, take a lot of punishment from extra weight, and a slight dip at a fair speed may turn into a smashing, bottoming crunch, even an overturn.

Finally, there's little comfort in riding long distances in an overpacked car.

Keep the interior of the car as empty as possible. It is essential that nothing crowd or distract the driver. An inexpensive roof carrier will help, but if your load is too much, rent one of those small, two-wheel trailers. They carry a big load, follow well, and are less strain on the car than anywhere near that weight carried on the car itself.

When your car is heavily loaded, the resulting low rear will tilt the headlights dangerously high for safe night driving. After your car is loaded, have the headlights checked for height.

Add more air to your rear tires, about three pounds for every inch the car sags below its normal distance from the ground. (If, by this rule, you need to add more than ten pounds, stay home.)

Heed your "speedometer."

Each of us has a sensitive speedometer built into his mind. As soon as you feel you are going so fast you doubt your ability to meet any situation, slow down. Your instinctive sense of self-preservation is flashing a warning light. To ignore it is to invite disaster.

Don't feel you must hit the maximum legal speed all the time. Even forty

The Hazards of Summer Driving (continued)

may be far too fast for the conditions of the moment. But don't dream along, blocking traffic, either. You may easily be the cause of someone else's crash.

Don't panic on curves.

Almost all accidents on curves are caused by entering the curve too fast. The right tactic is to slow down gradually as you approach the curve, then accelerate slightly as you go around and get the feel of it. The chief danger is that halfway through the curve you will find yourself going too fast to maintain control of the car. What you do when this happens may decide whether or not you come out intact.

Don't believe the old "racer's tip" that the way to recover control is to step on the accelerator. Most likely it will send your car into a broadside skid, swerving into the oncoming lane or off the road. Instead, gently release pressure on the accelerator and touch the brakes smoothly and lightly. Even this won't help in every case, but it's just about your only out if you are unlucky enough to find yourself losing control. Slow up *before* you enter the curve, and you'll have no trouble.

Don't follow too closely.

Driving too close to the car ahead is a major cause of highway accidents. It not only leaves you unable to stop in time or to swerve, but it frequently turns what might be a two-car crash into an accordion-pleated Donnybrook involving dozens of cars. Always leave at least six car lengths between you and the car ahead.

Never drive by watching the tail of the car ahead. Keep your eye on the *second* car ahead. You can see it through the rear window and windshield of the car immediately ahead. This will give you twice as much warning of a potential accident.

Don't pass ... into oblivion.

Most passing is risky, at best, but you can reduce the hazards by taking careful stock of the situation before sticking your fender out.

Never pass on a curve—not even when you seem to have a full view ahead. The man ahead may change his lane suddenly to cut across the inside, or an oncoming car may be going too fast and drift into your path. Control is lessened on curves, and anything can happen.

Oddly enough, most passing accidents occur not on curves or in narrow stretches but on wide, apparently clear highways. Carelessness and overconfidence seem to

be the chief causes. Don't follow closely behind the car ahead, then swing abruptly into the passing lane or center. Instead, keep your normal six car lengths behind. Then, when the passing lane is clear ahead and behind, pull out, accelerating smoothly until you are four lengths ahead of the car passed, then swing back into the running lane. By passing in this way, you'll have lots of room to see ahead and to get back into the running lane if an oncoming car appears suddenly.

Don't pass at all unless you have a clear stretch of straight, unobstructed road ahead and can get by and back into the lane without having to race. Be extremely careful of passing cars driven by erratic or inattentive drivers. If the car ahead runs at widely varying speeds, wanders from side to side, give it a wide berth. You may find yourself having to race to get back into your lane or forced off the wrong side of the road or into oncoming traffic.

Don't underestimate danger.

On a long trip, you'll probably run into situations that are new to you and potentially dangerous, especially if you live in an urban area and do comparatively little open-country driving. This is one reason there were three times as many highway deaths in rural areas last year as in built-up sections.

Mountain driving is a case in point. If you aren't used to really hilly country, keep these points in mind: be wary of passing on upgrades; you may not have enough power to get by if another car approaches suddenly. *Never* pass near the crest of a hill; you have no way of knowing what's approaching on the other side.

On steep downgrades, use second gear or, if your car has an automatic transmission, "low." This will add the drag of the engine to your braking and will not only save your brakes, but may save your life. Even the best brakes overheat, especially in hot weather, and may "fade," becoming suddenly useless. If this happens to you, you're in a tight spot, but you can often get out of it by taking your foot off the brakes until they cool enough to take hold. On any long downgrade, avoid steady, heavy pressure on the brake pedal, a sure way to induce "fade." Instead, apply intermittent pressure, allowing the brakes to cool slightly between pressures. But best of all, play it safe and shift into second or automatic "low."

If you've never driven in fog and you do meet a patch, cut your speed down, to a crawl, if necessary. You can follow the taillight of the car ahead and hope *he* knows where he's going, but you'd be smarter to pull off the road (*far* off) and

wait. If you must go on, don't stay far over to the right; you'll make a quick stop at the first parked car. Keep over toward the center, stick your head out the window, and follow the white line. Above all, use your parking lights, not your brights, which will be reflected by the fog and cause a glare.

Flying insects may be drawn into your car as you drive along. Most of them settle or quickly blow out again, but if a bee or other stinging insect attacks you, don't try to fight it while you drive; there's a good chance you will lose control of the car. Don't jam on the brakes; there may be another car following closely behind. Instead, slow down and pull off the road. *Then* get rid of the insect. Remember, any sting is better than a crash.

Summer glare is particularly dangerous because it produces fatigue, and sunglasses are well worth while. When driving toward the setting sun, use your visor and cut your speed down to where you can keep control by watching the side of the road, if necessary.

One more thing. Summer is the silly season for outlandish car gadgets—bouncing baby shoes, snapping streamers, small flashing replicas of traffic lights which hang in the rear window, and other feather-brained trappings. Don't hang such gimcracks on your own car, and don't be distracted by them on other cars. The road needs everyone's full attention. Give cars so decorated a wide berth. The driver is probably too immature to be safe, no matter what age he happens to be.

Don't drive an unsafe car.

Just because the family bus makes it back and forth to the store without trouble doesn't mean it's up to vacation distances and speeds.

Have your car checked before you set out. Don't assume everything is all right. All of us get used to gradual deterioration of our cars. We unconsciously adjust to it as it happens, compensating for excessive steering-wheel play, pumping the brakes, etc. At highway speeds, however, or under emergency conditions, we may find we've waited too long to have the faults corrected.

See to it that brakes, steering, suspension, lights, and wipers are in first-class condition. Brakes and steering are obviously critical, but don't overlook such often forgotten units as the shock absorbers. It's their function to control the rebound of the springs, and if they are faulty, especially on a heavily loaded car, a fairly minor bump may produce a wild pitching that can render your car unsteerable and out of control.

The wipers, too, attract little attention until they fail. Have them inspected and get new rubber blades if the old ones are rounded where they meet the glass. Only sharp, square-edged blades clean without smearing. If your wipers slow down as you climb a hill, you would be wise to have a special booster installed. It's a terrible feeling to have your wipers stop as you approach the crest of a rain-swept hill.

Make sure your turn indicators are working and you know how to use them. Remember, pressing the lever *down* means a left-hand turn. *up* means a right-hand turn. There are hundreds of drivers out of action because they flashed for a right-hand turn, then turned left—into a car passing on the left.

Tires deserve special mention. Heat is tough on them. As they roll along the highway, they heat up from two sources: the friction with the road and the internal heat that builds up from the flexing of

the rubber as it is alternately compressed and released by the unevenness of the surface.

If your tires are underinflated, there is greater contact with the road, thus greater friction. Besides, oversoft tires flex appreciably more than correctly inflated ones. The combined stress is enough to shorten the life of even the finest tire and expose you to a serious blowout through the actual breakup of the body of the tire. Check your tire pressures when the tires are *cool*, not when they are hot and expanded. Carry more air than the maker recommends—about 26-28 pounds in tires listed for 22 pounds is typical.

Finally, an engine tune-up is certainly a good investment before setting out. On the trip, see to it that water and oil levels are kept up to the mark. The oil does a large part of the engine cooling, and sufficient oil can make the difference between a cool and a boiling engine.

Keep the battery water up to the mark. You may save yourself the price of a new battery.

Incidentally, if your car is equipped with an automatic transmission, be wary of who tows it. Consult your owner's manual before allowing the car to be pulled; it may be necessary to raise the rear wheels or even to disconnect the drive line if serious damage to the transmission is to be avoided.

A final tip: it's better not to take a spanking-new car on a long trip. You may not have any trouble, but remember, it takes any car a few thousand miles to break in. A car is not ready for the long, fast pull until the moving parts have had a chance to work in together. Overheating and heavy wear are the usual result of pushing a new car too soon. Wait until your car has been driven at least 3,000 miles and the dealer has thoroughly checked it over before taking it far from home.

THE END

Standard Oil Co. of N. J.



TOO FEW HIGHWAYS are safe for our distance-hungry drivers and the ever-mounting power of their speeding automobiles.



The Last Quarrel

The first quarrel usually takes place on the honeymoon. Often, the

BY HAL MASSON

She stood looking through the glass door of the coffee shop, waiting for someone to let her in.

She was a small bundle of old woman in a wide woolen skirt. Hand-knit woolen socks covered her legs from the sturdy boots to the hem of her skirt, and her jacket was a man's hunting smock that slopped over at the shoulders so that she had to turn up the cuffs. Her face was round and ruddy under the surprisingly soft white hair that peeked from her kerchief. If you looked at her closely, you saw her life had been full—full of places and things seen, full of hardship and work and laughter, and something else not so easy to name—tenacity, maybe.

She was cold and she wanted coffee, and no one was in the coffee shop yet.

Almost more than she wanted coffee, she craved someone to talk to. Looking at the talk-need plain in her face, you knew she was lonely. She turned hopefully to look at the young couple, the only other

people in sight on this cold June morning. She saw the young man had backed his old car carefully to the base of the Sentinel Tree, so that the car was a tiny, dust-stained thing beside the ancient sequoia that guarded the ranger station and the shops of Giant Forest Village, more than a mile up in the frosty air. The girl was taking a picture of him sitting on the bumper, and they were laughing and happy.

She was filled with sudden frustration. Her mind marched down the column of her years looking for something lost, something missing, and not finding it, returned to the present. The young couple were coming hand in hand, heads high in the pale sunlight. The old woman felt a great truth. If I were a stranger from a distant planet, she felt, and I saw those two, erect and proud, able to suffer so much, and enjoy so much, and achieve so much, I would say they were the noblest creatures of all. She did not

have the words to think this, but that was the great truth behind the strange feeling she had.

While they were still halfway across the wide macadam strip, someone on the inside opened the door. The old woman went inside and sat at the counter. While the waitress brought her coffee, she noticed with gratitude that the two young people were coming to sit beside her. That was good—so many people sit as far as they can from other people, especially from an old woman. There was so much loneliness in the world it was good to feel the warmth of someone's happiness. She did not have the words to think that either, but she felt it.

The girl sat nearest to her, on the next stool, and said, "Hi." She was a lovely blonde girl, tall, with eyes that belonged with Chippendale furniture; but she had warmth.

The old woman smiled at them both,

"Are all men like that?" she asked. "I didn't expect it from you, Perry."



happiness of a lifetime depends on who has that very last word

happy without knowing why. The young man said "Good morning" to her, and smiled. She saw he had blond curly hair and she didn't like curly hair on men, but on this one she did. It belonged with his smile and his slender good looks, and his eyes that were valiant and tender and proud, all at the same time. The old woman was not a shy person, and ever since she had arrived at the lodge the night before, she had felt the need to talk to someone. So she talked now. Were they on their honeymoon? Yes, they were. She'd guessed it, she told them. Then, her eyes alight with more than reminiscing, more than remembered love, fired with the mixed conflict of her years, she told them she, too, had come here on her honeymoon.

"Of course, it wasn't like this then," she told them. "No coffee shop or nothing. No paved roads and no cars. And I hear there's steps now, right to the top."

"The top?" they said together.

"Yes. Moro Rock. The road on the map goes right through the big trees to the shoulder of the rock, and you just have to climb a couple hundred steps to come out on the top, and you can look away down half a mile and far out, as far as the desert."

"Oh," the girl said. "And you climbed it when there was no road and no steps?"

The old woman finished her coffee. A change came over her face. A small amount of madness entered her voice, the madness of one who has cherished a wrong till it has poisoned her.

"No," she said fiercely. "He did and I didn't. He climbed up, wiggling on his belly and hanging by his fingernails, like one of them little lizards. He was a little guy and he felt little, and that's why he was always doing things like that. And how we used to fight about it! And how!"

She got another cup of coffee and blew

her breath over its steaming surface.

"He always felt that since I was a woman, there was a whole lot of things he should do and I shouldn't. I went with him fishing, and he caught a three-pound trout. That was in Yosemite. I caught one five pounds. We snitted most of the night over that. We'd argue for hours, and when there was nothing else to say, we'd end up saying 'Sure.' 'Sure yourself,' he'd say. And I'd say 'Sure' again. And he'd say 'Hmph,' and since you can't drag a fight much further than that, I'd say 'Hmph yourself,' and that would end it and I'd have had the last word. We went to Arizona and bought a ranch, and he was so little he'd bounce on a horse, and once he fell off. I never fell off, and I could ride rings around him. We fought in Arizona, too. Excuse me. Do I bother you talking so much? I like to talk, and I don't much like to listen."

The two smiled at that.

She told them a lot more, and when

Have



Fun!

don't deprive yourself of the fun of going swimming just because it's "time of the month" for you. Be smart! Be modern! Be a Tampax user! Tampax is internal sanitary protection that never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit.

do enjoy all the other summer advantages of Tampax. Be glad it prevents chafing. (Tampax can't even be felt, once it's in place.) Rejoice in the way it prevents odor from forming. And remember the fact that it's easy to dispose of when you're away from home. No wonder so many women find Tampax so convenient all year round—so *ideal* during warm weather.

because *honestly!*—Tampax can be worn by any normal woman. It's *simple* to insert! Get your supply this very month at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

The Last Quannel (continued)

Then the old woman began to tell them why she'd come back to this place—and the strange thing she intended to do

her coffee was cold in her cup and she had forgotten to drink it, she told them he had died a couple of years ago. In Texas he'd died, and she was alone now, and she'd come back to California. "And do you know what he said when he died? Well, he waited till his last breath, and I had to bend down to hear what he was whispering. You'd think it mighta been something about the kids or even something nice about me, but no. 'I climbed Moro Rock,' he said, 'and—you—didn't,' whispering down low like that and grinning, teasing me. And before I could say a word, he was gone."

The two young people looked at her, not knowing whether to laugh or show sympathy. But she did not expect either. Her eyes were little blue dabs of determination. She flung a little smile upward, as though he might be sitting on top of the clock over the cash register, sitting and waiting to put in a word.

"He didn't know about the steps," she said. "He thought I was too old. He didn't know about the road and the steps up to the top. I'll climb Moro Rock if I have to hang by my teeth."

Just then a ranger came in. He walked over to the young couple.

"Are you Mrs. Perry Avery?" he asked the girl.

"Yes," she said expectantly, smiling.

"I have a telegram for you," he said. "A telegram was delivered to the ranger station for you." He looked at her, hoping it was important, handing over the yellow envelope, hoping it was important but nice. Not much happened around the ranger station in early June.

The girl thanked him, and he went away, looking sorry he hadn't found out about the telegram.

The girl turned then and looked at her husband, Perry Avery. They looked at each other a long time without saying anything, without opening the telegram.

Then the girl said, "It'll be Kent. What'll I tell him?"

Perry shook his head. "Tell him no, darling. We've decided. You have to tell him no."

She opened the envelope, and her eyes danced with excitement. She handed Perry the sheet of yellow paper.

He read it and put his head in his hand, his elbow resting on the counter. "Tell him no," he said again. "It's a trick to get you back into harness."

"But Perry, darling!" Her voice was soft, persuasive; she seemed to forget the old woman and the waitress were still there. "Don't you see what he says? Rudy is sick, and I'll handle the Bridges account. At two hundred a week, darling. Think what we could do with a month of that."

"I've thought," he said. "We could turn in the old car. In two months, we could put a thousand away for a baby. In six months, we could—" He struck the telegram with a limp fist. "You'd be back in the same old rich rat-race. We've waited so long for this. Let's forget the rat-race. I want a wife, not a financial asset."

She pulled the telegram from under his hand and smoothed it out. She traced a line along the paper with her thumbnail. "You're not jealous of Kent?"

He sighed deeply. "Kent—no. Jealous—yes. I'm jealous of Kent Advertising Agency. I'm jealous of a normal life together. I want a home and I want you in it, and I want some kids. I want them to look like you and talk like you and be everything you are. Maybe that's too much to want."

She smiled suddenly, turning to him. One hand dropped lightly on his. "Look, Perry. Just a month. I promise. Then we'll come back here. Or we'll go to Yosemite, and we'll have enough money to stay at the Ahwahnee."

"At sixty dollars a day," Perry said. "It's not right. It's out of line. We agreed tenting would be fun. We haven't even tried it yet. We'll catch fish and watch the deer and bears, and I'll cook flap-jacks for you over an open fire. Let's leave it at that." He paused, clinging to his dream. "When we get back, I'll turn in the old car, I'll manage it somehow.

Don't let's argue, sweet. This is our honeymoon."

The girl took her hand away from his, lowered it significantly to her lap. "Are all men like that?" she said evenly. "I didn't expect the injured-male-vanity act from you, Perry."

The old woman, who had had a life full of fights, somehow had no stomach for this one. She turned on her stool and slid to the floor, trying to soften the clamor of her boots against the hardwood floor. She was almost at the door when Perry called to her.

"We're driving up to Moro Rock right now," he said. "Want to come along?"

It was only a mile and a half to the parking area below the rock, but they stopped on the way to drive the car along the hewn surface of a felled giant, the Auto Log. Perry fished out his camera and asked the old woman if she could take a picture of them. "I'd like one from down there on the ground," he said, pointing. "The sun is just right."

"Sure," the old woman said. "Just show me what to push."

But the girl took the camera from his hand. "I'll take you two."

"But I want you in it, darling," Perry remonstrated.

"You have dozens of me," the girl said, getting out of the car. Perry and the old woman arranged themselves so they would both be visible to the camera. Perry smiled down at the girl, trying to make it a honeymoon smile, something to remind them later of how good it had been.

The girl's smile flashed briefly at them from the ground. "I'm in a stinking mood," she said, seeming to find an explanation necessary. "We don't want a picture of me like that." Then she clicked the shutter. She came back up on the log and got in the car, turning the film to the next number, and it seemed to the old woman the tension between them was vanishing.

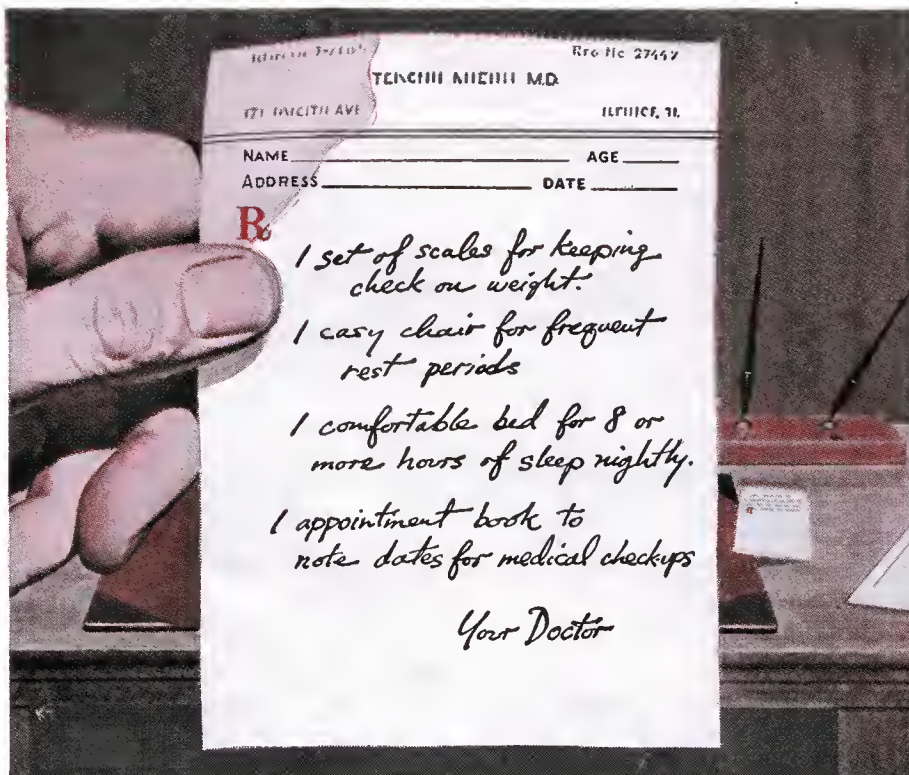
Then Perry stepped on the starter and the engine *kirrrrrred* slowly. It lasted for a minute; then the *kirring* slowed and stopped. He looked helplessly at his wife.

"I could say I'm sorry," she said, "but right now I'd be lying. I guess we push."

They all got out, and Perry faced the girl miserably. He reached for her hands, but she moved away. She got behind the wheel, and Perry threw the weight of his shoulders against the trunk. The wheels rolled, and the car shuddered as the girl let in the gear; then it labored into life.

The girl got out then and said to the old woman, "Let that be a lesson to you, Mother. Always park a car on a fallen tree with a slight downgrade."

Perry seized her shoulders vigorously



A good "prescription" for HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE...

IF YOU are one of the several millions of Americans who have, or will have, the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure . . . or *hypertension* . . . your doctor will probably recommend a "prescription" like that shown above.

There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure.

For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from rising still higher . . . and may even lower it . . . simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to learn to avoid *sustained* tension which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keep it at an excessively high level.

Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular check-ups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do *not* have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are *middle-aged and older*, are *overweight*, or have a *family history of hypertension*.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There's a lot of truth in it for everyone . . . especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.

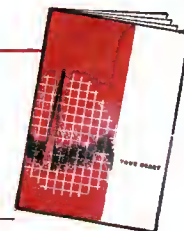
COPYRIGHT 1954—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.
Please send me the free booklet, 854B, "Your Heart."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



then and pulled her, protesting, toward him. He kissed her hard, holding her with his hands and moving his mouth ever more gently until her body relaxed and her hands moved up to his curly head.

When Perry let her go, he winked at the old woman. "Let that be a lesson to you, too."

"Perry!" the girl reproved, but her voice was tremulous and bright color tinted her cheeks.

It should have been all right then, but sometimes circumstance is unkind to lovers. They had barely come in sight of the parking area when a front tire let go with a large *splatt!* and the wheel spun in Perry's hands. He jammed the car to a stop and sat at the wheel looking straight ahead.

The old woman waited for the girl to speak. The seconds slipped by while no one spoke, and she waited for the condemnation. She waited, and she knew when it came she would hate the girl. She did not know we dislike in others the weaknesses we have in ourselves; she had the words for that, but she couldn't have used them; she simply felt the intolerable weight of the coming storm and hated it.

The storm never came. Perry got out his door, and the two women got out on the other side. The girl took the keys from the dashboard and opened the trunk. She began to unpack. There was a tent, a butane stove and tank, a box of groceries, cooking utensils, three suitcases. She handled the things with surprising strength and efficiency. Under it all was the spare wheel. Still she said nothing.

Perry noticed the things being placed on the ground, and he got up from where he knelt beside the flat tire.

"Don't!" he said, and it was the first time he had raised his voice. "Don't touch anything. It's all my fault, and I'll do everything. Now get away. The stairs are right there. You two go on up. I'll be ready when you come back."

The girl obediently set down the case in her hand and said quietly, "Okay, Perry boy. Come along when you're finished."

Why? the old lady asked herself. Why the complete humility?

Then she looked at Perry, who had gotten the jack and was lying under the fender. And she knew. You don't have to storm when you're sure of victory. She read it all in his face. She had seen the signs a thousand times, and she knew the face of defeat as she knew no other. She looked at the girl then, and she saw

something there, too—so subtle a thing the old woman could not have described it in a thousand years, but she felt it. It was like looking in a mirror. And the old woman, who had fought her way through a thousand fights, was merely bewildered by it all.

She climbed the uneven stone steps by the side of the girl, and when they came to a rough landing, they stopped for breath. A bench was there now and a handrail, but she knew this was where she had stopped fifty years ago. She looked over the same edge at the same Kaweah River lashed to white fury in the deep gorge, and it was like a symbol of her own life.

Getting up from the bench, she saw the girl still had the telegram in her hand. They climbed another eighty feet, and here men had made another platform and placed another bench, and she sat down. She looked up at the few remaining steps, which disappeared over a rock pulpit hung half a mile over space. Then she dropped her eyes to her hands, saw the horny skin tight over her knuckles, saw the palms that bore in deepening tracery the story of her years.

"Come," the girl said. "It's just a few feet more."

The old woman shook her head.

"It's not hard," the girl encouraged her. "You needn't be afraid."

The old woman sighed. "At seventy-five," she said, "those are not the things a body is afraid of. I'll just set awhile, and then I'll go down."

She wished the girl would go and leave her there. She wanted time to be with herself, to cope with the great emotions that wheeled and flew with beating wings against the tired walls of her brain. She wanted to remember her dead husband had been a man, a fine, good, brave little man, that when he had fallen off his horse in Arizona he had broken two ribs but he had climbed back up and ridden his horse. She wanted to remember she had loved him, and she wanted to cry a little bit.

But the girl was standing there looking at her, wondering, and waiting for words. From the woman who had many words but never the right ones. She looked up at her, slender and beautiful against the vast rock. Could she tell her this, right now, was the last quarrel, the last word of the last quarrel, and she did not want to utter it? Could she say she wanted to leave him this final small triumph, and in doing so find herself, find all the things she should have known fifty years ago?

Those were feelings, and the old woman did not have the words. Sitting there, looking up at the girl, she found herself liking her again, loving her almost, and she wanted to give her something. She wanted to help. But she was afraid the words would be wrong; they might be scolding or sharp or too crude.

The girl came down and took her arm. "Come, Mother," she said. "We'll go up together."

She found words, not the ones she wanted, but she tried to make them do. "They've given us a lot, dearie; even since I was a girl, they've given us a lot. Now we want to take away everything. We want to put them in skirts, too."

The girl took her hand away, hesitant.

The old woman said something else. "I know now that I lost every quarrel I ever won."

Even her feelings could not identify the swift thing that crossed the girl's face. Impatience? Pain? Were these the wrong words again?

The girl went on up and disappeared beyond the rock pulpit.

Then Perry came up the lower stairs, his hands dirty and his face worried. "Is she up there alone?" he asked, and when the old woman nodded, he hurried up after the girl. He was defeated, but he loved her and he would go her way, taking the bad things with the good. She felt that, and she was glad she didn't have to find the words to explain it to someone.

She got up then and looked over the handrail before going down. Her eye strayed upward, and she saw the slim figure of the girl standing near the edge, proud, alert, head up, the noblest of all creatures. And then the boy came up beside her, and the old woman's eyes blurred as the two figures came together. Blindly she hurried down toward the macadam road.

She dabbed at her eyes and looked out across the canyon toward the desert. Something caught her attention, and she prodded her eyes with the heel of her stubby hand and looked again. It looked like snowflakes against the green mountain's edge, fluttering this way and that in the vagrant wind. Then, out of the sky, one of the fluttering things came around the edge of the rock, danced in the air over her head, and landed at her feet.

It was a tiny piece of torn yellow paper, and on it were four letters, a signature: KENT.

THE END

Her eyes blurred as she saw the two figures come together on the desolate peak.

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ





The boy was intense. "I'm not going," he said. "I know what you two are going to do."

A SENSATION OF DROWNING



It was a scene for lovers only. Maybe she had known that from the beginning. In any case, she had no right to be there

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

three weeks and summer were all year long. Poor Dave, to be in Boston now. Nice stunt by the office, calling him away with just two days left of their cottage and all the hundred little arrangements to be made for the family safari from island hut to city house—with two devils aged three and five. She wriggled her stomach deeper into the sand, and firmly fixing on her eyeballs the two little figures a pebble's throw away, she stared through the sea and sky into the evening's future.

She didn't think Dave would mind. Max was *his* friend, or at least she had met him at one of those business socials they were committed to by Dave's office connections. One of those cocktail parties where in spite of the mellowing smoke haze and fountainous supply of alcohol, nobody gets to know anybody. Maybe she had spoken to Max Perkins for ten uninterrupted minutes, a simple exchange of wife-and-children facts. Wife absent, wife sick. One boy, intelligent kid, good sailor, nice to have around. Sailed a lot, small sloop, out of Kittery. Maybe sometime if she and Dave ever had a chance—Oh, they'd love to! And that was all, the way it usually is at those things, where nothing nice ever gets followed up.

And then, out of a hot blue August sky, there he was at the island grocery store, all sun- and wind-beaten, the prototype of that brown, shorts-and-sneakers race that lives for summer and these sail-and-gull-whipped harbors. Except that he lacked their self-sufficient air and seemed a little wistful. Wouldn't she, he asked, come for a sail? Not with *her* two little pieces of fish bait. Couldn't she come out for supper, then, leaving her babes behind her? They could have lobsters and a sunset, and Michael would be there. Oh, yes, the little sailor.

All right. Dave? You'd like it, too—the boat and the lobster and the sunset on the water. I'll tell you all about everything. I know it isn't fair, you in Boston and me in the sand—and the sea and those lovely boats winging back and forth.

She wondered which boat was his—not that you could tell from this distance, even if you knew. They all looked like toys from the five-and-ten. She picked one out, anyhow, and following it with her eyes, rose out of her sand-bound self until she skimmed the waves like foam; and from the foam, she rose still further, a sea bird soaring and diving with all the abandon of a free and wild thing. All too soon the violence in the foreground caught the sea bird and dragged it down to earth. Nina was

smacking Robbie with her shovel while he, looking up at her, hurt and adoring, trembled on the brink of tears. Digging herself out of the sand. Nancy ran to the rescue. "Nina, stop that!" she yelled. How could she have been so negligent? It was way past lunchtime.

Despite her tight grip on his arm, she fell a little against him as she stepped into the dinghy. "Oh, I'm so clumsy! I've *never* known how to get into one of these things." She collapsed onto her seat with a nervous laugh. "You better watch me out on the boat. I'll probably trip over something and fall overboard."

"You sound as though you're afraid. There's nothing to be afraid of." Max grinned and pushed off from the dock.

"Deep water's always frightened me." She waved her hand over the side of the boat and shuddered. "Just looking at it makes me feel as though I'm drowning."

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of you." He pressed toward her as he pulled on the oars, smiling, eyes wrinkling against the low, fast-falling sun.

"Okay, I'm in your hands!" But she held more tightly to the wooden seat.

"That's a nice dress," he said.

"Thank you." She blushed. It *was* cut a little low. She had been saving it for Dave and the weekend, but somehow she had felt like wearing it tonight. A white linen sheath, it starkly outlined her small but good figure. The yellow silk stole matched her thong sandals. She enjoyed being attractive.

She liked the way Max was dressed, too—khaki Bermuda shorts and an Indian-madras shirt, whose bright-colored plaid set off his sun-browned skin. She noticed his eyes were blue and his mouth was thin, more delicately shaped than Dave's. Suddenly she blurted, "I do hope the children will be all right."

"Who did you leave them with?"

"A nice girl from Smith who's staying two cottages down. I saw her ad on the bulletin board in front of the post office this morning. Right after I left you."

"Then, don't worry. Enjoy yourself."

"I guess everything'll be all right. I put them to bed before I left. Once they fall asleep, they don't usually wake up." She felt a sudden tenderness for the two inert little bodies she had left behind under summer blankets.

"How old are your two?" he asked.

"Three and five."

"That's nice," he said. "that's nice."

"And your boy?"

"Eleven. Michael's eleven. I can hardly

BY ADELE ARCHER

It was not one of those big islands that brought out the one-day excursion crowds all summer long, nor was it one of those small islands where the same people came year after year. It was one of those nice, middle-sized islands where you could have village life and private life and the children could dig in the sand all day long. Nancy mused on the protean magic of sand, the infinite wonder at water—the alchemy by which base children were transformed into angels.

If only vacations were longer than

believe it. It doesn't seem more than a few years ago I was holding him on my lap and carefully reciting. 'This little piggy went to market—'

"I know!" She was still close to it. "When they're babies, you can't wait for them to learn the next trick—sitting up, crawling, putting the spoon in their mouth instead of their hair. And then suddenly all the clumsiness is gone and the baby's disappeared. Instead there's a little boy or girl who squirms out of your arms and runs away."

"There's only one solution," he said. "What's that?"

"More babies," he said, laughing.

"Oh!" She blushed and felt silly again.

"Seriously"—he pressed toward her with those eyes that always seemed to say more than he permitted his words to say—"I wish we'd had more children. I don't think it's good for Mike to be so alone. But Helen's been sick almost since he was born."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear about her."

"Oh, that's all right. It's been going on for so long now, we're all pretty used to it. I guess we're going to have to be a small family. We have Mike, and I guess we're lucky to have him. Say, that reminds me"—he raised his eyebrows—"did I tell you he's going to a square dance tonight at the inn?"

"Noooo. . . ."

"He has a friend on the island who asked him especially. But he'll have supper with us. I'm sorry I forgot to mention it." His raised eyebrows questioned Nancy.

But she managed to cover her sudden uncertainty. "That should work out fine," she said brightly. "I can go back with Michael."

The oars stopped in mid-air. "That's not what I meant. He'll be going early. I want you to stay. It's lovely on the water at night. And I'll take you back whenever you want to go." There, he seemed to be saying, you'll be quite safe. Everything will be in your hands.

"Well . . . all right." Nancy laughed her acquiescence. "I guess I'm in no rush." She leaned back against the air, flinging her head up to the sky, the sea bird of the morning. Actually, she had for some time been thinking of the evening as lasting indefinitely, a warm, mysterious expanse of time without bounds, the way she always anticipated pleasure. Just what she expected she hadn't yet defined to herself, and maybe she didn't want to. There was something about the sea that estranged you from restraint, from all discipline of reason and reflection. . . . Slowly she squeezed her hands together till they almost hurt, and racing her eyes across the water, she saw

that between them and the sun, plunging now like a fiery meteor into the sea, there was only one boat left—a graceful, black-hulled thing whose name was written in white across her hull. *Helen II*. A small pain swelled in her chest.

"Well, there she is," Max said.

"What a beauty! I love the black hull—and such long, lovely lines!"

He stopped rowing and looked up at his boat. No woman he was in love with, Nancy thought, could light up his face any more.

And then the boy swung his legs over the side and waved to them. Max hulled back, his pride lit by the whole sunset, and began to row with short, quick strokes till they came alongside. "Water boiling yet?" he shouted up to the boy.

"Yes." His son flopped down on his stomach and reached for the dinghy's line. He was a slender, fragile-looking boy, Nancy saw, the kind that made you want to stand between him and the world, at least until the spare frame had put more flesh on it and the intense brown eyes had grown more accustomed to grief and disappointment.

"Mrs. Merrill, this is Michael; Mike, Mrs. Merrill," Max said, handing him up the rope.

He brushed her face with a look, said "Hi," and went on about the business of making the dinghy fast.

"Hey, now!" his father said. "You can do better than that."

Nancy offered up her hand and smiled. "Hi, Michael!"

"How do you do," he said, withdrawing from her clasp as quickly as possible.

Nancy, besides liking people to like her, always wanted proof that her charm worked. "What a lovely boat," she said as soon as they were on board. "Wouldn't you like to show me around, Michael? Your dad tells me you're quite a sailor, can practically handle the sloop all by yourself."

Michael looked down his thin legs to his feet, which were bare, and said. "Well, not quite. But I have helped Dad race her."

"Go ahead," Max said. "Show Mrs. Merrill around while I throw in the lobster." He grinned at Nancy with parental complicity, then disappeared down the few steps into the cabin.

Still not looking at her, Michael asked. "Have you ever been out on a sailboat before?"

"Well, not exactly," Nancy said. "I guess I've never been on anything fancier than a rowboat—except maybe for a ferry, and that doesn't count." She spoke to him in the same tone she had used with his father.

"Oh," Michael said. "Well, I guess

we'd better start with the rigging." And with the pedantic thoroughness of a boy infatuated with his subject, he instructed her in the techniques of handling the sails and tiller, and conducted her, part way on hands and knees, all over the top of the boat. Then he took her down into the cabin, where he pointed out the bunks that "could sleep four," the "neat" little kitchen, where his father was mixing drinks in a fog of lobster steam, and with an awkward jerk of his thumb, "the head."

By the time they stood together at the tiller again, Michael had warmed up considerably and was talking to Nancy as freely as if she weren't some grown-up woman. Eyes wide open, he suddenly turned the conversation to her. "Don't you have two children?" he asked.

"Why, yes. A little boy three and a little girl five."

"I thought maybe you would bring them," he said.

"Would you have liked that?"

"Yes. I like little children. I'm very good at playing with them."

"Really?"

"And I'm good at telling them stories, ones I make up," he said eagerly.

"How nice! Now I am sorry I didn't bring them. I'm sure they'd like you, too. But you know, out on a boat like this, they'd have to be watched every second—and besides, it's time for them to be in bed."

"I guess so," Michael sighed in a grown-up, understanding way.

Max appeared, bearing a tray of drinks and a big bowl of potato chips. "How are you two getting on?" he asked cheerfully, smiling at Nancy.

"Fine," she said.

"Potato chips, please?" Michael asked, already beginning to cram them into his mouth.

"Don't choke to death." His father laughed and dropped an arm around the thin shoulders. "We'll eat soon."

He offered Nancy a drink, then sat down next to her on the cool leather seat while Michael crouched on his heels at the stern, staring at the few sails that still glided about the harbor and munching on his fistful of chips. The sun had set now, and an even, luminous light that cast no shadows warmed everything with its pink violet.

Halfway through her drink, Nancy began to feel the impact of the liquor. Somewhere, a long time before, she had eaten lunch. But she didn't put her glass down. From it, she drank a euphoric ease. She smiled at Max and talked about all kinds of things she probably never would have otherwise—her college-girl plans for life, what a revelation children were, how she



"I want you to stay," he said simply. "I'll take you back whenever you want." And Nancy, with surprise, heard herself agree.

sometimes wondered where she was and how she had gotten there with so little awareness of what was happening.

Max spoke almost less than before, but answered with his attentive eyes and smiling, half-parted lips. "You don't know how happy you've made me," he suddenly breathed into the dusk.

"What do you mean?" She lifted her brows to him.

"Coming out here like this. I just can't tell you how nice it is . . . just to hear you talk—and look so pretty—"

"Thank you." She lowered her eyes. "I'm enjoying myself, too."

"That's good." His mouth trembled a little, and just for a moment, he laid his hand over hers.

Was anything wrong, she wondered? Was this what was supposed to happen? She didn't know. She tried to formulate some idea of how she should act, but the sea that gently rocked them, and the mother-of-pearl moon rising to circle over them, and the wistful eyes of this man defeated her. She tilted her head back and caught the last drops from the glass. Over the brim, she noticed Michael was studying them. Max followed her look and ran into Michael, too.

"It's getting dark," he said. "Would you like to light the lamps?"

Michael slipped down noiselessly from his perch and stared at them.

"I think we can eat now," his father said. "The lobsters must be done. Are you starving?" He chuckled his son under the chin.

Michael looked up at him with taut, overwide eyes, but Max was looking at Nancy. With a farewell touch of his hand on her arm, Max went down the few steps into the cabin.

Passing mutely by her, Michael took some matches from his back pocket, struck one on the seat of his pants, and lit the copper lanterns that hung beside the door. Nancy whistled her admiration. Michael didn't smile.

"Maybe your dad needs some help," she tried, and getting no answer, she followed Max below. To her surprise, the boy was right behind her.

In a few moments, they all filed back, Indian-fashion, up the stairs into the cockpit, bearing a big pot of salad, bread and butter, and the lobsters.

"Have a seat and fall to," Max said, laying out the dishes on the leather

seat. He took a place next to Nancy.

"Everything looks wonderful! How clever of you to make a salad!"

"My own dressing, too." He bowed from the waist.

Michael took his plate and disappeared into the shadows of the stern.

"Mmmm, good!" She tried a bite of salad, and then they both began wrenching at their lobsters, laughing between rich, buttery bites and hurling the empty shells over their shoulder into the sea. "Everything is perfect," she said. "just as you promised. The sunset, this"—she held up a bright coral claw—"and now the moon, the lovely, lovely moon. . . ." Together they looked up at the glittering night, the moon moving like a queen through her court of stars.

Against the boat throbbed the waves of the incoming tide, and Nancy, for a moment resting her head against the back of the seat, felt once again that sensation of drowning, a kind of total immersion in being, and the instinctive fear of such depths.

She heard Max's voice close beside her. "Your face is beautiful with the moon on it. I can't believe you're really here, that I even know you. . . ." He

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

\$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of
our 300 Christmas card
line. And this can be done
in a single day. Free samples.
Other boxes on approval.
Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Lost year some folks made \$250—
\$500—\$1,000 and more this very way.
Church groups and organizations can
do this, too. No experience necessary.



**NOEL DELUXE
FEATURE CHRISTMAS
ASSORTMENT**
21 luxurious cards—
including satin "puff",
gold bronzing, red velvet,
lovely embossing
SELLS FOR ONLY \$1.00



**FUN A-PLenty
CHRISTMAS COMIC
ASSORTMENT**
Novel animated cards
with original cut-outs,
pop-outs, unique folds
and novelty attachments
—including jingle bells
and 3-D glasses
SELLS FOR ONLY \$1.00



**DELUXE CHRISTMAS
GIFT WRAPPING
ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color
20"x30" sheets in a
fascinating variety of
designs—plus matching
seals and gift tags



**BIBLE TEXT
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**
Richly decorated religious
cards with Scripture Text
quotations
SELLS FOR ONLY \$1.00

**FREE
SAMPLES**
Personalized
Christmas Cards
and Stationery

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. 64-A, White Plains, N.Y.

Mail Free Trial Coupon Today

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. 64-A, White Plains, N.Y.

Please rush free samples, other boxes on
approval for FREE TRIAL, and full details of
your easy money-making plan.

Name

Address

City State

If writing for organ-
ization, give name

A SENSATION OF DROWNING (continued)

caressed her arm gently with his fingers.
There was a sudden clatter as Michael's plate fell to the deck.

They both turned. He was crouched in the stern, watchful, tense.
"Are you finished eating?" his father asked.

"Yes."

"Then, don't you think it's time you were getting to that square dance? It's pretty late."

"I'm not going," Michael said.

"What?" His father stood up.

"I said I'm not going." The boy wrapped his arms around his legs and dropped his head to his knees.

"I don't understand," his father said.

"There's nothing to understand," Michael said. "I'm just not going."

"But why not?"

"I don't want to."

"What made you change your mind?"

"Nothing."

"That's certainly no answer. Come on, now, what's the matter? You begged to go yesterday when the Rogers boy asked you. What's happened?" Max laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I told you—nothing." Michael ducked out from under the hand and buried his head still deeper in his knees.

"Now, look"—Max raised the boy's chin—"you know I don't like mysteries. I want you to give me some reason for not wanting to go."

No answer.

"Do you feel all right?" His father was suddenly anxious.

"Yes."

"Then damn it," Max said, his anger bursting, "you better explain yourself! It was even agreed you could stay up a few hours late tonight. It's not like you to give up a privilege like that."

Still no answer.

"Get up!" Max said.

Michael shook his head.

"Please, Michael, don't be unpleasant."

It was an ultimatum, delivered under his breath.

"Can't you just leave me alone?" his son said in a strangled voice.

"So we can sit and look at you moping all evening—and for no reason?" Max's voice crescendoed. "I'll tell you what. Since you refuse to go and don't even have the decency to explain why, you can just go to bed. That's what you can do! Now, you better go below!"

"I don't want to!" Michael said from behind his knees.

"I said go below!"

Michael slid down into the cockpit and slunk past his father. Nancy reached out after him, but he arched away from her and hoisted himself atop the cabin, where he sat against the mast with his back to them.

"I thought I told you to go below!" his father shouted.

"I'm no baby!" Michael said bitterly over his shoulder. "It's not time to go to bed."

"Leave him alone," Nancy begged.

"I don't care what time it is! If you're going to act like a baby, you're going to get treated like one. Now, get down here!" Max climbed up after him and grasped his arm.

"Let go of me!" Michael was almost sobbing now.

"Not till you're in bed where you belong!" Max pulled at the boy, but Michael braced his thin body against the mast and made it rigid.

"Just because Mother isn't here!" he hissed out of a hate-white face.

"What are you talking about?" Max wrenched his shoulder.

"You just want to get rid of me!" Michael cried. "I know why!" He looked wildly from Nancy to his father, then burst out in a long, grief-stricken wail, "I know what you two are going to do!"

"What!"

But there were no more words from Michael, just hard sobs for himself, his mother, and his father, for the ruin he felt hung over them. The deep, relentless sobs swelled in the night like the waves of the incoming tide and broke with a cold shock against them.

The moon passed behind a cloud and out again before either of them spoke; and then, face taut and green-tinted in the moonlight, Max turned to Nancy. "I'm terribly sorry . . ."

"It's all right." She wrung chilled fingers.

"I had no idea . . ."

"No . . ."

"I don't know what to say. How can I—"

"Please don't be upset on my account. I understand, honestly."

His eyes scanned hers.

"Children have enormous imaginations," she plunged on. "You never know what's going on in their minds. Don't worry about it. It's nobody's fault." But inwardly, she wondered.

He bent his head and passed a hand over his face. Finally he turned to his son. "Michael," he began. "I don't know what—" But the boy just slumped over, sobbing louder, as if to drown out the consequences of his words, including his own shame. "Michael!" The name was a cry, but this time the boy got to his feet and ran down into the cabin. His muffled sobs continued.

Helplessly, Max stared at the empty doorway and then at Nancy.

Suddenly Nancy wanted to jump overboard and swim away. Back to Dave, back to yesterday, back to a time when

she had not run into this man on a summer island and spent a day dreaming about him and his boat. She yearned to tiptoe into the children's room and look at their faces, bland with sleep, to pull up the covers that were half off by now. . . .

"I ought to go," she said. "As soon as he quiets down, I ought to be going."

"If you want to," he said, as though already resigned to her leaving.

"I think it would be the best thing to do. He sounds pretty upset. I don't think we ought to upset him any more."

"I guess not." He stared through her into the sea.

"Can we leave him alone now?"

"I'll speak to him first." Max bent his head toward the cabin, listening. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go down and try to talk to him now."

"Certainly." Nancy backed up to the leather seat and sat down.

For what seemed a long while, she was left alone under the mother-of-pearl moon to listen to the slap of waves against the hull and the diminishing sobs of the boy in the bunk below. Eventually there came mingled voices of father and son, and she wished even more that she were already away from here. It was a time father and son should be left alone. She ached to be in the saggy bed of the cottage, almost asleep, but still lulled by the *whiirmsh-whoormsh* of the ocean as it rolled up against the beach, leaving its treasures for Robbie and Nina to find in the morning.

Max reappeared, almost as an intruder in a dream. He seemed the stranger he once had been; his face was closed. In the cabin below, there was complete silence. "I think everything is all right," Max said. "He'll fall asleep now."

"That's good."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"I didn't mind at all."

"We can go now if you want to."

"I think I'd better."

In a few minutes, they were on the sea, facing but not seeing one another in the little dinghy.

"I haven't even thanked you for the evening," she said.

"Please don't."

"But I did enjoy seeing your boat and having supper, and—thank you for having me," she said politely.

"The pleasure was mine," he answered. "And by the way"—his tone was absent, flat—"remember me to your husband."

"I will," she said. "He will be sorry to have missed you."

All duties discharged, and the vast night sea to absorb and hide them from one another, they fell back into private visions, carried by the oars and swelling tide to shore. THE END



EXPECTED guests are doubly



When you're going to stop and visit out-of-town friends, it's a good idea to telephone ahead.

You'll enjoy your trip more knowing they'll be home. Your welcome will be all the warmer because you're expected.

Long Distance is the convenient, friendly way to make plans or confirm them. And the cost is small.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia . . .	40¢
Cleveland to Louisville	75¢
St. Louis to Houston	\$1.10
Miami to Indianapolis	\$1.35
Boston to Los Angeles	\$2.00

You
save time
when you
Call by
Number

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

Bell Telephone System





Unlike the spinster, the single male is, until caught, a social lion.

So You Want to Stay Single

It's always open season on bachelors. Remaining at large requires a thorough knowledge of the odds and a lot of fancy footwork

BY HAYWOOD VINCENT

So you want to stay single. Mister. An admirable order, young man, but a hard one to fill. If you're twenty, the odds are seventeen to three you can't manage it. As of this moment, there are some twenty million unattached females aged fourteen and upwards in the United States. If you are a single male, it's open season on you from the word "Go." In your personal crusade for freedom, the odds are against you from the opening gun to the final bell (wedding variety).

Do You Live in a Safe State?

Your first move, if you're a citizen of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, or Nevada, is to start packing. Get lost! Those states have the nation's highest percentage of benedicts. Those wide-eyed little Western gals are great man trappers. Our research staff has discovered that, generally

speaking, you're safest in the Deep South or on the East Coast. Cave dwelling, of course, is practically foolproof—but you might miss the fights on television.

Your wisest choices for staying single and at the same time enjoying city life are Atlanta, Philadelphia, and Boston. Your worst urban danger spots are Detroit, San Francisco, and Reno. Be especially wary of Reno. For all its reputation, the "biggest little city in the world" has four times more marriages than divorces each year. They lull you into a false sense of security with all that propaganda and then—*wham!*

But keeping your eye on the map is not enough. We strongly recommend that you also carry a calendar at all times. You're in greatest jeopardy during June. Next on the hazard list is September, with October a close third. If it's any help, you might like to know you can breathe

your easiest in March. Our experts are divided in opinion as to why March should serve as a sort of bachelor's holiday. The idealists feel the ladies take mercy at income-tax time. The more practical assert that March's strong winds louse up the effect of those hypnotic perfumes.

While conceding that perfume manufacturers are the devil's own agents as far as the single male is concerned, we must point out that these citizens are by no means your only enemies. As you read this, tens of thousands of the best minds in America are at work on the project of getting you to the altar. Their ranks include dress designers, real-estate agents, grocers, obstetricians, clergymen, beauty-parlor operators, and the skilled (if unprincipled) editors of the feminine press who distribute millions of words a year on the predatory art of man trapping.

Husbands Are Not to Be Trusted!

Even your married male friends are in on the act. Our pollsters have found that about half the husbands in the country are something short of ecstatic about the married state. Misery, it is said, loves company. Thus it follows that while the married man is struggling to pay the little woman's bills and to keep her reasonably content, there is nothing that maddens him more than the sight of a single friend going merrily on his unencumbered way. Hence, *husbands are not to be trusted!*

Perhaps the unkindest blow of all comes when you discover that dear old Mother Nature is your most dreaded adversary. Those dratted urges are forever cropping up to undermine the resistance of the most determined bachelor. And after much experimentation, we now offer you the only known solution. When pure biology rears its ugly head, the cure is *violent physical exercise!* Tear yourself from the siren's arms and make like a gymnast. Run around the block, do push-ups, climb trees, dig ditches, lift bar bells—do anything that is at once overt and exhausting. There is nothing like a good, honest sweat to outwit the best-designed mantrap. Then, too, such antics will undoubtedly convince the lady you've lost your reason. Only the most desperate female will long pursue an idiot.

But let's face the unhappy fact that despite all this sterling advice, you may somehow tumble into matrimony. What, then, are the facts and figures you will cope with?

In the first place, most men dream of marrying a beautiful girl. Think you'll land one? Our experts will give odds of seven thousand to one that the gem you wed will never have won any kind of beauty prize—even at a church social in Waxahachie, Texas.

You probably expect to choose as your life's mate a woman with an unblemished past. If she's passed her twentieth birthday, we'll give you four-to-one odds she's not a virgin. The ladies of the nation may howl at that one, but they provided the statistics. And a party named Kinsey will give you only three to one that she stays faithful to you after you've married her.

Maybe you are one of those citizens who would like to remain single but yearn for fine home cooking. Sign in at a good boardinghouse, brother. The odds are four to one against your marrying a good cook.

While on the subject of your eating habits, it might be helpful to take a look at hers. At some point in the course of the chase, the gal who has you in her sights is certain to give you that business about two living as cheaply as one. Our experts inform us this is pure hokum. Take, for example, what she eats. In her lifetime, she will consume:

5 calves	14,000 pounds of fruit
8 hogs	6,000 quarts of milk
10,000 eggs	300 chickens
9,000 pounds of potatoes	10 steers
8,000 pounds of sugar	6,000 loaves of bread

And those are just the basic foodstuffs. Before she's through, that slim, trim lovely will have nibbled through more than a hundred tons of assorted edibles! Now stroll through any grocery store, note a few prices, and then just dare say that two can live as cheaply as one.

Can You Be Solvent and Married?

Our researchers pass on a bit more data concerning the drastic change marriage will make in your finances.

Eighty per cent of married women want children, and it's an eight-to-one bet that any woman wanting children will have at least one. Statistics show that if you father one child, it's nine to one you'll beget at least one more.

In the first eighteen years of a child's life, he will fatten your expenses to the tune of a minimum of \$7,000. Send

(continued)

Drawings by Mitzel Melnicoff



Go East, young man. Those Western states rate highest in corralling and branding rogue males.



Compare before you buy. The Mother Test is an accurate forecast of how your nicely packaged merchandise will stand the test of time.

him to college, and the cost zooms to a nice round \$15,000.

But for the moment, let's consider that two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one legend. If you marry at the age of thirty, we'll bet a lumbar yard against a toothpick that you'll stay married thirty-seven years, twenty-nine weeks, and five days. At that moment, according to our slide rule, you'll stop breathing; your problems will be over. But in the interim, your wife will have spent a *minimum average* of \$139 a year for clothing alone. In simpler terms, just keeping the little gal decent will run a lifetime total of at least \$5,222.39! The more you make, the more she'll spend. One of America's richest men once explained how he achieved his great success: "I kept trying to attain an income my wife couldn't exceed!"

Who'll Spend Your Money for You.

You'll be earning the money, all right, but you won't be able to call your purse strings your own. Wifey will control the family spending power with a firm hand. About ninety per cent of American wives select such sacrosanct masculine items as the family car. They even buy sixty-one per cent of the males' clothes. All told, the little woman will outspend you *six to one*.

Furthermore, three will get you five that your spouse will take all your pay check, and dole you out a weekly allowance no greater than seven per cent of your salary!

Then, there's that unfortunate element of marriage that comes under the classification of the emotional argument. You don't like emotional arguments? Ninety-three out of every hundred of your brothers *abhor* them! But as a spouse, you will succumb to no fewer than two ripsnortin' arguments a year, and—brace yourself!—you'll give in eighty-five per cent of the time.

As a matter of cold fact, without any statistical back-

ing, we can tell you that arguing with your wife is like engaging in repartee with John Cameron Swayze on your TV set—you start from nowhere and proceed rapidly downhill.

Depressed? Relax. Our research has uncovered a few more stratagems to aid you in the Battle of the Sexes. Your attitude is of greatest importance. Throughout history, so many smitten males have been humbly lamenting, "I'm not half good enough for you," that untold millions of both sexes have come to believe it.

Look at the facts: from birth, a male child has a greater economic value than his female counterpart by a margin of 150 per cent. He is intellectually superior. The plain truth is that even women themselves attest to this. *Women do not like women!* Ninety-three per cent of the female population prefer male companionship to that of their own sex. Six out of seven American females say they'd never vote one of their own gender into the White House.

So it is, lad, that in wanting to stay single, you must realize your own exalted position. *You do not have to get married!* There is no social stigma attached to the bachelor. Indeed, he is the most sought-after member of modern society, in contrast to the fair flower who hangeth too long on the social vine. If you are still of faint heart, ponder the fact that in three out of four American marriages, the woman pursued and caught the man.

Every intelligent adult recognizes the important role the sex relationship plays in a happy marriage. Yet the odds are a whopping four to one against your having a satisfactory sex relationship with your wife. And amazingly, almost sixty per cent of the wives admit they're at fault.

Frankly, if you're really trying to stay single, you'd best take the point of view that marriage is a perfectly marvelous thing—for women and children. And don't forget,

your wife will like it at home far better than you—the odds are a thousand to one. As a matter of stark statistics, every time one wife deserts her bed and board, a thousand husbands take to the hills. But in the event you fancy yourself fleet-footed, don't for a minute think that when you get fed up with the dear girl you can simply kick over the traces and vanish forever. One of the nation's more competent detective agencies will wager 7,200 to one the gal can find you (thus making you pay through the nostrils).

So now you're scared to death and you really want to stay single, huh? Well, as we promised, we will give you the multifaceted formulas for doing just that. Both systems came to us from an eighty-two-year-old bachelor who is today one of the most remarkably healthy and happy gentlemen alive.

Sure-fire Ways to Elude Mantraps

The Mother Test—a simple and swift technique; for the casually smitten:

We all appreciate that the charms of the young girl fade with time and take the form of the original mold from which they sprung. Thus, if you'd like to know what your prospective bride will be like when she's middle-aged, make a long, careful study of her mother.

The Automobile Test—tedious (though, at times, fascinating) and foolproof: for those tottering on the brink. This is the big one, with the money-back guarantee:

When a man is buying a car, he follows a careful set of rules. He will, however, keep the car only a few years.



Wifely debate. often tinged with some emotion, is a type of altercation in which most men do not excel.



Push-ups versus passion. Violent exercise is the only remedy for biology-threatened bachelors.

Today, we can give odds of better than four to one that when you get snared by a woman, you are *kaputt* for the remainder of your days. So it is we suggest to the bright bachelor that in selecting his spouse, he follow the exact method he would employ in purchasing an automobile. There are ten cardinal rules. If these don't keep you single, you *ought* to be married!

1. Listen to the engine.
2. Examine the chassis.
3. Investigate the manufacturers.
4. Check the ignition system.
5. Observe the fuel consumption.
6. Determine how the model in question responds to your personal touch.
7. Inspect the upholstery.
8. If the model is not new, find out what sort of treatment it has had in the past and if it has ever been wrecked.
9. Test it on rough roads for performance under unusual conditions.
10. Make a careful comparison of competing models.

And that's it.

So you want to stay single! Well, now you know how. Slide-rule calculations, surveys, polls, statistics, expert opinions, psychological analyses, and foolproof systems—they're all yours. Just follow them faithfully, and you can beat the odds. But one more small fact of life: on a cold winter night when you're tired and lonesome, there ain't a single thing very comforting or cozy about a set of odds.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to change the diapers on the world's loveliest six-month-old female, engage in a bedtime wrestling match with a couple of bachelors (aged four and six), and then dry dishes for the most terrific predatory female (adult type) who ever graced this earth.

THE END

Shoe Romance

BY ALICE RICHARDSON

A pretty shoe never escapes a man's admiring glance. And having lots of pretty shoes is not only an ego booster and a fashion must, but a health item as well, since frequent changes mean added comfort for your feet. Your shoes last longer, keep their shape better, too, when rotated.

This year, shoes are more becoming and more varied in style than ever before. As these pages reveal, there's a shoe to fit every occasion in a cosmopolitan woman's busy schedule.



Out of the right side of bed and into a pretty scuff, to start a good day. The purple velvet Honeybugs, glamorized by gold kid, about \$4.

A gay evening at the Harwyn Club. Her lustrous gunmetal sandals are by Life Stride, about \$10. His polished calf bluchers by Pedwin.



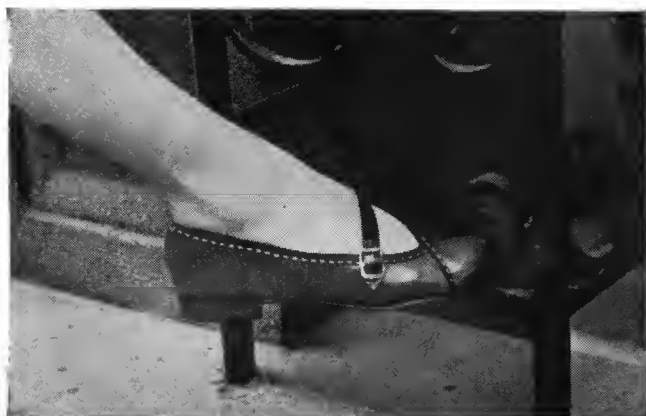
Sunday afternoon in the park. Gray Bucko "spats" with white stitching trim her black leather brogues, by Sandler of Boston, about \$10. Her nonrun Cameo hose have can't-run toe guards. His John C. Roberts walking shoes are tan reverse-calf with smooth leather cuffs.

Sweet music, an open fire, and romance. She wears Julianelli's pretty and daring "Umpha"—a mere whisper of a shoe—strips of gold kid threaded with black velvet, and slim, high, high heels, about \$32. Her nothing-at-all stockings are by Gotham. With his French Shriner and Urner tassel moccasins, he wears Holeproof's all-stretch Hol-Flex socks.





After dinner, a demitasse, a game of cards, and romantic shoes seen through a glass table. Hers are gleaming leather with pretty asymmetric straps, by Tweedie, about \$16. Her seamless hose are Wisteria's Micro-film mesh. His traditional Norwegian leather moccasins by John C. Roberts.



The little-girl look, but with a grown-up angled strap. Her bright-red calf flats are boldly stitched with contrasting white trim. By Velvet Step Teens, about \$7.



For a country weekend, she goes 'barelegged and wears Peds inside tapered-heel pumps of benedictine calf with perforated trim. By Lucky Stride, about \$11.



Off to the races, in classic pumps with a new look. Rich graphite calf, with white stitching and fake "stack" heels. By Queen Quality, about \$12.



Suivez-moi (follow me) bows give a flirtatious look to avocado calf pumps by Jacqueline, about \$11. The slim heels are low—look high.



Trim pumps of red calf with a string bow and white-underscored perforations. By Accent, about \$11. Knee-High stockings by Holeproof.



Into the kitchen, to cook dinner for two. Her all-day pump has a boxy toe, squared heel. About \$12, in palm-green calf by Vitality.



When day is done, she slips on bronze metallic kid Oomphies, about \$9, and Holeproof Nude Foot stockings. His shoes by Florsheim.



The Jackpot Question

How was he to guess that at this very moment she was

The marital trap is really sprung when a man suddenly finds himself the head of a family, the great provider—of everything but romance

BY FRANCES SHIELDS ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

After three in the afternoon, Wilson's drugstore burst suddenly from semihibernation into screaming life. It was not prescriptions that busied Wilson, by inclination and training a pharmacist, or even nostrums, but ice-cream sodas and Cokes and malteds. After four o'clock, the flood of young life flowed out again, leaving Wilson stranded and exhausted upon the beach.

Wilson had bought the drugstore fourteen years ago, and though the neighborhood had deteriorated and the huge chain stores had taken over the town, Wilson had clung to his shop. He was an individualist. Besides, nobody wanted to buy it.

Wilson drew a large part of his income from the young, and almost immediately passed it on to the young again—his own. There were five little Wilsons. He was a mere bridge over which the money passed. A toll-free bridge, at that.

When the flood of raucous young life receded, Wilson was left with sinkfuls of dishes and glasses and a raging headache. The moment he had polished the last glass, his father-in-law, Joe Martin, timing his entrance to a nicety, limped into the store with three cronies. Early afternoons, the old men sat in the little park opposite the drugstore, warming their bones. At four, they all developed a thirst from their



thinking, "With this man I will have beautiful children"?

The Jackpot Question (continued)

incessant discussions on life and learning, and Joe Martin, after seating his friends at one of the small tables, repaired to the apartment over the store and returned with four cola bottles. He placed these on the table and then passed out drinking straws from the container on the counter. The cola bottles held his homemade cherry brandy. The dried cherries Mr. Martin bought out of his tiny pension; the alcohol, the best-grade pure alcoliol, he helped himself to from Wilson's pharmaceutical stock, giving in return I.O.U.'s that he had every intention of someday honoring.

Wilson, watching his father-in-law, amended his concept of himself. He was not a bridge between two oceans of youth. He was a diminishing island being worn away by the demands of the young and the demands of the old. He was in his late thirties, supposedly the prime of life, but he could find nothing prime about it. He did not feel like a man in the rich center of life; he was a source of supply, a biological adjunct to Marina's recurrent maternity, a dispenser of soft drinks. What had happened to the young buck he had been? He had been a glittering lover dressed to the nines, an easy spender of the easy dollar, a smooth dancer, full of laughter and a buoying sense of his own charm. Had there actually been a time when it was important that his socks matched his tie and his handkerchief jutted in stiff points from his breast pocket? Had Marina really once told him his pharmacist's high-necked white jacket was as romantic as a fencing outfit?

If she had ever said so fatuous a thing, she had long since forgotten it. For she had become all mother. She had been such a starry-eyed, blonde goddess of a girl, with a voice like a harp. How was a wildly infatuated young suitor to guess that when she looked at him, love leaping like a flame in her face, she was thinking, "With this man I will have beautiful children?"

The children *were* beautiful. By an odd quirk of genetics, they all looked like Marina.

The two oldest ones, Mary and Benjamin, now came home from school, tossed their weary father a perfunctory hello, then slid open the panels of the candy counter and helped themselves to an afternoon snack.

"Stop eating up the profits," Wilson said mechanically, looking down on their neatly combed heads. Marina's children (he had privately been calling them that for a long time) always looked blooming and scrubbed clean.

"That gag's about as stale as this chocolate bar," Benjamin retorted. "Is Mother home?"

"They never have to ask that about me," Wilson thought. "I'm always in the store, like one of the fixtures. Cash Register Wilson, that's me. I wonder if they'd notice me if I painted my face green."

Marina chose this moment to come in with the three younger children, Amy, Joey, and Styvesant. They made a gorgeous little crowd. Each of them carried a shoe box wrapped in striped paper. Their old shoes were in the boxes; they were wearing the new ones. Wilson did not have to be told this. He was very sensitive to their moods.

Styvesant, a blatant clotheshound at three, stood self-consciously in the middle of the store, waiting for his feet to be noticed.

"Ben, say something about his new

shoes before he bursts," Marina prompted Wilson.

"Some stuff, those shoes," Wilson said. It seemed to him that every time he looked, one or another of the children was wearing something new. "Did they really need new shoes?"

Marina turned from her beaming contemplation of Styvesant and looked, frowning, at Wilson. "Don't you feel well, dear?" she asked absently, and placed her hand on his forehead. Assured he was not running a fever, she forgot about him again. He would go on and on providing shoes for her family.

"Isn't that a new jacket Joey's wearing?" Wilson asked.

"Yes, dear. He's delivering a speech at the school assembly Friday, and I want him to feel sure of himself."



"A speech at the assembly? Good Lord, the kid's only eight. What the devil does he have to make a speech about?"

"Hush, Ben. You'll hurt his feelings. Anyhow, Styvesant will get to wear the jacket, so it's worth the money."

"From what I know of Styvesant," Wilson said dourly, "he's not the man to wear anybody's old clothes."

Bending down to pick up a gallon container of chocolate sirup, Wilson noticed his own trousers. They were frayed at the cuffs. His shoes looked like an old man's shoes because he was on his feet so much. Besides, they hadn't been very good shoes to begin with. "I wonder," Wilson thought, "what it would feel like to go hog-wild and get a complete new outfit, from the skin out, from the head

down. I wonder if it would make her look upon me as a man again."

The thing was, he was still terribly in love with her and she was in love with her children. The only way he could reach her was through them. Since the first baby, she had become intoxicated with children. All her responses to him were slightly absent-minded, as if she were thinking of what next she could do for her brood. And the last two children—Wilson had been determined to stop at three—had practically been seduced from him. Marina could be a very determined woman. Thinking about it, he felt used.

At five thirty. Wilson's assistant, Charlie Baker, came to work. The chain stores closed at eight, but Wilson remained open until midnight to

make ends meet. Young Baker was in his second year at pharmacy school; he did most of his studying in the store. Tonight he wore a dapper camel's-hair coat. Wilson eyed it joylessly.

"Sharp, isn't it?" Baker asked, patting the coat as if it were alive.

"As a serpent's tooth," Wilson said. He was given to literary quotation.

At a quarter of six, Wilson went upstairs to dinner. He dined unenthusiastically on broiled liver, carrots, baked potatoes, lettuce, and caramel cornstarch pudding. The children did not take to exotic dishes. It would be nice, Wilson reflected, to be rich as people were in the old days, when children were fed their slop out of sight and the elders could enjoy their adult fare in peace.

While they ate, Joe Martin kept

*Wilson still loved her terribly, but now it seemed
his only contact with her was through her brood.*



The Jackpot Question

(continued)

propped in front of him a volume of the encyclopedia Marina had bought for the children. The set had relieved Wilson of three hundred dollars, and in the two years it had been in the house, Joe Martin had been the only one to use it. Assiduously he had worked his way through the volumes up to S. and was now plodding through RAZN to SORB. He was a storehouse of unexpected information.

"Say," said Mr. Martin in an admiring tone, "did you know that St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest city in the United States? It's got the oldest house in the country still standing. Think of that!"

Everyone else went on masticating and paying him no attention, except Wilson, with his annoying sensitiveness to the emotional needs of others.

"Very interesting," he said.

Although it was Wilson who had offered him encouragement, Mr. Martin addressed his next remarks to the children.

"That's a new fact to tuck away," he said. "Now, if anyone asks you what is the oldest city in the United States, don't be saying Plymouth."

"Who's going to ask me?" Joey said pertly.

Marina frowned. Wilson knew she would take Joey aside later and tell him to show his grandfather more respect. She believed in people feeling important. Once Wilson had complained about her father and his friends sipping their brandy in the store and she had looked mortally hurt. "Please, Ben, don't be mean-spirited," she had said. "He doesn't have much to make him feel important. Let him offer this little bit of hospitality to his pals. We all have to feel important some time, don't we?"

Wilson had been muted. Her large comprehension of the needs of the ego did not include his. Husbands, apparently, didn't count.

Mr. Martin went on with facts about St. Austell, a market town in Cornwall, England, and St. Bartholomew, Massacre of. Nobody listened, except Wilson. He finished his cornstarch pudding and silently stirred his coffee. Nice of Marina to go on making coffee when the children drank milk. Twenty-eight quarts of milk a week. Even wholesale, that was a lot of milk.

Young Baker poked his head into the room and said excitedly. "Special-delivery letter just came."

"Give it here," Wilson said. Who could be sending him a special-delivery letter?

Baker tossed it over and disappeared downstairs to his textbooks. Wilson slowly opened the envelope. He read the letter. When he looked up, he was startled to see every eye upon him; there was a communal holding of breath. For the first

time in years, Wilson was the center of attention.

"What do you know," he said. "I've been invited to appear on one of these quiz programs. How did they get hold of my name?"

Benjamin spoke up. "I did it," he said. "I sent your name in. Most of the programs don't want people under eighteen. Gee, I never thought they'd pick you."

Wilson assumed this to mean he was in no way outstanding, but he let it pass without challenge. The excitement at the table flustered him. He had created a stir, and the sensation was novel and upsetting. He sat still, holding the letter to his chest, aware he was breathing irregularly.

"Which program is it, Father?" Benjamin yelled above the din.

Wilson consulted his letter. "Road to Fortune." Saturday night. May fifteenth. A month off." His hands were unaccountably trembling; the letter fluttered in his grip like a frenzied moth.

"Gee whiz!" said Benjamin. "That's the one they get those big jackpots on. Gee whiz. Father, a lady won three thousand dollars on that program."

Wilson tried to picture three thousand unearned dollars falling into his hands, and his mind balked. It was simply not the sort of thing that happened to him. His was the road of petty economies and forced expenditures. He was about to voice this thought when he looked around the table. Every face was turned to him.

"Well," he said feebly, because he could not bear to remove himself from the spotlight. "I may as well have a try at it. What have I got to lose?"

"I bet you'll win everything!" Mary screeched. "You're smart. You're terribly smart!"

The compliment pierced Wilson like a shaft.

After that, the little world that was Wilson's revolved solely around him. Through the days and evenings, sudden questions were shot at him. Mr. Martin trailed after him, reading aloud from the encyclopedia. When they weren't quizzing him, they were discussing with him what was to be done with his winnings. They tried hard to be modest, but the sum total of their requests was staggering. Benjamin suggested a new car. Marina wanted the living room completely refurnished. Mary was in desperate need of a concert grand piano. Amy settled for a twenty-year subscription to the local movie house. Styvesant lusted after genuine-fur cowboy chaps, and Joey wanted a compound microscope. It was Christmas in April, with Wilson an inexhaustible Santa Claus.

A week before the great event, the "Road to Fortune" jackpot reached a stunning forty-five hundred dollars. Wil-

son began to fidget. It was then Marina, as if suddenly recollecting that he was going to be the benefactor of them all, asked Wilson what he wanted.

Wilson smiled faintly. It was nice of her to think of him as still being capable of wanting something. He gazed at her as she sat brushing her long, pale hair, an action that never failed to enchant him. She was wearing the children's Mother's Day gift, on which they had recklessly spent their year's savings; they were expecting, of course, that Wilson would make good the loss. They had bought her a most kittenish negligee, pale pink with marabou trimming. She looked like a confection in it.

"What would I like for myself?" Wilson said. It surprised him that he could not produce a long list of things. The only thing he could think of was that his feet hurt in a middle-aged, broken-down way that went not at all with Marina's pink seductiveness. "I'd like a pair of custom-made shoes for my poor old battered feet."

"Custom-made shoes?" Marina said. "My goodness, don't they come high?"

"About fifty bucks, I imagine," Wilson said. "But feet like mine are entitled to one pair of custom-made shoes in their lifetime."

Perhaps the mention of shoes suggested it, for a few days before the broadcast, it occurred to Marina to look over Wilson's wardrobe to see what he would wear for his momentous public appearance. She was amazed to discover what Wilson could have told her without looking—that he did not have a single acceptable suit.

"We'll have to go out tomorrow and buy you a new suit," she said briskly. "We'll simply start spending the jackpot early."

Wilson bought his suit, a handsome, soft-finished worsted, and tie and socks to go with it. It had been years since he had bought a whole outfit. He wore the new suit home, just as if he were one of the children. He was faintly surprised to find he was still young enough to get a thrill out of new clothes.

On the afternoon of the broadcast, the family joined forces and groomed Wilson as painstakingly as if he were going to run in the Kentucky Derby. Except for the way his feet burned with a persistent middle-agedness, he felt young and garlanded as he had not felt since his courtship days.

But at four thirty, he began to build up a store of nervous apprehension.

"You're coming with me, aren't you?" he asked Marina for perhaps the tenth time that day.

"Yes, darling, of course," Marina said soothingly.

Young Baker was, for once, coming in on a Saturday night. When the matter of Baker's nights off had first come up, Marina, with her awareness of the needs of the young, had said, "You can't take his Saturday nights. Saturday night is the big date night. Don't you remember?" Wilson had felt like an octogenarian.

But now the years dropped away. The new suit, the pristine shirt, the shoes polished to a deep glow by a suddenly servile Benjamin, even a flower in his buttonhole, presented lovingly by Amy and Styvesant—all this, and he was going out on a Saturday night with Marina. Hail Wilson, the conquering hero!

At six o'clock, Marina came down the stairs, wearing the charming white feathered hat he had insisted upon buying for her in the mania of his shopping spree. She looked ravishing and worried.

"Joey's running a temperature from all the excitement," she said, "and Amy's thrown up her whole dinner."

Wilson waited. What she should have said was, "But never mind; tonight's your night." But she said what his drooping heart told him she was going to say: "I can't go with you, dear. Take Gran 'pa." She smiled at him tentatively. "He'll remember this night for years."

"Oh, all right," Wilson said dully. "I'll take Grandpa. Might as well make someone happy."

Sitting on stage waiting to be called to the microphone, Wilson felt his body undergoing the most acute symptoms of anxiety. His mouth went dry, while the palms of his hands dripped a clammy sweat. His heart thudded somewhat near the roof of his mouth. He felt he was suffocating. But his brain went on functioning mechanically. He realized he was so tense because he had finally achieved stature in the eyes of his family and he did not want to lose it. In the last four weeks, he had answered flawlessly every question on the "Road to Fortune" program—in the serenity of his own living room.

Jack Cooley, the joyous master of ceremonies, warmed the audience to laughter, which Wilson heard like an ominous thunder. Someone took his elbow tenderly, as if he were an invalid, and piloted him toward the microphone. In a daze, he shook hands with Jack Cooley.

Wilson's fellow contestant was a housewife, a dumpy little woman whose giggle Wilson uneasily diagnosed as the first stage of complete hysteria. Her nervousness, curiously, relaxed Wilson. He felt the blood flowing through his hands again.

Cooley questioned Wilson and the housewife alternately about themselves, and then asked Wilson whether he was married.

"I certainly am," Wilson said in a hoarse voice.

"Any little Wilsons?"

"Five," Wilson confessed.

There was a burst of applause that made him leap a few inches into the air. Quieting down, he remembered audiences for some mysterious reason always applaud the mention of a sizable family, as if it were an achievement.

"Well, with a family like that, I guess I don't have to ask you how you're going to spend your half of the jackpot if you win it."

"They've got a little list," Wilson said dryly.

The audience laughed compassionately.

"Now, then," Jack Cooley said, "let's play 'Road to Fortune.' You and your partner choose a category . . ."

Wilson and the housewife, whose name he never learned, put their heads together. Wilson, who was strong on literature, chose "Authors," and the housewife, with a look of pure helplessness, assented. Wilson realized she had put herself entirely in his keeping.

"All right," Jack Cooley said when Wilson announced his choice, "for twenty-five dollars, what was the real name of the author who signed himself 'Boz'?"

Wilson did not even pause to think. "Charles Dickens," he said promptly.

"Yes, indeed. Now, for fifty dollars, who was the author who signed himself 'Mark Twain'?"

That was almost too easy. "Samuel Langhorne Clemens," Wilson said. "Fine! You're doing fine! Now, for one hundred dollars, who was Lewis Carroll in real life?"

"Charles Lutwidge Dodgson," Wilson said with a flourish.

"I didn't even know he had a middle name," Jack Cooley said admiringly. "And now, for two hundred, who, in real life, was 'Elia'?"

Wilson snapped back. "Charles Lamb!"

Jack Cooley fetched an appreciative sigh from the bottom of his boots. "And for four hundred simoleons, Mr. Wilson, and a chance at the jackpot question—Take time to breathe, Mr. Wilson. Think carefully, and no help from the audience, please. For four hundred dollars, Mr. Wilson, what was the real-life name of George Eliot?"

For a few moments, Wilson's mind went leaping about like a wild dog looking for something to seize upon. It was some involved French name he never



Then came the big question, and all he could think of was his family staring into the TV set, waiting for his answer.

NEW!



Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll FOOT POWDER

1. Relieves Hot, Tender, Tired, Chafed, Sensitive Feet...
2. Eases New or Tight Shoes...
3. Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot...
4. Contains Chlorophyll

You'll find this scientifically compounded foot powder delightfully soothing, refreshing. Start using Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll Foot Powder today and make it a daily habit. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops.



Kuffy-Mok MOCCASIN

**BUY DIRECT FROM
FACTORY-SAVE**

KUFFY-MOK, takes only minutes to assemble a pre-cut pair. Made of tough, soft cowhide in beautiful palomino. Children's sizes: 5 up to 3, only \$1.35 ppd.

KUFFY-MOK in adult sizes: 4 thru 10, in red, pearl, palomino and green, only \$1.75 ppd. Specify color and size.

WRITE FOR FREE 64 PAGE
"DO-IT-YOURSELF" CATALOG

TANDY LEATHER CO. (Since 1919)
P. O. Box 791-KI Fort Worth, Texas

EARN EXTRA MONEY This Easy Way!

Earn extra money in your spare time as a subscription representative for *Good Housekeeping* and all other leading national magazines. No other kind of spare-time work is so easy to start or so sure to bring you substantial cash commissions.

If you want to increase your present regular income or need extra money for some special purpose, this is your big opportunity. Many hundreds of men and women of all ages are earning extra money this easy way.

The coupon will bring you complete information and everything you will need to start earning extra money at once. Mail it now!

Good Housekeeping, Dept. CM-854-A
250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me complete details of your spare-time subscription plan.

Name _____
St. & No. _____
City & Zone _____
State _____

The Jackpot Question (continued)

could remember. No, no, that was George Sand. Of course.

"Mary Ann Evans," he said with a dying fall of breath.

Wilson was escorted, amid a din of applause, from the stage.

When the time arrived for the jackpot question, he and the quivering housewife were the only eligibles. He felt he was a queer ashen white. He had a sudden vision of his family sitting around the television set at home, none of them inhaling, their mouths open, their eyes strained.

"Now, then, for forty-five hundred dollars, for the biggest jackpot we've ever had on 'Road to Fortune.' I can give you just ten seconds to come up with an answer between you. Only one answer will be permitted. Are you ready?"

"Yes," Wilson whispered.

"For forty-five hundred dollars—and remember, just one answer between you. Here we go. What is the oldest city in the United States?"

Wilson's mind unreeled like a movie film in reverse. He could clearly see himself and his family sitting around the dining table while Joe Martin read from the encyclopedia. He sighed deeply. It was not possible. It was too easy. He did not need even the ten seconds. He answered in a flash.

"Plymouth!" he shouted.

And then, incredibly, Jack Cooley was saying, "O-o-oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson! The correct answer is St. Augustine."

Too late. Wilson recalled his father-in-law lecturing Joey. "Now, if anyone asks you what is the oldest city in the United States, don't be saying Plymouth!"

"Next week," Jack Cooley told the audience, "the jackpot prize will be worth five thousand dollars."

Wilson, his cold hand clasping the two hundred paltry dollars he had won, made his way blindly to the street. Out of the haze surrounding him, his father-in-law's anxious face suddenly loomed.

"I should never have mentioned Plymouth," Joe Martin said miserably. "It's like telling a kid not to put beans up his nose."

"I think I'd like a drink," Wilson said.

"Me, too. Let's go to the bar near home. The bartender is a friend of mine."

Wilson did not intend to get drunk. He simply could not face going home. He sat on a high, chromium-plated stool staring at himself in the amher mirror over the bar. His three drinks had not dulled his self-loathing. They had merely served to make him epigrammatic.

He raised his glass to the image in the mirror. "Man of extinction," he said.

"Don't take on so," Joe Martin begged. "Born in New Jersey, died in St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States," Wilson said.

"I should never have mentioned Plymouth," Joe Martin said. He poured himself another drink from the bottle the sympathetic bartender had left at his elbow.

From the cavernous gloom stretching beyond the bar, Wilson heard music. He turned to look. In the dim, smoke-hung vista, he beheld people dancing. For years, he had lived two blocks away, and he had never known people danced here. Marina and he had gone dancing almost every Saturday night before they were married—in those golden days before five children, a grindstone, and middle-aged feet.

Wilson turned away from the pathetic sight of momentarily happy couples dancing themselves into life's inescapable trap. He stared out the front window into the street. Suddenly a large white bird skimmed by at eye level. Wilson stared at it, fascinated, as it came to rest on the glass. Then, struck by the improbability of such a toe-hold, he peered closer. The white bird was Marina's feathered hat. Beneath it, Marina's face was pressed against the window, her large eyes even larger than usual with astonishment. He could see her lips part laxly in what looked like relief.

She came swiftly into the bar. The poise with which she slid onto the stool Wilson vacated for her and took a sip of his drink was worthy of a habitué of night spots. But he saw she was horribly pale, almost the color of her hat.

"Don't ever do this to me again," she said tensely. "I've been back and forth to and from the subway station since eleven o'clock. I've called every hospital I can think of. I've imagined all sorts of things, even being a widow—I suppose I'd have to live for the sake of the children, but I don't think I'd particularly want to. I've imagined, but I didn't imagine your stopping off to celebrate without me!" Suddenly, in a ladylike way, she began to cry.

Wilson was totally bewildered. He could understand her crying because he had let the jackpot slip through his fingers, because the excitement of the past weeks had been too much for her, because—and this brought his heart to his throat—she had imagined him dead, but he could not understand her bursting into tears because he was drinking alone.

"Celebrating?" he said incredulously. "Celebrating what? I was a complete dud."

Marina stopped crying as abruptly as she had begun. "A dud!" she exclaimed. "A dud!" He could see she was genuinely

puzzled. "You mean because you didn't win that jackpot? But darling, it was perfectly natural to say Plymouth. When Jack Cooley asked you what the oldest city in the United States was, we all yelled Plymouth. Every last one of us."

"You all did?" Wilson said.

"It's a good thing Grandpa was with you," Marina said. "because at that moment his life wouldn't have been worth two cents at home."

Joe Martin poured himself a drink. Wilson felt sorry for him. He would soothe the old man later, but right now he wanted to hear more about why he was not a dud.

"How wasn't I a dud?" he insisted softly.

"Darling," Marina said, "you should have seen yourself on television. You were gorgeous. So handsome. So brilliant. So poised. The way you rapped out the answers to those tough questions. The way that silly little housewife leaned on you as if you were a tower of strength. I could see her falling more in love with you every second. I don't blame her. I did, too."

"You did what?" Wilson asked.

"Fell in love with you," Marina said simply. "Darling, you are a gorgeous hunk of man."

Wilson blushed. "I guess I'll have to come out from behind the counter more often," he said huskily. "Where you can see me." In the blazing beam of worship streaming from Marina's eyes, he felt horribly shy.

"If you don't mind my lack of practice," he said, "would you care for a dance?"

Marina clasped her hands together. A thought crossed her face.

"I'd adore it," she said. "I'll send Grandpa home to the children. Besides, Benjamin's old enough now to take over. Oh, let them take care of each other. I'm throwing my cap over the windmill. Imagine, with my own husband!" She laughed flutteringly, like a young girl.

Wilson, at the edge of the tiny dance floor, held open his arms to her. She flowed into them. The white feathers brushed against his cheek like a caress.

"Darling," Marina said into his ear. "that two hundred dollars you did win—you're going to spend fifty on custom-made shoes."

"All right," Wilson agreed complacently. "But what about the hundred and fifty?" He stiffened suddenly. One hundred and fifty was their obstetrician's fee to the penny.

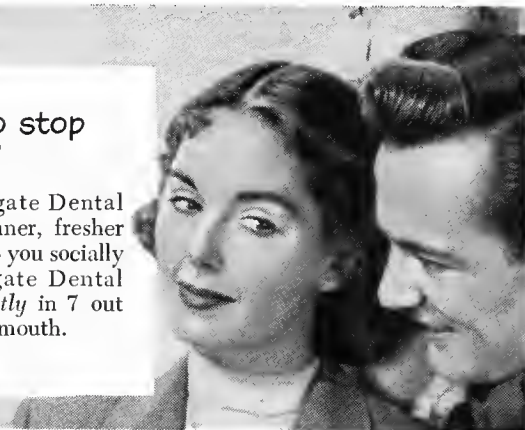
Marina laughed deep in her throat. "Well," she said, "Styvesant is getting awfully grown-up. But let's put the money away. I want to devote a lot of time to you."

THE END

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.



while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL...

Colgate's
miracle ingredient
makes it
doubly effective!



HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth... remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever

offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more!

Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAULOYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

FIRST OFFENSE



He had lived the scene a thousand times—how he had meant to call a cop and instead had gone



He had waited five years behind
bars, thinking of nothing but
the rookie cop whose lies had put him
there. Now, at last, he was free

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

Malcolm Rainey was released from prison on a morning in May when thick clouds drifted low and slow and there was a humid smell of earth and growth in the prison town. He had been permitted to phone his wife the evening before his release. There had been people in the office when he had phoned, and so he had tried to keep his voice level and factual, but Mary had been under no such restraint. She had tried to laugh at herself in the midst of tears, saying in a shaking voice. "I wasn't going to . . . be like this. I'll be there, darling. I'll be there."

The assistant warden had said, "You'll be reporting to Laurts. He's one of the best. He won't be on your back. And it's only for eighteen months."

Rainey had thanked him.

"I'm glad you adjusted the way you did, Rainey. What I said five years ago still goes. Don't work up a sweat. Let the ball bounce. Canelli was doing his job. I damn near believe your story. Suppose it's true. Should Canelli believe it? The jolt for armed robbery, even on a first offense, is stiff. It has to be. Don't go out with a con psychology. Canelli was a rookie. He was nervous. You had a gun in your hand, and he shot you."

"He got a medal," Rainey had said.

Now the phone rang. The assistant warden answered it, grunted, hung up. "That was the gate. Your wife is there."

"You settled me down. So I didn't have to do time the hard way. Have you got personal rules about shaking hands?"

"No. I did my job. You did your time. Good luck, Rainey. Don't come back."

"I won't come back."

The main gate had double doors. They were devised so the second one could not be opened until the first one was shut. A guard behind bulletproof glass controlled the area between the doors. The rain had started again. The old black Chevy coupe was parked across the street. He saw the pale blur of hair

through the wetness of the side window of the car as he stood, the first gate shutting behind him, and he was glad she was in the car so that this meeting would not be where the gate guards could watch them. He looked up at the guard behind glass. The man gave him a mock salute. The last gate opened. Rainey walked out. He walked to the car, feeling as though he were crossing a stage. She moved over. He got in behind the wheel.

She reached toward him. "Mal! Mal, darling . . ."

"Wait," he said. "Not here."

He did not want to look at her yet. He was aware of her next to him, the familiar perfume. He stalled the car, then started it. He went through the town and out beyond it on the highway that led to the city. He pulled over on a wide shoulder and yanked the hand brake on. He reached for her then, holding her tightly, her face in the hollow of his neck and shoulder, his eyes burning. She was warm against him, breathing warm against his throat, breathing more quietly as the long minutes passed. Then he held her away and kissed her and held her away again and said, "Hello."

"Hello, darling," she said. Five years had changed her. He had been aware of it on her visits. She had been twenty-seven when he went in. Five years showed in the texture of the skin under her eyes, in a deepening of lines that had been faint near the corners of her mouth. They had taken five of his years. He could resent that bitterly. But five years of her. That was the unforgivable part. Five years of the security he could have given her. All the little abrasions of uncertainty and loneliness. It would always be there, that sense of loss.

They drove on, and she told him how to find the apartment. It was very small. It had a bed that pulled down out of the wall and a matchstick screen to hide the kitchen part. But it gleamed. She had

into the darkened store alone.



Comma

FIRST OFFENSE (continued)

saved the best pieces of their furniture. There were cut flowers in two vases. There were three presents for him, in gay paper. He felt awkward as he untied them. There was a shirt, pale blue in a good soft flannel, new gray slacks in the second box, and a bottle of champagne, last of all. She found room for it in the small refrigerator, said, her back still turned, "This darn oven better work right this time. I put a little scrawny wretch of a turkey in there this morning before I left, all wrapped in foil and the heat turned to three hundred."

"Turkey and champagne. A celebration." Something in his voice was not quite right.

She turned quickly. "Why not, Mal? Why not?"
"I . . . I'm sorry, I don't know. It just seems . . ."

"Silly? Sentimental? I love you. You're my husband. You've been away, and you've come back. It could have been away to the wars, or off on a slow freighter around the world, or . . . I mean you're back. Don't I have a right? Mal, please, don't I?"

He went to her quickly and held her and said quietly, "I'm sorry. I've got rough edges. It isn't easy for either of us. I want to make it easier for you, not rougher."

"Me, too," she said in a small voice.

"So we celebrate," he said, the gaiety a bit forced.

It was a strange day. There were awkward silences. They did not want to talk of past or future. Slowly, for him, the apartment became a small, safe place, and it was good that it rained outside as though it would never stop. Their love-making was, in the beginning, queerly shy and stilted, as though they were strangers to each other, but then it became a bridge across five years, bringing them close and safe at last in remembered hungers.

The next day was Saturday, and she had taken the two days off from the store where she sold women's clothing. They slept late. The sun was out, bright across

the small table where they ate breakfast. He sensed, as he drank his coffee, that she would want to talk of the future. It made him resent her. Because he knew what he would have to tell her.

She tilted her head a bit, watching him, and started it in a way that surprised him. "Mal, I can't get all the way close to you. There's something sort of closed up in your mind. Like a door you've shut. Like you said last night, it's going to be difficult for us. So we'd better start as clean as we can. So you better tell me how you feel about everything."

He had meant to say it calmly, but it exploded in him so that the smash of his fist on the small table, the bounce and chatter of cups, were sounds he heard from far away. "He lied! He made a mistake and he lied, and they took five years out of my life. Just because he was a green cop. He was nervous. He didn't want to make a mistake. So he lied and got a medal."

"Mal! Please. You can't afford that."

He got up quickly, turned his back, hands shut tightly. "Good Lord, Mary, I've been over it ten thousand times in my head. The way they laughed at me when they questioned me in the hospital."

They had laughed as if he were telling a joke. To them, it had been a joke. He'd gone over it and over it for them:

"I was walking home from the gas station. I close it at midnight. There wasn't anybody on the street. I walked by that pawnshop. I saw the light move inside, and then it was dark. I walked on about twenty feet, and then I stopped. I wondered about the light in there. I wondered if somebody was robbing it. I should have called a cop. But I didn't. I thought if I was wrong I'd look like a fool. I went back and looked in. It was dark. There was a big iron grate over the door. I had the feeling there was somebody in there. I wondered why there wasn't any night light on. I seemed to half remember there always being a night light on. I took hold of the iron grate and pulled. It opened up."

"I should have gone away then and

called a cop. I tried the inside door. It swung open. I stood there, and all of a sudden I thought how I was silhouetted against the street lights. I moved inside and started to move over to one side to get away from the door. Somebody ran right into me. He was moving fast. I grabbed him. I guess you grab instinctively. We both went down. He dropped a mess of stuff. I heard it clatter around. He kicked me in the pit of the stomach. It knocked my wind out. I got up on my knees. I heard him running down the street. I could have chased him if he hadn't kicked me. I stood up. I stepped on something, and it broke under my foot. I took out my lighter. There were watches and rings and things on the floor. And there was a gun on the floor. I picked it up. I started to pick up the watches and things. I was afraid I'd step on them in the dark.

"I figured there would be a phone in the back someplace. I could call from there. I shoved the rest of the stuff on the floor into a pile with the side of my foot. I went back looking for the phone. It was inside a wire cage, in back of a counter. I saw it when I held the lighter up high. I went around behind the counter. I'd shoved some of the watches and things in my pocket to keep my hands free. I should have laid them down. I guess I was nervous. I was being a hero or something. I never thought about how it would look. Then somebody comes to the open door, and they put a big bright light in my face."

"And you raised the gun, Rainey."

"No. I started to say something. I think I said, 'Somebody broke in here and—' But I didn't get any further, because a gun went off and the bullet hit my chest and knocked me down. I hit my head when I went down, I guess."

"You ought to put that act in Hollywood. You ought to get an agent."

"He had no reason to shoot me."

"No, that's right. He was right unreasonable, wasn't he? Nice fella like you, gun in his hand, door busted, pry bar

He didn't look at her—just held her close to keep the bitterness from flooding out the love.



FIRST OFFENSE (continued)

on the floor, watches and diamond rings in your pocket, aiming your gun at a cop. You better see your alderman, Rainey. You've been imposed on."

"I tell you it was another guy. Look, I haven't got any record. I own a gas station. I own my own home. Where's my wife? Talk to her. Good Lord, this is a mess. It's a mistake."

"We've talked to your wife. You got a payment due on the station. You got a payment due on the house. You couldn't have covered them both."

"I was going to get an extension."

"You were walking home. And left your car at the station. Why?"

"There was a chatter in the back end I didn't like. I didn't want to run it until I had a chance to take it down."

"You're exciting the patient," the nurse had said.

"Where did you get the Luger, Rainey? When you were in the Third Army? Little souvenir?"

"I'm sorry. You'll have to leave."

It had been a nightmare, all of it. Mary, white-faced, grimly loyal. The lawyer she'd gotten for him, barely able to conceal his bored skepticism. The deal the lawyer had tried to make for him. But he would not plead guilty. He did not think it could be happening to him. It had not seemed real, even when Canelli had been on the stand, young and dark-haired and handsome, saying, "My partner and I were driving by. I spotted the light. It was his lighter flame. I told Gorman to pull over. I ran back. Gorman was behind me. The door was open. I'd grabbed a flashlight out of the car. I put it in his face. He pointed the gun at me. I fired first."

"The defendant says he spoke to you."

"He didn't say a word. He just aimed."

Canelli had gotten a citation from the department. Rainey had gotten six and a half years, the sentence prescribed by law for a first offense for armed robbery. He could not believe it. He still had the idea that all of a sudden the enormous mistake would be discovered and everybody would start shaking hands.

"Who were you talking to?" she asked.



But the big doors had closed behind him, and for a few months, knowing the station was gone, the house was gone, the good years were gone, he had been dangerously close to insanity. The assistant warden had straightened him out.

He could not forget what the lawyer had said. "Patrolman Canelli's testimony is what made the difference. If he had testified you had started to say something and had not pointed the gun, we would have had a chance. A small chance, but a chance. But he couldn't testify without sounding trigger happy. I think he actually believes you pointed the Luger at him. You can appeal. You can always appeal, but it is too open and shut. It won't work. You'll just spend money, get so deep in hock you'll never get out."

"Doesn't a clean record count at all?"

"Not in a case like this. For just breaking and entering, it might be a suspended sentence. But when you carry a gun, you're licked."

So at last he had made a stolid adjustment to the immutable fact of prison, the unchangeable days, the stone, the walls, the marching, the silences.

Now he was out, and coming back to life was a painful thing, like blood flowing into a leg that had been asleep too long.

He stood, his back to Mary, and said, "I want him to know what he did to me."

"Don't go near him. Please. Promise me you won't."

He didn't answer. And in that way, their first weekend together was flavored by tension. The strangeness came back. They walked in the sunshine in the city because that was something he had thought about doing. But something was spoiled. He sensed the fear in her. But it was blunted against the anger he had nurtured for five years. So there was no true closeness. He was a stranger. She wanted him to give up. But you could not give up and remain a man.

Monday morning he reported to Laurts, found him to be a mild round man, a pipe smoker, quiet and unexpectedly friendly. "You've got good friends, Mr. Rainey. It's a better job than most of

the men I deal with manage to land. And that wife of yours is special, too."

He appreciated being called Mr. Rainey. "How often do I report to you?"

"Come in and chat if you have anything on your mind. Any problem that bothers you. Let me know if you want to move or change jobs. I might look in on you at that trucking outfit sometime. I won't, though, if you think it would hurt you there."

"I don't mind."

"I want to give you as much freedom as I possibly can. The reports I have on you indicate I can do that. But I want to know one thing, Mr. Rainey. Do you think your sentence was just?"

"No, sir."

"Could you tell me why?"

"I was convicted because a cop lied. I was innocent."

Laurts examined the bowl of his pipe, tamped the coals with a yellowed thumb.

"I see. And just what do you intend to do about that?"

"Nothing. That's the way the ball bounced."

"You're not bitter about it?"

"Of course, I'm bitter about it. Wouldn't you be?"

"I guess I would be. Just why don't you want to do anything about it?"

Rainey shrugged. He hoped he was convincing. "What can I do? Beat him up? Kill him? Go back to jail? What's the use? I'm out now. I want to stay out."

Laurts gave him a long look. It made Rainey uncomfortable. "I really want to believe your adjustment is that mature, Mr. Rainey."

"It is. I had a long time to think."

"An innocent man in prison is one of the most dreadful things I can imagine, Mr. Rainey. But it happens sometimes. Usually when it happens it is due to an unfortunate physical resemblance, to false identification made in honest error. I went over your case carefully. I do that with every parolee."

"And what do you think, Mr. Laurts?"

"Do you want me to say what I think?"

Rainey closed his fist slowly. "I guess not."

"When do you go to work, Mr. Rainey?"

"I phoned Mr. Janson yesterday. I go over there right from here."

Laurts stood up and held his hand out. "Good luck on the job, Mr. Rainey. I should give you some sort of pep talk about not letting your wife down, or me down, or your friend Mr. Janson down. I'm sure you don't need or want that sort of thing. So just good luck."

Barney Janson was in his warehouse office. He came out and shook Rainey's hand and thumped him on the shoulder and led him back into the office and shut the door.

Rainey didn't sit down. He planted his feet and said, "Barney, look. I've got to get one thing straight. I appreciate what you're doing. The job offer helped get the parole. But if you think I did what they convicted me of, I can't stay here. I can't work here."

Janson looked at him with disgust. "Sit down, for heaven's sake. Your nerves are showing. Would I have testified as a character witness? Would I have gone to bat for you in every ineffectual way I could think of? I soldiered three years with you. You're not a punk with a gun. Sit down and shut up before I get sore."

Rainey sat down and let his breath out. He grinned at Barney. "Okay. I had to know. It looks like you've done pretty well while I've been out of circulation."

"We've got twenty trailers, fifteen tractors, most of them free and clear. Eight of the trailers are refrigerated. We've got some fat contracts, good drivers, good maintenance, and a lot of work ahead. The dispatcher is named Schubert. I'll put you with him for a while. That's the nerve center."

Schubert was a dry, cynical man. They got along well immediately. By the time Rainey went home that night, his head was spinning with new terms, new concepts. He had carefully planned how it was to be done. And close attention to the job was the first step. There had to be every outward appearance of adjustment. He knew he could deceive all the rest of them.

But not Mary. She knew. And it was

He turned away. "I'm going out. Don't get in an uproar." He banged the door behind him.

TRAVELLING?



Then you'll need the beautiful travel kits our Beauty Editor will send you filled with nationally-advertised beauty care samples! ONLY \$1.00! (see page 117)

Vacation Ideas

By EDWARD R. DOOLING

Where to go. How to enjoy yourself when you get there. The following vacation folders and maps will be sent free, on request (unless otherwise noted). Check those you want and fill out coupon below.

Variety Vacationland—North Carolina, 100-page "where and how" booklet with 200 illustrations. Complete information on scenic and sports vacation areas and visitors' accommodations from the Atlantic Coast's Outer Banks to the Great Smokies. Chapters on Festivals, Handicrafts, History, Camping. #2

Atlantic City Centennial . . . Illustrated booklet containing the complete schedule of Atlantic City's 1954 gala Centennial celebration events: parades, fireworks, Miss America contest, fishing and golfing contests, swimming and sailing races, historical events. Includes dining and accommodations information. #5

VACATION IDEAS—ROOM 407

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send "Vacation Ideas" ☐ ☐

Name

Address

City State

FIRST OFFENSE (continued)

something they did not talk about. It was a wall between them.

It was early June before he got to look over the terrain. He had found the name in the phone book and memorized the address. Arthur C. Canelli. Twelve Princeton Road. And he had found Princeton Road on a city map. It was one of the streets in a new development in the flats west of the city.

On a Saturday afternoon, Schubert asked him to drive into town and pick up some new forms from the printer. He took the pickup. He drove out and found Princeton Road, drove slowly by Number Twelve. It was a small cinder-block house, gray with blue trim, with a small, neat yard, a television aerial, a carport, a picture window. The neighboring houses were identical except for the color and the way they were placed on the lots.

He drove quickly into town and picked up the forms and went back to the terminal. Now that he had seen where the man lived, it all began to seem more clear in his mind. It was more possible to visualize what would happen and how it would happen.

During the following weeks, he placed a few phone calls from the terminal and a few from the apartment. In that way, he was able to determine Canelli's duty hours. He learned it was now Sergeant Canelli. He wondered how much the citation had had to do with the advancement.

From then on, it was a case of waiting. He had learned how to wait. He and Mary no longer had much to say to each other. He waited in a grayness of the spirit, in a grim need for satisfaction that excluded everything but the job and the waiting.

On a Sunday afternoon in late July, when he knew Canelli would not be on duty, he made another one of the calls to the Canelli home. And this time he had a strong hunch about the phone call. Canelli answered. He asked for Mrs. Canelli. "She's out right now. Can I have her call you? Who is this?"

"That's all right. I'll call back later. Thanks." He hung up.

Mary came out of the bathroom. "Who were you talking to?"

"I'm going out," he said.

She looked at him. "Mal. please."

"I'm just going out. Don't get in an uproar."

"Don't yell at me, Mal. Where are you going?"

He banged the door behind him, closing out the sight of her standing there, hugging herself as though she were cold. He did not want to think about her. He wanted to do a lot of thinking about Canelli. He parked the old Chevy on a parallel street. Houses were being built there. He got out of the car. It was a

hot day. He walked beside the piles of lumber and cinder blocks and approached the Canelli house from the rear. Knock on the back door. Move in on him the moment the door opened. Give the neighbors no chance to see anything.

There were some small trees growing along the property line. He had to stoop to go between two of them. The back end of the carport projected beyond the rear line of the house. In the corner it formed, a man squatted with flat stones and mortar, building a small terrace. He was a thickset man. Somebody Canelli had hired, Rainey guessed.

Another man sat on a low wall, smoking a cigarette. Both men wore grimy slacks, sweaty T-shirts. The man on the wall saw Rainey and said something to the man laying stone. The man laying stone turned around and looked at Rainey. Rainey's mouth went dry as he saw it was Canelli, a much heavier Canelli, rapidly balding.

Rainey stood, his heart thumping, waiting for the words he knew would come, waiting for trouble, cursing his own luck. But Canelli was looking at him without any recognition, looking at him with a mild curiosity as he said, "Hi, there."

Rainey walked slowly toward the two men, made himself smile stiffly, and said, "Hi." His voice sounded rusty.

"You going to be a neighbor?" the man on the wall said.

"I was thinking about it."

The man got off the wall. "My name is Hodge. Will Hodge. This is Art Canelli. He lives in this one. I live right across the street. I spend Sundays watching the neighbors work."

"My name is Jones," Rainey said. "Uh, Bob Jones."

Canelli wiped his hand on the side of his pants and shook hands. "These places are built pretty good, but they ask too much money for them. But it's quiet out here. Good for kids. You got kids?"

"No, I haven't."

"Haven't I seen you someplace?" Canelli asked.

"No, I don't think so," Rainey said, trying to smile casually. "I look like a lot of people."

Two kids came racing around the corner of the carport and a dark-haired boy of about five yelled to Canelli, "Can I give Georgie a Coke? Can I, Dad?"

"Go help yourself. But just one apiece. And don't bust anything getting them out, hear?"

The two children raced into the house. Canelli said, "I got to keep working before this stuff sets on me. You two guys can watch. Will, why don't you go in and get us some cold beer."

"I was waiting for that," Hodge said. He went into the house and came out in a few minutes with three cans of beer. He

gave one to Rainey and one to Canelli. Hodge looked at the small terrace and said, "If I wasn't so lazy, I'd build one myself. Where do you work, Jones?"

"Janson Trucking," Rainey said. It was the first thing that had popped into his mind.

Rainey wanted to leave and did not know how. His thought processes were dulled. Canelli was putting in the last few stones, working efficiently with the trowel. Hodge set his empty can on the wall and said, "I got to be getting home. Hope you move in the neighborhood, friend. You'll like it."

Rainey thanked him. A car drove in. Canelli was setting the last stone in place. "Judy!" he yelled. "Judy, come around and look." A pretty woman with dark-red hair came around the corner of the carport. A girl about three years old came with her and stood and stared solemnly at the stranger and then at the new terrace.

"It's lovely, dear," Mrs. Canelli said.

"This is Mr. Jones, honey. He's thinking of buying."

"You'll like it out here, Mr. Jones," she said. "Art, I think you've done a wonderful job. Is it all done?"

"Just got to even things up a little."

She smiled at Rainey and told him she was glad to meet him, and then she went on into the house with the small girl. Rainey had finished his beer. He set the can beside the empty can Hodge had left. He knew he could say, as Hodge had said, "I got to be getting home." And he knew he could not say it. He knew this was a turning point. He knew it was important, without knowing what would happen.

The trowel clinked on stone. Rainey stood by the wall, looking down at the man, at sweat beads on the balding head.

"Don't you know who I am. Canelli?"

He saw the thick hand lay the trowel down. Canelli straightened up slowly. He was no longer homeowner, terrace builder, neighbor. He stood up, and his face was quite still and he was all cop.

"I had a feeling about you. Who are you?"

"Rainey."

There was no change of expression. Canelli moved one foot slowly, getting more firmly planted. "Why did you come here? I heard you were out. I remembered what you yelled at me in court. Most of them do. It doesn't mean a thing."

"Doesn't it?"

"All you get here is trouble. All kinds of trouble."

"You gave me trouble. You gave me five years of it."

"You gave that to yourself, Rainey. I didn't give it to you." Canelli had more confidence. The jocular, patronizing confidence of the working cop.

"Now you change, Canelli. As Jones, I was okay. As Rainey, I stink."

"You're a con. I don't want cons around my home. I don't want any losers around here where the wife and kids are. I'm going to take you in and book you."

"For what?"

"Trespass, and anything else I can think of."

"Will you listen to me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I could have finished my beer and walked away, and that would have been the end of it. So you ought to want to know why I opened my mouth."

There was a flicker of uncertainty in Canelli's eyes. "What do you want to talk about? There's nothing you can tell me."

"It's something I want to ask you."

"What?"

"I want to know why you lied. I

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

...tested and proved in hospital clinics



New Improved
Vaginal Suppositories

NORFORMS

✓ TESTED by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED by Women



A Norwich Product

1. *Antiseptic* (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. *Deodorant* (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. *Convenient* (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

Also available
in Canada

Mail this coupon today

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CO-48
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to stop bleeding—without surgery.

In case after case, pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee. *Trade Mark

Corns ... Sore Toes, Tender Spots?

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!



Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only give you fast, nerve-deep relief... stop corns before they can start... remove corns one of the quickest ways known to medical science... but also ease new or tight shoes! No other method does all these things. So, insist on Dr. Scholl's!

Super-soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Baby Mok



READY FOR ASSEMBLY—IN THREE SIZES

Put it together yourself and save!! Packaged complete with easy instructions. Made of finest New Zealand soft lamb, chrome-tanned for extra strength in beautiful pearl white. Easy to clean. Makes an attractive, inexpensive gift. Small, Medium and Large—Specify size. Only 50¢ ppd. Profitable re-sale item at \$4.50 per dozen ppd.

WRITE FOR FREE 64 PAGE LEATHERCRAFT CATALOG AND INSTRUCTION BOOK

TANDY LEATHER CO. (Since 1919)

P.O. Box 791-8G Fort Worth 1, Texas

UNWANTED HAIR? IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Quick as a wink, superfluous hair eliminated. Completely removes all hair from FACE, arms and legs. Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.



Like magic, Milady's skin becomes adorable. For the finest down or the heaviest growth. Seems miraculous, but our 39 years experience proves it is the scientifically correct way. Odorless. Safe. Harmless. Simple to apply. Superior to ordinary hair removers. For 15 years Zip Epilator was \$5.00. NOW ONLY \$1.10. Same superior formula, same size. Good stores or by mail \$1.10 or C.O.D. No Fed. tax. Above guaranteed, money-back. **JORDEAU INC. Box H-14, SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.**

Wonderful SHAMPOO Also CURLS AND WAVES HAIR

Women who shampoo with exciting NEW Marlene's HAIR WAVING SHAMPOO award it the highest honors. Not only does Marlene's make hair shine with cleanliness; not only does Marlene's make hair soft, luxurious, easier to manage, with more body and lustre... but more important Marlene's actually CURLS and WAVES hair with each shampoo and set. Cleans, really beautifies, saves time and money. You have to wash your hair anyway, so next time try Marlene's.

At drug & cosmetic counters everywhere.

Embroider STAMPED LINENS SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE
MERRIBEE ART EMBROIDERY CO.
DEPT. 480 122 W. 21 ST. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

FIRST OFFENSE (continued)

wanted to find you here alone. I wanted to hammer the truth out of you. It didn't break that way. So I'm asking you. You took five years out of my life. You did it just so you could look better."

Canelli stared at him. "Are you nuts?"

"I nearly went crazy the first few months up there. It was close, but I didn't. I thought about you for five years. I kept wondering how one man could do that to another man."

"I caught you with the meat in your mouth. I fired before you did. What's all this about lying?"

"Look. There's just the two of us here. No witnesses. I can't prove anything one way or another. Just tell me you lied and tell me why you thought you had to."

"Brother, you may think you didn't go crazy up there."

Rainey looked at him, sensed the contempt, sensed the absolute and brutal honesty of the man, and saw how it had been with him. A man too keyed up to hear Rainey's first faltering words of explanation, too keyed up to see anything other than the gun, believing later it had been pointed at him. And he could not reach Canelli.

Suddenly Rainey was very tired. "I can't say anything to you, Canelli. There's no point in pleading my innocence any more. Nobody is ever going to really believe it except me and my wife. I was tried, convicted, sentenced. I've served time. I can't reopen the case. Do what you want with me. All I can tell you is this." He leaned closer to Canelli, and he spaced each word. "I've never stolen anything in my life."

"But I caught you there with—"

"I know. With a gun and a pocketful of loot. What difference does it make? Nobody can ever tell you different. My story was true. I thought you lied. I guess you didn't. I guess you believed what you said on the stand. It was the only chance I had."

"Why didn't you go away from here and catch me alone some other time? That was you on the phone, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. I watched you work. I saw your wife and kids. I got a good look at the way you are under all that rough-cop manner. I thought you might give me a break. I thought it might not hurt you now with the police because it happened five years ago. It was a mistake, I guess."

Canelli took out a handkerchief and mopped his face slowly. He shoved the handkerchief back in his pocket. He said slowly. "You get so you think in terms of angles. So what's your angle in coming here? I'm not asking you. I'm trying to think. The only way it can work out is if it *did* all happen like you said. But I don't want to think that. If I think

that, it means I was wrong and you were right. I don't want to think that. But I keep remembering I was pretty tensed up. I ran ahead of my partner because I was so damn scared. I had to run fast, because if I slowed down I wouldn't have gone in there at all. I swear you aimed that gun at me." He looked at Rainey.

"I was setting it on the countertop."

"It's . . . No, I can't go along with that."

"How about this, then. I needed money. That was shown in court. Okay, I'm not stupid. If I had decided to get money dishonestly, I had an easier way to get it."

"How?"

"Fake a holdup of my own station some night. Hide the cash and get a refund from the insurance. It's been done before. But I wouldn't do that. Not Rainey. Not the honest man. I just go to jail for five years for walking home."

Canelli went over and sat on the wall and mopped his face again. "I've wondered about some of the others sometimes. It's a bad thing to think about, sending a guy up if he's innocent. But I never thought it about you. That one was open and shut."

"And the one where it happened. The one time it happened just that way."

Canelli looked at him with sudden anger. "Go home. will you? Go on home. Get away from me."

Just before Rainey ducked under the trees, he looked back. Canelli was still sitting on the low wall. The three beer cans glinted in the sun. The trowel lay where Canelli had set it down.

Rainey went back to the apartment. Mary was in the one comfortable chair. She looked up as he came in.

"It's okay," he said harshly. "It's okay. Don't look at me like that."

He pulled the bed down out of the wall and stretched out. She did not move from the chair. Somebody near by was listening to the Sunday Philharmonic. It made him think of the five years' worth of Sundays in prison.

He did not know how long it was before he called her over. He pulled her down and put one arm around her. She felt rigid under his arm, alien and apart.

It was important to explain it to her. The words did not come easily. "Things . . . happen to people. Being alive means things happen to you. There was a friend of my dad's. A girder swung and hit him. He was out for nearly two years. They fed him with tubes. They kept him alive. After a long time, he came out of it. and it was another year before he was up and around. So who could he blame? Somebody gets polio. They live in an iron lung for years. So who put them there?"

"I don't know how to say it. I had to

blame somebody. It's hard. I've got to start thinking that it was just . . . a thing that happened to me. People get worse things. I'm not being Pollyanna. It happened. and I've got to live with it. That's all. There isn't anybody to blame. Not even myself for being stupid. I'm alive. I've got you. I've got to stop poisoning what I've got left. I saw Canelli. He didn't lie. I can't beat him up and march him up to God and twist his arm until he confesses. I've got to live the best way I can."

He heard the small sound she made and turned toward her. He saw she was crying, almost silently.

"Hey!" he said softly. "Hey, there!"

"I'm all right. I just . . . waited so long for this to happen. and I thought . . . it never would. I thought you'd . . . go back there again."

"I won't go back," he said, and this time he knew he wouldn't. He knew he'd outgrown the taste for the dramatic kind of happy ending. and in doing so, had learned there could be another kind.

A little over a week later, he came home and found Canelli sitting in front in a car waiting for him. Canelli asked him to get in and listen for a minute. Rainey got in beside him. Canelli looked straight ahead, tapping his fingers on the horn ring lightly.

"One way I can get it straightened out in my mind. Rainey. I can look up the arrest records. I can find who was picked up later. I can check it through the MO. I can find the people who were picked up for other things. I can make deals. A cop can always trade time for information. All he has to do is admit he was there. It might not work. It might take a lot of time and still never come to anything."

"I'm glad you're going to do it."

"I wasn't going to tell you I was going to do it. I've talked it over with my wife a dozen times. She said I should tell you I was doing it. I said I didn't want to get your hopes up. She said you maybe needed to know I was doing it because it would mean something to you."

"It's a good thing to know."

"Don't get your hopes up. It was a long time ago. They don't even remember the places they try to tap."

"Thanks, Canelli."

The man looked at him then with suppressed fury. "Don't you thank me for a thing. Don't even talk to me. Get out."

Rainey got out. Canelli drove off, pushing the car hard. Rainey watched him wrench it around the distant corner. And he saw Mary come around the same corner, walking home from work. She saw him and waved. He waited for her so they could go up the stairs together.

THE END

YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING FOR THE MODERN ANGLER AND HUNTER IN THE SUPERB MONTHLY SPORTS AFIELD MAGAZINE AND THE OUTSTANDING SPORTS AFIELD ANNUALS



SPORTS AFIELD

"The Authority for Fishing and Hunting". . . Acclaimed by hunters, anglers and outdoor enthusiasts everywhere for . . . its broader coverage of all phases of fishing, hunting and outdoor living . . . its literate and thoughtful treatment of all these subjects . . . its high calibre writers and artists, as well as its top quality paper, printing and color work! . . . on sale about the 25th of every month. Only 25¢ at all magazine stands.



The Grand New, Brand New SPORTS AFIELD

DOG ANNUAL

goes on sale September 1st! We are confident this Annual will be acclaimed by dog lovers everywhere as the finest publication of its kind ever presented. Prepared under the direction of SPORTS AFIELD'S world-famous Sporting Dog Editor, Henry P. Davis, this DOG ANNUAL contains an all-inclusive array of expertly written, handsomely illustrated features on all breeds of dogs. It includes valuable guidance on all phases of dog care. From both an editorial and artistic standpoint it is absolutely tops! 50¢ in U. S. 60¢ in Canada.



The Big 1955 Edition of the SPORTS AFIELD

GUN ANNUAL

will bring loud cheers from sportsmen everywhere who know and appreciate guns. Pete Brown, SPORTS AFIELD'S famed Gun Editor, has outdone himself in preparing this grand 1955 GUN ANNUAL. There are fascinating features on Center Fire and Rim Fire Rifles, on Shotguns and Handguns, on Sights and Mounts. There is comprehensive coverage of firearms legislation and firearms identification, as well as ballistic tables and descriptions of gunners' accessories. It's sure to score a bull's-eye with sportsmen from coast to coast. On sale September 10th. 75¢ in U. S. 85¢ in Canada.

The Handsome 1955 Edition of the SPORTS AFIELD

HUNTING ANNUAL

will be available on the newsstands of the nation on August 27th. Here's a "must" for hunting enthusiasts everywhere. From its eye-catching front cover by Reno Biondi to its very last page, this grand new 1955 Edition of the SPORTS AFIELD HUNTING ANNUAL is absolutely tops in both quality and quantity. The HUNTING ANNUAL has proved to be one of the most popular publications ever produced by SPORTS AFIELD, and this new 1955 Edition beats them all! Its large page size permits magnificent display of the beautifully illustrated, authentic articles on every phase of hunting. On sale August 27th. 50¢ in U. S. 60¢ in Canada.



Get your copy of SPORTS AFIELD every month at your favorite magazine dealer. Ask him to reserve your copy of these outstanding SPORTS AFIELD ANNUALS. If he cannot supply you, write to:

SPORTS AFIELD

250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"I'm to Blame That: My Husband Died Too Young"

BY JANE LINCOLN

The typical American bride goes to the altar facing the prospect of eight years of widowhood.

At fifty-six, half of all American wives who will become widows have lost their husbands. And at this age, only six women in a hundred remarry. The other ninety-four face twenty-two lonely years.

Why? Why do we hear of men dropping out in

what should be the prime of life? Why, as we advance through the middle years, are we shocked again and again by the sudden death of a friend who had "everything to live for," who was only fifty-six, or fifty-two, or forty-eight? And why are these so often, so overwhelmingly, the men?

Here is the answer of a woman who writes . . .

My darling Sister,
I saw how shocked you were when I said it. I know you almost decided not to get on the plane, even though you had to get back to Marty and the girls. It was dreadful of me to spring it on you then, when there was no time to explain. But I wasn't hysterical, as you must have thought. In fact, I have never seen things so clearly before.

I Want Others to Understand

Anne, I did kill Henry. I killed him as surely as if I'd poisoned him. That is what I must face—not morbidly, but because at last I understand it, and because I want you to understand it. It's terribly important. To you, and to the others whose husbands are still alive.

I thought I was a good wife to Henry; I thought so until the moment they told me he was dead. At his desk, at work, a few minutes after he fell over his papers. It was very easy, they said; he had no pain. The kind of death everyone hopes for. But oh, Anne, it was so soon, so early. Forty-eight years old, Anne!

When they made Henry manager of the office—it was six years ago, you remember, just before you left for California—we felt positively rich. Two thousand dollars more a year! Almost my

first thought was he could give up the extra work he'd been doing at home for so long, the bookkeeping for that plumbing firm in the next office. It was supposed to be "just temporary," to help pay the hospital bills when Timmy was born. Somehow, we never had found the right time to give it up.

But *even now*, Henry pointed out giving it up would put a huge hole in that big raise. "I'll hardly feel like I've been promoted," he said. "Let's really enjoy our prosperity for just a little while. There are so many things we've been wanting to do."

I didn't argue too much. It was true, as Henry said, the extra work didn't seem to bother him. And there *were* lots of things we needed. Barbara was eleven, and it was time to start having her teeth straightened. Also, we'd been hoping the jalopy wouldn't fall apart before we could get another.

You probably thought we were extravagant to get a brand-new car. I know I did. That's one extravagance I don't regret, though, Sis. We had almost decided on a used car that seemed in very good condition, but Henry kept dragging me back to look at the new one. When we got it, he didn't just enjoy having it; he gloated over it. And wasn't I glad we had bought it? And I *was* glad,

even if I laughed at him. I'm more so than ever, now.

Next, it was my Persian coat—because after all, a fur coat is really an economy, it wears so well. And the television set. Oh, we've bought such a lot of things since then that were "really economical," or just plain sensible, or quite necessary. The reasons were all very good—at the time.

It added up, though, and Henry's wonderful raise seemed to disappear.

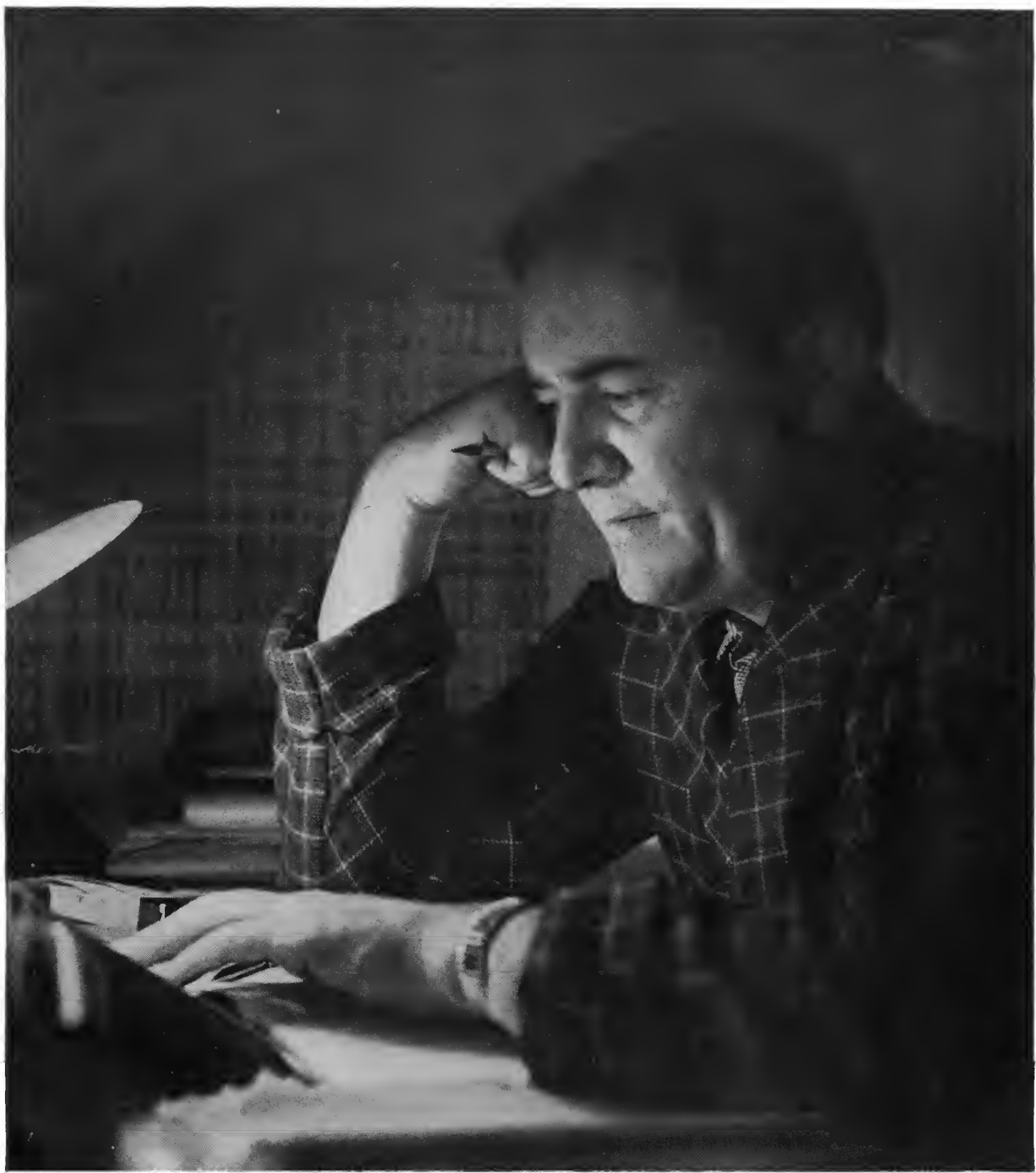
It wasn't that I nagged, Sis. I didn't. I didn't have to. And what fooled me and blinded me was that most of what I wanted wasn't for myself. That's what I thought then, anyway. Why shouldn't Barbara have a formal for the junior prom? All the other girls would. How could we refuse to get Timmy a new bike, one with hand brakes and gears, like some of the other kids had?

That was the winter Henry's "indigestion" began to bother him a little. He hardly ever mentioned it; he would just take some bicarb. If I asked him about it, he'd say it was only a slight discomfort. Nothing much.

His "Indigestion" Seemed Trivial

It didn't worry me. It even annoyed me a little, as if it were a reflection on my cooking, as if he were fussing about

(continued)



ON JUNE SEVENTH, Rudolf Sittler, a successful Long Island businessman, was forty years old. That same week he read the manuscript of our article (opposite) about an average American businessman who died at the age of forty-eight. Mr. Sittler saw his own life mirrored in the story. Shocked, he discussed the matter with his wife, then called *COSMOPOLITAN* and offered himself and his family as models of a typical family headed for needless tragedy, to illustrate our article. "Just where," says Sittler, "did I think I was going?" Above, after an exhausting day, Sittler struggles with his accounts far into the night.

Whether you earn \$5,000 or \$70,000 a year, the problem is the same—where to draw the line when the pressure of business begins to cut in on your margin of life

something really trivial. It's only now that I realize those attacks really didn't seem to have much to do with what he'd had to eat.

Anne, you know how often we've mentioned in our letters that someday, somehow, I'd get out to California to see you. It was something for me to dream about, something that needed a little miracle to come true.

Once, during a radio commercial advertising special plane fares, I caught an expression on Henry's face, a secret, thoughtful look. And I remember I'd been thinking, "Oh, if there were only some way we could manage it!" We never

discussed it, but I know it was on Henry's mind.

He Worried About Our Savings

And yet, we were getting along all right. We weren't in debt, as so many people seem to be without even minding. But we certainly weren't saving anything, either. That bothered him; he tried not to show it, but it did. He'd hoped to buy savings bonds every month with part of his raise, and I thought it was a good idea, too—someday. But it was always "not right now," not until we do this or that.

Like doing over the living room. I'd

set my heart on new slip covers and a paint job. I wrote you about it, remember? The room hadn't been changed since we were married. But I couldn't make slip covers on the old sewing machine; it was practically falling apart. So a new one would really be a good investment. And the material wouldn't amount to much. I had all the figures: I'd been shopping for days.

"Why can't I try to do the painting?" Henry said. "I may not be allergic to paint any more."

I thought that was ridiculous. Of course, it would make him sick; it always had. Besides, I'd rather do without it



THE SITTLETS AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN live in a twelve-room, \$30,000 house on an acre of land. They own two cars. Each year the family has more possessions. Sittler works longer hours, and new "necessities" appear. Last winter he spent a month in Florida. "Even that," he says, "was partly business." The man Sittler most admires is a seventy-five-year-old boatbuilder with the courage to turn down jobs in favor of free time. Sittler and his friends feel they'll never get that old.



SITTLER SELDOM HAS TIME FOR A HAIRCUT. Up at six, he catches the seven-fifty-seven to New York. As head of his own business he employs thirty-three people and must meet pay rolls, competition, deadlines. He takes the six-seven home. Weekends, he sometimes has to borrow a neighbor's plane and fly to Connecticut or Pennsylvania when clients' business demands sudden, quick action. About a year ago his ankles began to swell and he developed splitting headaches.

than have an amateurish job, and I told him so. "You know you're no good at that sort of thing," I said. "And it's getting so shabby. I hate to have people come to see us."

"If It Will Make You Happy"

He didn't see it that way. "It looks just comfortable to me," he said. "But go ahead if it will make you happy."

I keep remembering that conversation. Anne, I didn't know it made any particular impression at the time, but I keep remembering it now. The most important thing to Henry was always those last six words, "if it will make you happy."

Timmy had his tenth birthday that fall. That was when you sent him the football he was so crazy about. He and Henry went across to the park a couple of times on Sundays so Tim could practice kicking, and each time when they came back, he'd tease his dad about getting winded so easily. Henry said he probably didn't get enough exercise, and after a few times he told Tim to pick on someone his own size.

I didn't know he'd seen the doctor until Dr. Brett talked to me last week—when it was all over. I guess I gave him a bad

time for a few minutes; I felt he should have warned me before it was too late.

"Henry made me promise not to," Dr. Brett answered, after I'd calmed down a little. "I warned him I wouldn't keep that promise if it turned out to be anything serious. But, Jane, it wasn't. It was the kind of thing a doctor sees every day. A tired man. Blood pressure a little too high, packing a little too much weight, trying to keep up with a ten-year-old youngster when he hadn't had a bit of exercise in years. Of course, he was out of breath. He mentioned indigestion, but that might have been a lot of things besides his heart. It was a condition to watch, not something to worry about. I told him to take it easy, get more rest, cut down on cigarettes and coffee, take off a few pounds, and come back in a month or two. He said he would, but I never saw him again until they sent for me at his office."

I should have known Henry was worried about himself. There were signs. Every so often he'd come home from work and tell me So-and-so had died. He'd be looking a little grim and sickish, and he'd barely pick at his dinner, although sometimes he'd hardly know the

man. And almost always, Anne, it *was* a man, a middle-aged man, and he'd died suddenly. That's why I say I should have known.

What did strike me was the way he took the news about Jim Hogan. I'm sure you've heard us speak of Jim. We hadn't seen the Hogans for years, but of course, we'd heard about them occasionally. Jim was the big success of our high-school class—the boy who really made good. He had his own advertising agency, and his wife drives one of those little sport cars.

When I told Henry that Jim had been taken to the hospital with a heart attack, that they didn't know if he'd ever be able to work again, Henry turned absolutely green. "Even Jim," he said, "with all the money he's made."

He Refused to Call the Doctor

Henry was sick that night. He didn't want any dinner, but he saw how that upset me, so he ate anyway. When I heard him get up during the night, I knew I shouldn't have insisted he eat. I was frightened, but he kept saying it was nothing, he was feeling better; he begged me not to call the doctor. And like a fool, I let him have his way. I walked up and



IN HOMBURG AND BUSINESS SUIT, Sittler grabs ten minutes with his son Peter Lane, twelve, before leaving for work. Sittler married at twenty-one, has worked ever since, carrying more responsibility each year. His executive friends share his problem—how to slow the merry-go-round without getting off.



A MEMBER OF THE YACHT CLUB, Sittler owns this forty-foot pleasure boat, a racing sailboat, and five other craft. Sittler originally wanted a sailboat, but social pressures changed things. He dreams of spending the weekend sailing, but seldom has the time. Here he watches wistfully as his family takes off.

"My Husband Died Too Young" (continued)

down outside that bathroom door. Anne, and listened to him retching, and wept because I had nagged him into this. But even then I wasn't really worried about him. It was just a stomach upset, nothing really serious.

He was soaked with perspiration and ghastly pale when he came back to bed. But he seemed to fall asleep in a little while, and in the morning he was impatient when I begged him to stay home and take it easy. "Please don't worry about me, honey," he said. And I didn't.

I didn't even fuss when he suggested we postpone our vacation this July. The reason was to have been a surprise to you. Henry's plumbing-supply clients were combining with another firm. Setting up their new books meant a chance to make an extra \$250. Would I mind not going up to the lake, to Pierson's, as scheduled? The kids could go away for their two weeks: Tim to Scout camp and Barbara to visit her friend Edith, as we'd planned. There'd be just the two of us home, so that would be sort of a vacation. Then, say in October, if Cousin Helen would take the children to stay with her, we might take a little trip. How would I like—CALIFORNIA!

How could I resist the chance to see you at last? It would only mean postponing Henry's vacation a couple of months. I try to tell myself it didn't make any difference, it didn't change anything. Perhaps it didn't, perhaps it was already too late. Still, I can't help remembering how Henry used to look forward to his two weeks of doing nothing, and what wonders it always did for him.

You know, Anne, that Henry was the most considerate man who ever lived. And the most generous. He couldn't bear to refuse us anything. We all knew he was a softy. We all joked about it and took advantage of it.

Don't think I'm forgetting the pleasure he got out of our splurges. The proud tears he tried to hide when Barbara came downstairs in her new dress for the prom, the proud smile he didn't try to hide when everybody told us how beautiful the new living room was. Men can't resist the pleasure of giving and the fun of having any better than we can. Perhaps not as well, when it's all mixed up with their pride, with being the head of the family.

The Wife Must Draw the Line

But isn't it up to us—the women who want to be wives, not widows—to draw a line for their families, to recognize the danger they're running? Isn't it up to us to keep the burden of supporting the family a safe one, one that won't strain a man's heart—even a heart as big as Henry's?

I don't mean we should live in fear, or spoil life in order to live longer. I don't think we should turn our backs on dishwashers or pretty clothes. But we ought to be very sure of the cost, very sure we don't pay more than we intend.

A Man's Income Doesn't Matter

You know, it's strange that it doesn't seem to matter if your man is paying a twenty-per-cent or a sixty-per-cent income tax. (Jim Hogan had a second heart attack about a month before Henry died.) Whatever bracket you're in, there's always something just out of easy reach that looks so important. All it takes is a little more juggling, a few more hours of work. For some families it's a new Cadillac; for others, a secondhand Ford. But the price in husbands and fathers is the same.

I know what you're going to say, Anne, that I couldn't have known, that nothing would have mattered. Dr. Brett tried to tell me the same thing.

How can I believe it?

I'm not foolish enough to think I should have guessed Henry's heart was weakened, when even the doctor found nothing alarming. But don't you see my fault, my very great fault, was in not using ordinary common sense—the kind that should be instinctive when you love a man? If you love him more than possessions or appearances, your own or your children's.

Shouldn't any woman realize that a man needs time to be lazy, needs to be able to pay his bills without lying awake at night figuring how to do it, needs someone to stand between him and too much pressure?

How can I believe it was right for me to let Henry hurry through dinner to get to work on his books? Smoking constantly, and drinking extra coffee so he wouldn't get sleepy and make mistakes. Getting to bed late and overstimulated, so he'd have to read for an hour or more before he could fall asleep.

Henry was doing just the things doctors say a man with a bad heart shouldn't do. Things that must be wrong for even a healthy man. That's what I should have realized; that was my job, that's every wife's real job. There's more to taking care of a man than feeding him, and keeping his clothes in order, and loving him, and laughing at his jokes.

We ought to decide, we women, what we want. I think each of us should make up her mind whether she wants to live on her husband's income or on his life insurance.

I don't have that choice any longer, but you do. That's why I wrote this.

Jane

THE END



ALL SET FOR GOLF AT THE CLUB, he gets an emergency business call that wipes out his weekend. If it didn't happen to him, it would happen to his golf partner. Sittler has discovered that Martinis don't help his growing tension. The only place he finds he can really relax is in church on Sunday morning.



THREE WEEKS AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN, Sittler had dieted himself to better health, and lost sixteen pounds. Proud of his business abilities, he will keep on developing them, but he and his wife are now readjusting their values and recharting their course so they can enjoy more time together.



From Cosmopolitan illustrations

How to Draw a Beautiful Face

Jon Whitcomb's art secrets can be used to make your pretty face even lovelier



JON

Not long ago, twelve magazine illustrators put their respective heads together and decided to create a non-resident art school available to anybody with a mailing address. It was christened the Famous Artists School, Inc. I am one of the dozen who worked far into the night for a year to build an art course based on the theory that the best tipster on a horse race is

the horse. We felt the quickest way to learn art is to get chummy with working artists. Since all of us—Al Dorne, Fred Ludekens, Norman Rockwell, Al Parker, Ben Stahl, Harold Von Schmidt, Stevan Dohanos, Robert Fawcett, Peter Helck, the late John Atherton, Austin Briggs, and I—were plugging away at busy careers, that year was a tough one. But what came out of it has turned out to be a smash hit with thousands of students all over the world, and I thought you might like to take a peek

at one of the lessons. So here is a COSMOPOLITAN scoop on a section I contributed on faces.

Faces This part takes you over the jumps from the standpoint of a magazine illustrator, a point of view not much different from that of a cosmetics expert or a movie make-up man. To these authorities, any face (with the possible exception of Elizabeth Taylor's) is a rough sketch, something to be improved on and

idealized. Your face, naturally, is not your fault, but it has to be lived in and exhibited to your friends. There are a number of angles to the idealization of a face in magazine drawings that every girl should know.

First of all, fashions in faces aren't permanent. Take a look at old movies on TV. You'd hardly recognize the 1954 Gloria Swanson or Merle Oberon from those 1935 flickers on the "Late Late Show." After World War I, the vamp and flapper waxed and waned. Now they're burlesque types. Just before World War II, we had above-the-knee skirts and below-the-shoulder glamour bobs. Since then, the trend has been steadily toward longer skirts and shorter hair, with heavy make-up giving way to more natural eyes and lips. Nowadays, girls are frankly well-scrubbed and invisibly made up. There is a feeling that plain-looking girls are pretty much their own fault. American dentistry can overcome practically any irregularity of teeth. Plastic surgeons turn out ideal little noses for faces ranging from modest to outrageous. Eyebrows can be disciplined, and the hair-dye people can supply almost any color under the sun. Since magazine illustrations deal almost exclusively with heroines of flawless beauty, let's analyze the pretty face.

Eyes The most important feature of the eye is the iris. For some reason, girls with irises a little larger than usual look prettier. This is a critical measurement. When I draw a pretty girl, I sometimes spend a long time making the irises smaller and larger until they look just right. The current fashion in eyelashes is to emphasize the top row from about the center of the iris to the outside corner, and to minimize the lower lashes. The lashes should be somewhat uneven and of varying lengths. This is critical. If too long, they look false. If too short, the eye looks too plain. If too dark, the girl looks too heavily made up. Depending on the lighting, they cast their own shadows, and I usually try to indicate that. In the movies, eyelashes take a faintly Oriental curve upward at the outside corners. While seldom found in nature as standard equipment, this touch is a valuable device for widening small eyes or eyes placed too close together. In addition, it gives a cheerful look. Never draw eyes that match. They are not found in real life and don't look quite right drawn that way. There can be subtle differences between the two eyes of any one person, either in size, iris, slant of lids, or the indication of skin folds above and below. This is especially important in indicating certain expressions, such as sadness, quizzicality, or delight. This is the reason

the practically symmetrical faces occasionally encountered in real life fail to be entirely satisfying.

Eyebrows The eyebrows should never be identical, either. They're the easiest things on a face to manipulate for expression. For a pretty girl, the brows are usually a generous distance above the eye. If they aren't, she may look sinister or hillbillyish or scowling. They should never be plucked into a thin line. Hairline eyebrows aren't hot stuff just now. Unless the girl is an exotic brunette, with coal-black eyes, I prefer eyebrows fairly light in tone, never as dark as the lashes or hair. (If you lighten your hair, remember this.) They can be arched, or peaked, or just slightly curved, but in general they are wider toward the nose and taper toward the ear. Raising one at a time is a handy trick for a whole gamut of expressions, from simple inquiry to stern indignation. Generally speaking, the slightly uneven brow makes a pretty face interesting.

Noses The nose does not contribute much to a change of expression, but it is the single most important item in a pretty face. If the nose is ugly, little can be done with mouth and eyes to improve the score. Not many people notice when a nose is good, but everyone senses the effect of a bad nose without quite knowing why. The nose of a pretty girl must not be extremely long, short, or wide. It can turn up a little but not down. It should be right in the middle and not lean to port or starboard. Some very pretty girls look fine from the front but not from the side. Or they have what's called a "good side." This is usually due to the nose. This is fortunate, in a way, for illustrators. A slight twist to a nose, or a bit of extra length at the tip, and you have a character study rather than a straight face drawing. A chiseled nose with sharp angles adds age; the young have rounded planes, with a slight tilt at the end. In general, the shorter the nose the younger the effect.

Mouths The mouth of a pretty girl is practically never visible without make-up. For a number of years, the generous mouth has won out over the thin-lipped variety, and lipstick makes it easy for the girl with either type to paint on a standard mouth. Cupid's bows are out, and mouths are painted in a full circle, depending on the size, right around the corners. Fashions in color run from dark wine to pale cerise, but the most becoming shades lie somewhere in the clear-red part of the spectrum. My own

(continued)



preference is for no shine. I seldom like the wet-lipped appearance achieved with highlights. This means that the mouth is usually painted in a flat, over-all tone, with a suède-like finish.

Chins, Ears The chin is a negative feature, like the nose. Lack of chin makes a face look weak and moronic. If the chin is firm and adequate, nobody will notice it. When too prominent, it makes a girl look witchlike. In young girls, the chin is rounded in profile; the more pointed it gets, the more the apparent age increases. Some chins are divided vertically down the middle with a faint cleft: this can be attractive in women if not overdone. In men, of course, it is a major attractive feature.

The classical measurement for ears is the length of the nose, when measured

around the head on a great-circle route. On girls, I usually draw ears a little smaller than they should be, and pinker. They shouldn't stick out very far, of course, unless you are trying to show a tomboy.

Foreheads are supposed to denote intelligence when high, a lack of I.Q. when low. Unless a girl's forehead is obscured by bangs or a hat, the higher the forehead the younger the face looks. In profile, the forehead should show a softly rounded line, not too slanted.

Necks also indicate age. The width of the neck, from all angles, is a quick index to age. The very young have tiny, smooth necks. Increase the width slightly, and watch the years pile up.

Hands Next to faces, people seem to notice hands most in illustra-

tions. Some quarters hold that hands are a better indication of character than faces. Even if they aren't, hands come in for considerable attention from illustrators because they appear frequently for close-ups in both editorial and advertising pictures. Cosmetics, cigarettes, soft drinks, liquor, and jewelry are some of the products that demand expertly drawn hands.

A woman's nails are drawn in a fat oval, broader at the base than at the tip. Nail polish gives an accent you can't rely on if the nails are to be rendered *au naturel*. Me. I hope red lacquer stays in style indefinitely. A woman's nails are always stretched a bit in drawings. Of course, they look silly if they're *too* long. Here again, clear reds are preferred; but one of the new tricks is an opalescent silver very becoming to long, thin fingers.

What Makes a Man Handsome

Yes, a mere man can use his assets to better advantage, too

From a *Cosmopolitan* illustration



Unlike the standards for women, accepted types of male charm have not altered spectacularly over the years. Still, there are subtle differences. A generation ago, an illustrator named Leyendecker achieved a historical peak singlehandedly with the Arrow Collar Man. Next the rugged pan of Clark Gable summed up the public's taste, concurrently with an aviation hero named Lindbergh. Right now the magazine trend

seems to be toward The Wholesome Boy Next Door, represented in the movies by Robert Wagner. His clothes are loose and comfortable, his hair is parted on the side, his teeth are white and perfect, his face does not show many deep lines but looks rather as though he has a perpetual tan and plays a lot of tennis. He is generally dark when the heroine is blonde, and vice versa: his chin and mouth are strong and determined, and the planes of his face are frankly chiseled into the current high-boned, lean look.

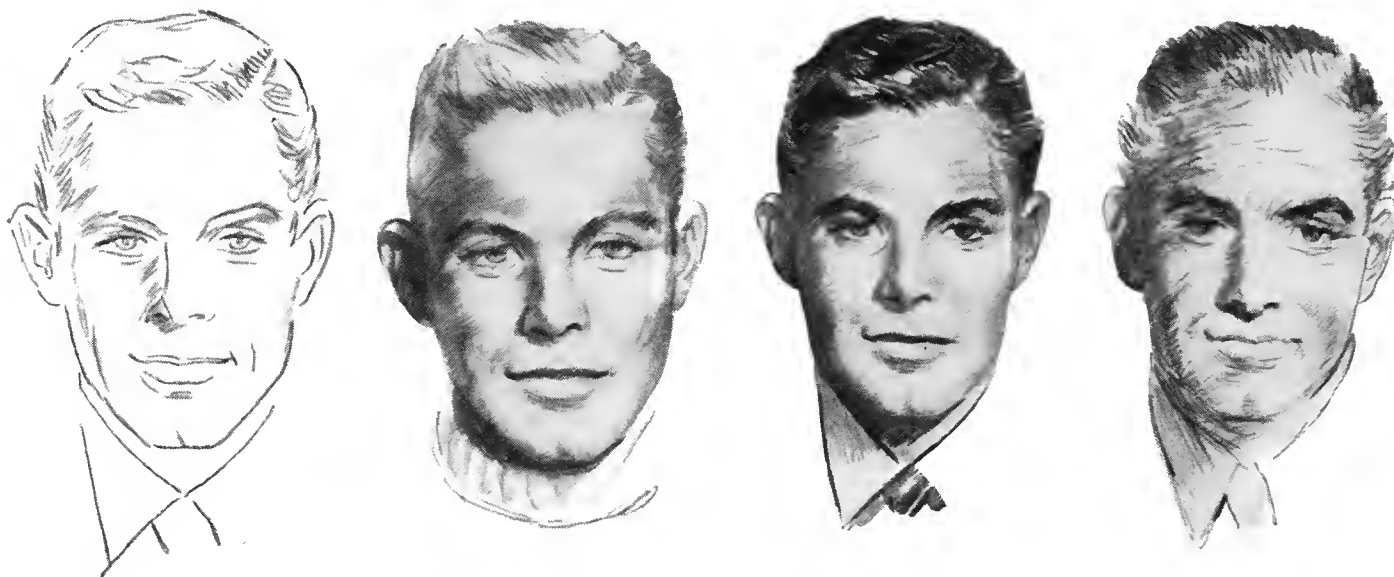
He almost never has a mustache. Right now he prefers a belt to suspenders, and if he wears glasses, he removes them for love scenes. His sideburns end one third of the way down past his ear. His eyebrows incline to the bushy side. He may have a crewcut, especially in college stories, but under no circumstances, unless the author specifies it, is he to look as though he has forgotten to get a haircut. His forelock is likely to be unruly, and in many illustrations a mysterious wind seems to blow it down over his eyes, even indoors. (This may be out of style next year.)

Eyes are blue or gray more often than brown or black. The general effect is Scandinavian and blond rather than dark and Latin-looking. Don't ask me why. Authors, as a class, seem to go for sandy hair. Today the most popular male type

in fiction is blond, light of eye, and outdoorish-looking.

His Age The small alterations in features discussed in regard to the drawing of girls' faces do not apply to men. On the whole, getting masculine qualities into a face involves sharpening planes instead of softening them.

An illustrator has to hit ages on the nose. When the author says the hero is thirty-one, the artist must show the man to be obviously thirty-one, not twenty-six or forty-seven. The model is seldom the exact duplicate of the man in the story, so you must know how to change details so your people will look like the fictional characters. In aging a man, these items make the difference: gray hair, progressing to white; receding hairline; longer nose and ears; bags under eyes—sometimes in terrace formation; mouth less firm; less color in lips; brown skin pigment in spots; deepening lines in forehead and cheeks; jowls or dewlaps under jaw; multiplying chins; a neck that widens and then shrinks in old age; taller collars. To rejuvenate, reverse the process. To make a thirty-one-year-old man younger, concentrate on the following features: more hair and a lower hairline, shorter nose, smaller ears, no lines under eyes except laugh lines, mouth firmer,



Masculine quality in a man's face involves sharpening angles rather than softening lines.

lips fuller and with more color, smooth forehead. A clear, unbloodshot eye is an immediate indicator of youth. So is a clear skin and a relaxed expression.

Clothes The changes in men's styles are so imperceptible it's hard to see much difference from year to year. But it's there. In general, the trend is toward brighter color in accessories. Play clothes are increasingly accepted by men who a short time ago wouldn't have dreamed of appearing in public in orange shirts or red jackets. Evening clothes are undergoing a snail's-space revolution. Summer formal jackets can now be almost any color, from white down through pale blue, gray, tan, and maroon. Dress ties are currently seen in bright colors, even in the winter. Tails are vanishing. Like women's clothes, men's fashions go in cycles, although much longer ones. When my father was in college, he wore turtle-neck sweaters. The turtle neck is now back again for both sexes.

Fashions in business clothes seem to be pretty uniform all over the United States. The only difference I can see between big-city and small-town customs is that in large cities men do not have a crease pressed into their sleeves. This is the English influence: men's haberdashery stems from London the way women's styles originate in Paris. The British way of cutting clothes loose enough to be comfortable is the basis for most American tailoring. For models, I like men who look easy in their clothes. Some men don't, having a talent for the rumpled look. The late Heywood Broun, for example, was once described as looking like an unmade bed. Some common faults are jacket sleeves too long to show any shirt cuff, trousers too long to break properly over the shoes or too short to conceal enough sock, or a collar that has no affinity for the owner's neck. Also a

loud shirt with a loud tie, or a color scheme that fights with itself. If you are drawing a well-dressed man, these are things to avoid. To show a sloppy character, forget a button here and there, leave the creases out of his pants, mismatch the tie and shirt, and make everything too long, too short, or ill-fitting. A well-dressed man dresses down: most men hate to be conspicuous; a quiet, com-

fortable look is the mark of good taste.

And there you have a condensed sample of an art course that took twelve busy artists a year to dope out. I hope you snagged a few bright ideas out of these remarks on drawing faces. As for me, I'm not at all happy with mine. I'd much prefer to be a blond with a lean, chiseled jaw line. **THE END**

From a Cosmopolitan illustration



No matter what the reason for a man in a picture he should be warm and human.



Murder in White Ink

*Someone claimed to love Dana Monteagle—even put her passion
in writing. And someone hated him enough to want him dead.
But most baffling of all, they might both be the same person*

BY CHARLES HOFFMAN ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

He walked into his office, sat down at his desk, leafed through his morning mail, and found the envelope.

It was square and blue and could have been an advertisement, except that few advertisements are addressed in a feminine hand in white ink, and have *Personal* underlined across the lower left-hand corner. Fewer still are scented with perfume. And practically none at all contain the message he found when he slit open the envelope with a little ornamental dagger and withdrew the blue paper:

After last night, darling—and regardless of the consequences—I can never let you go.

It, too, was written in white ink, and signed with a long slanting "L." the same single initial monogrammed at the top of the paper.

His forehead furrowing, he read the note again, and then looked back at the envelope. It was addressed to him, all right. Dana Monteagle, Jr., Boulevard Towers, Chicago 3, Illinois. And certainly it was intriguing, with its romantic po-

tential. The only thing was, it didn't make sense.

After last night, darling?

Last night, darling, had been spent the way Dana Monteagle, Jr., had spent all his Sunday nights for the past five years. The way any successful young advertising executive, married into a meat-packing fortune and firmly entrenched in the manners and the mores of Chicago, spent Sunday nights. Or all day Sundays, for that matter.

Up at eleven. Brunch with his wife, Celeste, and the two kids in the lovely



"What do you think you're looking at?" she demanded, ignoring the obvious. "At quite a vehicle," Dana told her, "taking on quite a load."

Murder in White Ink (continued)

house in Kenilworth. Then eighteen holes of golf at Indian Creek, a two-hour nineteenth hole in the locker room, and the club's inevitable Sunday-evening supper-dance. And not an "L" in the party.

Celeste, cool, lovely, and slightly distant as wives have a way of being after their husband's six Martinis. Bouncy little Jojo Strawbridge, who thought she was cute but wasn't. Vera Kendall, who thought she was sexy—and was. And Maude Plummer, of the beer clan. And their husbands.

Four couples at the table. With the usual shady stories, mild flirtations, and domestic debates. And then the drive home, with Celeste mink and silent beside him in their sleek convertible.

After last night, darling? Regardless of the consequences?

Dana fingered the paper. It was sheer and expensive. He sniffed the perfume but didn't recognize it. He studied the postmark. The Gold Coast zone. October 19, 1953. Another Monday. Seven A.M. "L" was an early wren. Or it had been a late night.

But not for him, it hadn't. Nor *with* him.

Rosie, Dana's secretary, announced that he was wanted in the board room, and he had a fleeting inclination to mention the letter to her. But it fled, and he slipped the envelope beneath his desk blotter and out of his mind for the rest of the day.



And so might it have remained. If a second one hadn't followed it the next morning.

This time, Rosie had stacked his mail so it was on top, and he saw it even before he reached his desk. And something happened inside him, just looking at it—an apprehensive and foreboding freezing, as though this envelope, and the one before and any that might come after, could only mean trouble. Somehow. Sometime.

Why won't you answer my calls, darling? You can't just leave it like this. You have to see me.

Again it was signed with the lone "L." matching the monogram. And again it carried its own bouquet.

He rang for Rosie, and she came in with her dictation book.

"Rosie, I have to ask you a stupid question." He glanced up at the girl, then back at the envelope. "There isn't by any chance another Dana Monteagle, Jr., in this building, is there?"

"You mean—those letters?"

He nodded.

"Black Lilac!" Rosie sighed. "Forty dollars an ounce. What a waste, putting it on envelopes!"

"It's wasted on me," he said dryly.

"You mean there *is* another Dana Monteagle, Jr., in this building?"

Dana looked up once more, with a slight grin, and once more decided to

dismiss it. "I told you it was a stupid question," he said.

But after she'd gone and he'd slipped the second letter in under the blotter to join the first, it was harder for him to forget it than it had been the day before.

There wasn't another Dana Monteagle, Jr., in the Boulevard Towers. Probably there wasn't one anyplace. "L"—whoever she was—meant *him* when she said she wouldn't give him up. And when she said she had to see him. The fear and foreboding returned.

Blue envelope. White ink. Special delivery.

The third letter greeted him the following morning, and as he opened it, Dana noticed his hand was trembling slightly. Although he wasn't surprised about the letter. He'd had a premonition there'd be a third one, and he'd even suspected what it might say.

Certainly, he knew what he was going to do about it. Check with the building's mailing department, maybe call the police. Tell Celeste (which he hadn't done) and discuss it with his partners. No longer were these messages to be slipped out of sight.

This note was slightly longer, and the white ink had been smeared, as though it had been folded in haste or anger when not quite dry. The perfume was particularly noticeable. And certainly the tone was different. It read:

If you think it can end like this,

darling, you're wrong. Wherever you are, I'll find you. And whatever happens, will happen to both of us—and forever. L.

Wherever he was, she'd find him. That wouldn't be hard: the letters found him. And whatever happens—? That did it! Dana flicked the intercom for Rosie, to put his plan into effect.

But as he did so, his private phone rang, and he told her to wait a minute, flicked off the intercom, and lifted the second telephone from its little cubicle behind his desk.

It was Barney Spaulding, calling from California. And momentarily, everything else was forgotten.

Dana and Barney had gone to college on the Coast together in the late thirties. They had been in the same fraternity, on the same football squad, in the same scrapes, and for a spell, in love with the same girl, a bit of fluff who floated out of both their lives at the same time.

From college, they had gone into the Air Force together, and fought in the same world war, the one now designated by the numerals II.

Dana had gotten out in the conventional manner and gone into the Los Angeles office of his father's advertising company. But Barney never could do things the easy way; he'd gotten out via enemy concentration camps, Czechoslovakian undergrounds, a skull fractured

Glass crashed deafeningly, and Dana pushed aside the screen. There was Delilah, looking lovely and very drunk.



when he slipped off a peak in the Pyrenees, and a cavalcade of derring-dos that culminated in a handshake from Harry Truman, a series of marital mishaps climaxed at last by something that looked fairly permanent with a pretty ex-nurse named Emmylou Thomas, and then the war hero's usual and abrupt oblivion.

By that time, Dana was running the Los Angeles office, and he put Barney on as legman under him. And when Dana's father died and he was transferred to the Chicago office as a junior partner, the legman took over his spot on the Coast.

In the time that followed, their mutual business interests kept Barney and Dana close together. When Dana married Celeste Hurrell in a splashy Chicago wedding, Barney was best man. When Emmylou's first boy was born, he was named Dana Spaulding.

Each had a sentimental keepsake of the other he always had around. The small dagger Dana had used to open the letters, with its ivory handle and treacherous blade, had been brought back from Italy by Barney. The rabbit's-foot talisman in its little gold holder that Barney carried had been given him by Dana when they went off to do battle.

Just talking to Barney gave Dana a lift. But this morning, when he answered his private phone, he sensed a strain in Barney's voice.

"Dana?"

"Hi, Barnaby."

"I need you out here, boy," Barney said. "On the double and on the q.t."

Barney never asked for help. Ordinarily it wouldn't have taken more than this to get Dana to Los Angeles. He liked the infrequent trips—Barney's company, Emmylou and the kids, the little house in the San Fernando Valley, and "Loose Ends," the shack at the beach—a far cry from the nineteenth hole at Indian Creek and Celeste's aloof glitter.

But now wasn't the time for a visit.

"I can't make it, Barney," he said. "I have a couple of big meetings coming up, and Celeste's leaving for Europe Friday."

He hadn't actually realized that until then. Hadn't thought much about it. She'd taken to going over at least once a year, and it had become rather matter-of-fact.

The quick kiss in the train corridor outside her drawing-room door, and then the phone calls or cables—and the bills—from England and France and Spain and Italy and sometimes Greece or Egypt.

But he knew the European pleasure jaunts wouldn't sound matter-of-fact to Barney, and he was sorry he had to bring it up. Though all Barney said was, "Well, she may have to leave for Europe without you, Dana." In such a way, both so

firm and so flat, that the sentence really said other things entirely.

"What do you mean?" Dana asked. "What makes?"

"Hugo makes," Barney said. "With something like thirty thousand clams. Over a period of five years. Right out from under my nose, and yours before me."

"Hugo?" Dana repeated.

"I discovered it by accident," Barney said. "Checking on an account."

Hugo Schaeffer, the old German bookkeeper, had been with the firm ever since Dana could remember. Occasionally, Barney complained—half-blind, half-deaf Hugo was more of a liability than an asset. But the annual audit and the tax investigators did most of Hugo's work, anyway, and Dana kept him on for sentimental reasons. It would be hard for even Barney to convince him Hugo was dishonest.

"Look," he began, "are you trying to tell me—"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything," Barney interrupted. "Not over the phone, anyway. That's why I think you should come out here—and pronto. He's *your* old guy. I can't handle it myself."

Dana tapped the end of the dagger against the desktop. Meetings *could* be postponed. Celeste *could* leave for Europe without him.

She wouldn't like it. In the first place, she was a lone holdout against Barney's charms. And in the second place, she'd told Dana long before that Hugo Schaeffer was dead weight in the firm.

But sometimes friends in trouble have priority over the assumptions and instincts, false or otherwise, of wives.

"Okay," Dana told Barney finally. "Don't do anything. I'll catch that midnight flight. Gets me in for breakfast."

"Trans-State?" Barney asked.

"I'll try. Rosie'll wire you."

"I'll meet you," Barney told him. And hung up.

Dana put the phone down, idly tossed the dagger aside. Old Hugo Schaeffer. Thirty thousand dollars. It was incredible, staggered one's faith, and yet . . . He sighed, buzzed Rosie and asked her to make the plane reservations, and then dialed Celeste on his private phone. It was almost noon. She should be awake.

She was awake. Though her voice was so brisk and impersonal—"What is it, Dana? What do you want?"—when Albert, the butler, put him through to her bedroom, that if the call hadn't disturbed her sleep, it had obviously interrupted something else.

"I'm sorry," Dana said, "I hope I'm not bothering you."

"I'm having a massage. It's awkward to talk."

"Barney just called me from Los Angeles," he told her, keeping his voice calm with effort. "I have to fly out there tonight. There's—some kind of trouble."

She paused. "How long will you be gone?"

"I'm not sure."

"What about the children? We can't just leave them here alone with Grace and Albert."

"Why not?" Dana thought. They'd been left alone with Grace and Albert before. In fact, they'd been left with so many different Graces and Alberts, nurses and cooks and maids and butlers and chauffeurs, that Dana occasionally wondered if the children, too, wouldn't one day give notice and quit.

"They'll be all right for a few days," he told her. "Pack a bag for me, will you? And would you bring it in sometime this afternoon?"

"I'll pack one," she said finally. "but Albert will have to bring it in, I have a hair appointment, and Natalie Gould's bringing people by for cocktails—"

"All right," he snapped, unable to curb the annoyance that welled within him, "have Albert bring it in. He and I can have a couple of drinks, dinner someplace, and then he can drive me to the airport and kiss me good-by. Like any other husband and wife. And have a fine time in Europe," he added bitterly. "Have yourself a real ball!"

He hung up, slamming the receiver down so hard he almost broke its cradle. He was suddenly aware his upper lip was moist and a vein in his temple was throbbing. And once again, his eyes caught sight of the letter on the desk blotter in front of him. Where he'd left it, momentarily forgotten, such a short time before.

The white words against the blue background. Saying, in effect, that some woman he'd never heard of loved him so desperately she would kill him rather than let him go.

He leaned back in his chair, still jittery from arguing with Celeste, and once again studied it with weary despair until, with Rosie telling him over the intercom she had his Trans-State air space on Flight Eighty-seven that night, he slipped it along with its baffling predecessors in under the blotter, too.

At first, Dana thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Presently, when he realized she was fairly drunk and getting drunker, the initial illusion was dispelled. But he had never seen a more beautiful woman in the bar of the Chicago airport. And certainly never alone.

He ordered a beer and studied her, while she ordered a double brandy and then another. She dispatched them with

skill, looking enigmatically at the rings her glass made on the bartop and then belligerently at the mirrored wall behind the bar, as though tempted to throw the glass at her reflection.

Dana had reached the airport early, and then wandered into the bar, which he'd visited once or twice before. A good idea it had been, too—if you're one for scenic wonders. Because certainly that's what his bar companion was. With the titian hair falling to a mink stole, the black sheath for a dress, the sheerly stockinged legs tapering to high-heeled sandals.

An oblong handbag of transparent plastic, with two large initials, "D.D.," etched across it, was on the bar beside her. And in it, Dana could make out a Trans-State Airlines ticket.

Which gave them something else in common.

He ordered another beer and stared at her so obviously she could no longer ignore him. She met his eyes over the empty bar stool between them, and spoke in a voice that should have been husky and room-temperature but instead was flat and chilled. "What do you think you're looking at?"

"Quite a vehicle," Dana said, "taking on quite a load."

"Thanks for the compliment," she said. "But mind your own business."

"I always try to. At least, under ordinary circumstances."

She ignored this, indicating her glass to him. "This stuff's only colored water."

"I seem to have heard that about double brandies."

She shrugged. "The dry, cynical type."

"Maybe just envious," he conceded. "If I drink much, I can't sleep. Particularly on a plane."

"Air-borne?"

He nodded again, glancing at the clock over the bar. "In twenty minutes."

"Me, too."

"Trans-State?"

"You read minds?"

"Purses," he corrected. "When they're transparent, that is. Los Angeles? Flight Eighty-seven?"

"Los Angeles," she said. "Flight Eighty-seven."

He tossed some money on the bar and slipped off the stool. "We'd better go."

"They'll wait," she said.

"I'll help you to the plane."

"You're very gallant, but I'll manage." She pushed her glass, now empty, toward the bartender once more.

"Look, Miss"—Dana's eyes went to the initials again, meaningly—"Miss—"

"As I told you," she interrupted, any evidence of friendliness vanishing, "mind your own business."

Dana stepped back at this rebuff. "I'm

sorry," he said. "See you on board. If you make it." He walked out into the chill night, surprisingly disturbed for such an incidental meeting.

Maybe it was just that he hated to see a woman drink too much. Maybe that's all it was. Or maybe it was something else. That intriguing, intangible, inflammable something else . . .

Trans-State Airlines was paging a Miss Dalton when Dana walked through the waiting room. As he slipped into a seat at the rear of the big plane, he heard it echo again.

Flight Eighty-seven loading at Gate C. Last call for passengers. And last call for Miss Dalton, Miss Dalton, Miss Dalton, please.

That was her, probably. Thinking the plane couldn't take off without one for the sky-road.

He speculated on the rest of her name. Dorothy Dalton? No, she'd been a movie star when he was a little boy. Della Dalton? Too prosaic. Something theatrical, uncommon, lush. Lush was the word. Dierdre, Dianthe, Dominique?

If she missed the plane, he'd never know. And maybe it would be just as well.

But she didn't miss the plane.

The stewardess was closing the door when she slipped through. She materialized by his side in the aisle, weaving ever so slightly and saying in the flat, cold voice again. "You see? I made it. I told you they'd wait."

He was conscious of the stewardess's slight reaction, annoyed at its suggestion he and Miss Dalton were acquainted. Maybe more than acquainted.

"Sit down," he said, aware of other passengers looking and listening. "We're about to take off."

She giggled, weaved again, steadied herself against the stewardess. "Well," she observed shrilly, "not only dry and cynical, but strong and forceful!"

She slipped into the seat, the stewardess fastening her seat belt (and with a look, censuring Dana for the woman's condition), and as the plane wheeled onto the runway, Dana felt his face flush with momentary embarrassment and his heart pound with annoyance again.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"People are watching," he said awkwardly. "The stewardess thinks we know each other."

"We do."

"Not like that, we don't. I don't like

*Then he saw the girl—tall,
slim, vaguely familiar—
and incredibly, she was climbing
up the fire escape to him.*



misunderstandings. And particularly that kind."

"I don't like strange men staring at me in bars."

"I'm not a strange man," he said. "I'm very average. I had to look at something." he went on, with a little conceding smile. "and you were really something."

"Were?" she repeated teasingly. "Past tense?"

"No," he admitted. "The present's a little tense, too."

Colored flares danced under the wing tips. Propellers roared. The big plane poised for the take-off. Beside him, Miss Dalton opened her plastic bag, withdrew a medicine phial, unscrewed the top, took a large swallow. Dana smelled brandy.

"Want some?" She extended the phial.

He shook his head. "Not on a plane. Against the rules."

"Cynical and forceful," she repeated. "But very conventional."

He ignored this. "A man?" he asked. She put the phial back in her purse. "Of course."

"And liquor helps?"

"Everything helps," she said. "Nothing helps."

The plane took off, banked, rose quickly. Up front, a baby cried. In the little kitchenette, a stewardess plugged in a bottle warmer, and another stewardess checked tickets.

Dana found out a little more about his companion then. It wasn't Dierdre or Dominique, but it *was* uncommon and theatrical. Delilah. Delilah Dalton. She had a round-trip ticket, but no return reservation. She'd be at the Olympic Palms Hotel, if they wanted to call her.

It fitted her perfectly. Hotels get reputations. Like titian-haired dyspos.

He gave the stewardess his name—no return plans, no hotel reservation—and when she'd gone, glanced around to see Delilah Dalton looking at him with heightened interest.

"Dana Monteagle, Jr.," she said in a wondering whisper. "Fair-haired boy of Robbins, Birch, and Monteagle. Married to lovely Celeste Hurrell, and all those strips of bacon! Two children, Jeff and Liza. Hobbies—golf, more golf, and picking up redheads in cocktail lounges—"

"Whoa!" he protested.

"This is a pleasure, Mr. Monteagle. And I might also add," she went on, with distant but firm meaning. "a coincidence. A remarkable coincidence. Which certainly calls for a drink. Waiter, champagne for everybody!"

She withdrew the phial again, took another drag from it. And suddenly Dana felt that vein in his temple pulse, the vein generally used for emergency purposes. Like his private telephone. Or his wife.

Maybe it was a coincidence, her knowing all about him. This woman he'd seen for the first time half an hour before. But there was something else that was a coincidence, too: a forty-dollar-an-ounce coincidence he'd been conscious of when she sat down beside him and grew more so each time she opened her bag.

For aside from the mink stole, the sheath dress, the high-heeled sandals, Miss Dalton was wearing Black Lilac perfume. Heretofore identified with blue envelopes.

Dana would never forget that scent, ever.

Los Angeles International Airport simmered in the autumn warmth as the plane landed at six the next morning. Before they unloaded, Dana looked out to try to find Barney Spaulding in the small crowd at the passengers' gate, with no luck.

After its brisk beginning, the night had soon settled into a romance between Delilah and Three-Star Hennessey, and a vendetta between Dana and Morpheus, elusive god of sleep, who was made more skittish than ever by fragments of the last conversation with Celeste and of the mystery letters.

After last night, darling . . . you can't just leave it like this . . . whatever happens will happen to both of us, and forever.

They didn't make sense! Not in a paneled office high above Michigan Boulevard, not in a Strato-cruiser high above Iowa and Nebraska and Colorado and Utah.

But things always looked different in a morning light. The intrigue and mystery of the night before were weakened by the hours between, diluted by bright October sunshine. Coincidence was the only word for it.

A thousand women wore Black Lilac. Dana had been foolish to give it a second thought. As the plane glided down to a perfect landing on the long asphalt runway, his vague suspicions seemed suddenly ridiculous.

"Good-by, Mr. Monteagle." Delilah rose at her seat, waiting for other passengers to move down the aisle and extending her hand.

In spite of the morning glare, in spite of the rugged night between, she looked as beautiful as she had in the shadows of the cocktail lounge, and Dana had a moment's inclination to offer her a ride into town with him and Barney. But he let it pass. They had enough trouble without adding a possible high-explosive element.

There was something about the woman, something so—so finely distilled, so volatile, so highly proofed, it would have

had DANGER or DYNAMITE labeled across it in any other container.

"Good-by, Miss Dalton," he said. "And if I might make a comment—"

She paused.

"Men are heels," he said. "You can put cleats on us for slippage, taps for rhythm, spurs for action. But we're still the lowest brand of human. Not worth wasting all those crushed grapes over."

"I'll remember that, Mr. Monteagle," she said. "But from an advertising man, it's not much of a selling point for a major sex."

Then she was gone, the mink stole moving down the aisle, the gold filigree on her handbag flashing in the sunlight outside.

After giving her a slight head start, Dana filed out with the rest of the passengers, headed toward the waiting room, and strode almost directly into Barney Spaulding, who stepped out of a phone booth and blocked his path.

But not Barney as Dana had ever seen him before. The usual grin was absent, leaving just the homely freckled face, pale and harassed. The casual ease was replaced by tense mannerisms.

"Dana—!"

"Hi, Barnaby. You look like someone fed you to an electric fan. Or vice versa."

Barney, ignoring this, took Dana's brief case and started off. "Let's go."

Dana caught his arm. "I want to stall for a minute. Fellow-traveler problem. Beautiful lush named Delilah Dalton—"

Someone in a hurry plunged between them, sending Barney spinning and the brief case to the floor, where it disgorged its contents, including the ivory-handled dagger. Dana took it everywhere, as people often do with sentimental talismans. It was a moment before the men were back to normal.

"I saw her in a bar before we took off last night," Dana went on. "Sat next to her on the plane. The gurgling sound I heard over purple-mountain majesties was brandy flowing down a silken gullet." He indicated a bus about to leave from the curb outside. "I don't want to rush out to headstrong offers and the screaming meemies."

"Understandable." Barney closed the brief case, glanced at his watch. "But I have a room for you at the Olympic Palms and—"

"Oh, no. That's where she's staying, and I've had it."

"It's a big hotel," Barney argued. "I've already registered for you. Here's the key." He produced it.

Outside, the bus pulled away with its passengers for town. Dana and Barney approached the baggage counter, deserted except for the attendants.

"What's the hurry?" Dana asked.

"Hugo can wait until I wash my neck."

"Hugo," Barney said flatly, "is dead." Dana stopped short in the middle of tipping a porter. "Dead?"

"He shot himself. Sometime around midnight. In his car, parked off the highway up by Zuma Beach."

Dana finished the transaction with the bug-eyed porter, and he and Barney walked toward the parking lot.

"Then he—he found out you knew about the money?"

Barney nodded. "Late yesterday. He came to my office. I told him I'd phoned you. I said we wouldn't do anything until you got here. And for him not to, either. I told him to go home and forget it. But he didn't go home."

They reached Barney's car. Dana got in. Barney put the luggage in back, slid in under the wheel, started the motor.

"The police phoned his wife when they found him this morning," Barney went on, turning out of the parking lot, "and she phoned me. I went out, identified the body, and came to the airport from the undertaker's. That's who I was calling from the phone booth. They want a decision on the coffin. I told Mrs. Schaeffer we'd take care of all that." They stopped for a signal. Barney blew his nose. "I wish I'd never discovered the money was gone."

"Somebody would have."

"Maybe not for a long time. He'd been pretty smart."

"What'd he do with it?"

"He told me he'd played the horses, but . . ." Barney let the sentence fade with an unbelieving shrug.

"I know," Dana said. "I wouldn't believe that, either."

The traffic started up. "When it comes to grand larceny and suicide, I'm afraid I'm still only a legman," Barney said grimly. He glanced around at Dana with what was meant to be a slight smile, but he had been up all night and was exhausted, too. "Now how about washing the neck?"

Dana shook his head. "Let's order the coffin," he said, "and then go see Mrs. Schaeffer. The neck can wait. First things first."

The Olympic Palms Hotel would have given credit to anybody except its creators.

On a street studded with native olives and peppers, its grounds were lined with palm trees brought from far Pacific Islands. On a landscape designed for adobe walls and tiled roofs, its walls were glass brick, its roof thatched by the hands of forty-dollar-a-day natives. For a touch of Erin, it had a clover-shaped swimming pool, around which ran clover-shaped Hollywood starlets—and above which, so their supports formed *cabañas*

below, ran the hotel's *lanai* suites, bed-bath-sitting combines with small verandas overlooking the outdoor bar.

The interior ends of these suites opened onto a standard hotel corridor, and each veranda was separated from the next by screen partitions that were movable at the occupant's will, for more—or less—privacy.

Dana Monteagle, Jr., had *lanai* suite Number One.

And though the coral-red day bed looked uncomfortable and the mirrored walls revealing, he'd never been so glad to get anywhere in his life. There had been his and Barney's visit to the undertaker's, the one following with Hugo's widow, the session with the police in Barney's office, and finally another unsatisfactory telephone conversation with Celeste in Chicago.

At the Golden West Funeral Home, plans had been made with antiseptic ease, but the stop at the Schaeffers' frame bungalow hadn't been so dispassionate.

"Mr. Monteagle!" In the doorway, the German woman's hands had trembled as they went to her quivering lips. "And Barney—"

Dana had seen Mrs. Schaeffer only once before, at a company Christmas

party. He remembered her as a buxom and merry woman whose size and personality overshadowed her meek husband. Now she was old and shrunken, and the merriment was gone.

"Hello, Mrs. Schaeffer," he said.

They entered the house and met her daughter, Luise, a tall, pale young woman, about eight months pregnant, who stood silently behind her mother's chair.

"You got here so quick," Mrs. Schaeffer said to Dana.

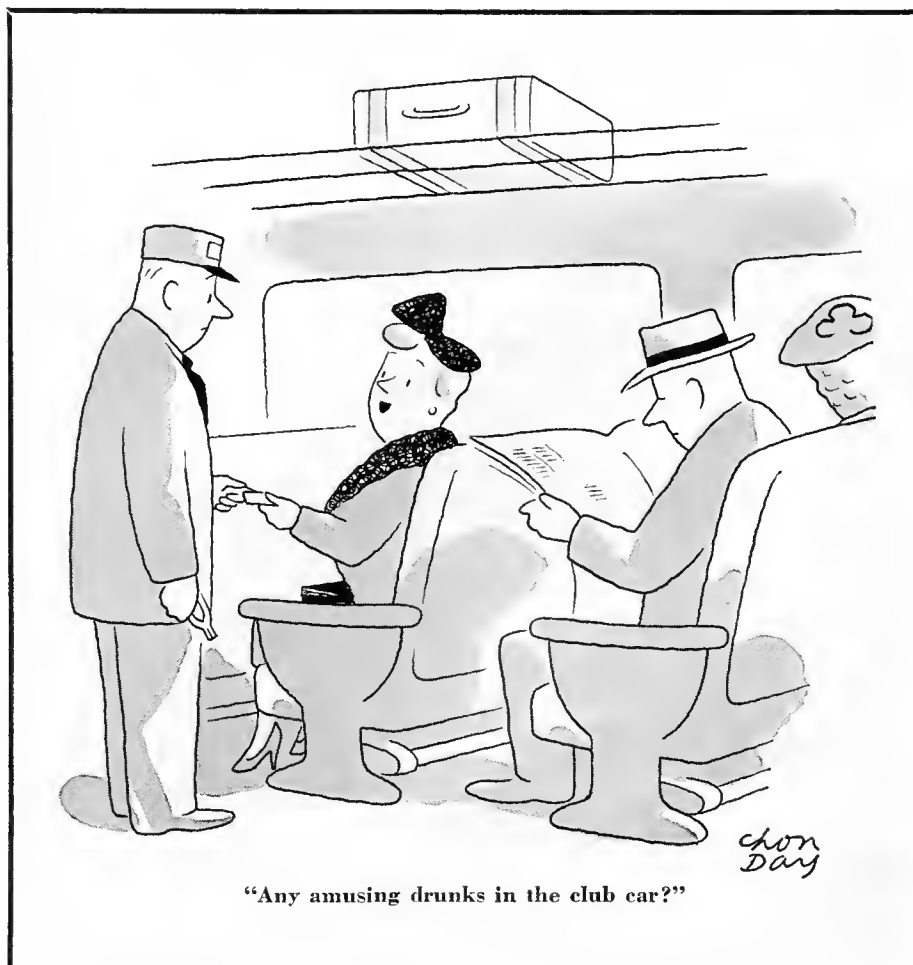
"I left Chicago last night," he explained, "before it happened. Barney told me this morning at the airport."

Mrs. Schaeffer's eyes had gone to Barney with affection. "I don't know what I would have done without Barney, Luise"—she indicated her daughter—"she's expecting. Her husband, Dick, he's on the police force and was on duty. Barney was the only one to call. To—to go with the officers. I'm sorry it had to be you, Barney."

"I'm sorry it had to be *him*," Barney mumbled.

Mrs. Schaeffer nodded, her breath stumbling. "And for no reason—for no reason—"

Over her head, Dana's eyes sought



Chon
Day

"Any amusing drunks in the club car?"

Barney's. Apparently Hugo hadn't told his wife about the money. An immediate unspoken agreement was made that they would leave it like that, at least for the moment.

"He phoned me from the office late yesterday," she went on. "Told me there'd been—some kind of trouble. He had an appointment. That was all. The next I knew they'd—found him. The gun in his lap. I never knew he had a gun. He hated guns. He was afraid of them." She buried her face in her hands. "Afraid of them!"

"Do you know what he meant, Mr. Spaulding?" her daughter asked. "Some kind of trouble?"

"I'm sorry," Barney said. "I—I haven't any idea."

Mrs. Schaeffer dried her eyes on her apron. "They haven't let me see him yet. They're going to call when he's—ready."

"We'll take you," Barney said.

But she shook her head, glancing at her daughter. "No. We'd like to be alone with him, at first." She rose. "You understand, don't you?"

"Of course," Dana assured her. "Whenever you want me, please call. I'll either be at the office or the hotel." He glanced at Luise. "Olympic Palms."

She nodded, and he kissed Mrs. Schaeffer on her damp forehead and went out to the car with Barney.

"Well," Barney asked as they started into town and the office, "what do we tell the police?"

"Do we have to tell them anything?"

"When I identified the body, they asked a lot of questions. Seems a guy can't bump himself off for no reason. Against the law. There's got to be a fatal dame, or disease, or—"

"What have you said already?"

"I clammed up tighter than a Boston chowder."

"Good. We won't tell 'em anything. At least not right now. He's dead. Other facts won't change that."

"Thirty thousand's a lot of fact. We won't be able to keep it a secret long."

"I don't want to. But we know where the money came from. Let's find out where it went. Who else might get hurt—"

"That makes sense."

"None of it makes sense. An old man stealing thirty thousand dollars for no apparent reason. Shooting himself, when he was afraid of guns. Where'd he get that gun?"

"He couldn't talk when I saw him. But it was a Colt double-action revolver, if that helps any."

"How do you know that?"

"When they moved him this morning, it fell off his lap to the floor of the car."

"Well," Dana sighed, "they're the po-

lice, we're not. Let them tell us what happened."

But he and Barney already knew more than the police could tell them. And as far as the official record was concerned, the police blotter on Hugo Schaeffer was filed away with the other D.R. 3's, the "possible suicide" index, in the official records. To be forgotten by all but the mourning handful.

At least for then.

"Next stop?" Barney asked, after the police had left and Dana was once again sitting behind the desk on which Barney's name plate as *MANAGER* had replaced his own.

"I'd like to see those books."

Barney withdrew two ledgers from a drawer, handed them over, and picked up his phone, which had rung.

"It's for you, Rosie."

Dana glanced up. "Rosie?"

"Yeah. In Chicago."

Dana took the phone. "What is it, Rosie?"

"Mrs. Monteagle wants to talk to you."

"Mrs. Monteagle?" Why would Rosie be handling a call from Celeste?

"She's in your office," she said, two thousand miles away. "Just a minute."

"My office? What's she doing there?"

But before he finished the question, Celeste's voice came on. Cool, calm, well-modulated. She had assorted voices, for different times and purposes.

"Dana? You forgot a check for me. I can't go to Europe on nothing, and I thought maybe you'd left one with Rosie at the last minute. I was in town, so I dropped by. But she says you didn't."

"I'm sorry, Celeste. I forgot all about it. How much do you want?"

"Whatever you say, darling."

"Don't be coy," he snapped. "I can't take it. There's too much trouble out here for—"

"Why don't you just retire the poor old man?" she interjected.

"He retired himself," Dana told her. "With a bullet through his forehead."

It was blunt, maybe cruel. But it had its effect. "A—bullet?"

"He committed suicide," he said. "Last night. That's why cash for jaunts to Europe isn't very important to me today."

"That's—that's terrible, Dana," she said slowly. "Why did he do it?"

"He'd been taking money from the firm, over a long period of time."

"I don't believe that." A firm, distinct statement.

"Well, he had," Dana said. "Barney discovered it in the books. Put Rosie back on, and I'll tell her to—" But he broke off. Something had happened at the other end of the line, he couldn't tell what. It had gone momentarily dead.

As if the receiver had been put down. Or dropped. "Celeste? Celeste—!"

Her voice returned, and once more it had changed. Vague now, preoccupied. "I upset your water decanter, Dana. All over the desk."

"Buzz Rosie," he said. "She'll clean it up. And she can make out a check for whatever you want," he went on. "That is, unless it's Lake Lucerne or the Eiffel Tower. We can't afford those this year."

He hung up as Barney stepped out of the washroom he'd ducked into, eying him speculatively.

"Celeste thinks money grows on trees and I'm the forest primeval," Dana explained, at Barney's expression.

"Did you tell her about Hugo?"

Dana nodded. "She didn't believe it. Then she knocked a water decanter over and drowned out the subject." He rose, indicating the ledgers and dismissing his wife. "I'll look these over at the hotel, Barney. I'm bushed and empty."

"You're having dinner with Emmylou and me," Barney told him as they started out of the office.

"I'll like that."

"So will we. But early. She's had a hard week. The baby has chicken pox and—now this." He gave the ledgers a meaning glance as he rang for the elevator.

"Bring her to the hotel," Dana suggested. "She probably hasn't gotten out of the house since the last time I was here."

"You mean—make a noise like a small quiet party, Mr. M.?"

"I have one coming," Dana told him. "Hugo's just one of several problems at this point. I've heard your sad story. Now listen to mine."

So on their way out to the Olympic Palms, he told Barney all about the mysterious messages. Barney wasn't as impressed with the gravity of it as Dana would have liked.

Now that his boss and pal were there, the first shock of Hugo's death past, and the police preliminaries over, the pressures within Barney were easing. Laughter returned to the wise eyes, insouciance to the manner.

"That's the long, bewildering story," Dana finished as Barney's car pulled to a stop at the hotel's entrance. "What do you think? What should I do?"

Barney indicated Dana's luggage to the doorman, and turned in his seat. "Aside from Black Lilac," he said, "do I detect the elusive fragrance of blackmail?"

"Possibly. But why me?"

"You used to have a few rather exotic specialties—"

"I haven't looked at another woman," Dana said, "since—"

"—last night," Barney ended. "I'll give it some thought." He patted Dana's knee.

"But I'm more the *blue-ink-on-white*-stationery type. Standard, unimaginative."

He pulled away, leaving Dana standing there with his nerve ends hanging out. So that *lanai* suite Number One, for all its bogus glamour, looked great to him when he walked into it five minutes later.

The bellboy gone, Dana shaved and showered, ordered a late lunch, slipped into a robe and sandals and went out on his veranda, properly protected by the screen drawn by the occupant of suite Number Two, to study the books Barney had given him.

It was an incongruous setting in which to review the life and death of Hugo Schaeffer.

But as Dana went over them, there was nothing incongruous about the figures in the record. Other than that they could have gone so long undiscovered.

Of course, as Barney said, old Hugo had been clever. A cursory glance, which apparently was what the annual audit had applied, would reveal nothing. But in the intricate legend of marks and figures, so detailed and so typical of Hugo, the story told itself; the weeks, the months, the years, it had all taken, and the money it had taken.

Out from under Barney's nose. Out from under Dana's before him.

Lunch came, and Dana ate absently. The waiter returned for the tray. Late-afternoon shadows came and with them a hazy fog from the ocean.

Still he sat there, the ledgers before him. *Why?* He'd asked Barney the same question in the car, but there wasn't any answer. Not one that made sense, certainly. Why would Hugo Schaeffer, trusted employee, fixture in the firm—?

The phone in the room behind him rang. He left the balcony, answered it. It was Emmylou Spaulding. Barney had just called from the office and told her about the dinner invitation, and though she loved it, she was worried about Dana. Wouldn't he rather come out to the house, instead? Tonight, particularly? See the kids? Have a home-cooked meal?

"Frankly," he said, "no. Home-cooked meals are for recipe books. Children for measles, orthodontists, and jungle gyms."

Emmylou laughed. "The story of my life. But you win, First ballot. The baby sitter's knocking on the bottle warmer already, and since we're now a two-car family, I'll meet Barney there. Save him the ride out to get me."

"Good," Dana agreed. "If you happen to be early, we can split an illicit ice cube together."

"Early it'll be," she assured him, "and you'll know me. I'll be the girl with 'Welcome—Mr. Monteagle' tattooed across her forehead."

She hung up with another laugh that

tinkled in Dana's ear. Or *would* have tinkled. If he hadn't put the phone down, turned toward the wardrobe, and right then saw the envelope under the door. Blue again. Slipped in while he was on the veranda, or maybe even just now while he was telephoning. It hadn't been there when the waiter brought lunch.

He crossed, opened the door quickly, looked out into the hall. It was deserted. He picked up the envelope. This one had no postmark and no *Personal*. Merely "Dana Monteagle" splashed across it in white ink, in the familiar feminine hand. It smelled of Black Lilac. It read:

You didn't keep your word, and you won't talk to me. But I know where you are, and how to find you, and what to do. You know where I am, too. And unless I hear from you by five o'clock, it's all over. Not all over between us—not ever. But all over the front page of the newspapers. L.

From the street, a siren howled. In the hallway, an elevator door opened. In the room next door, the phone rang and was answered. But Dana couldn't tell whether it was a man's or a woman's voice, and he didn't care. He stood staring at the note, oblivious to his surroundings.

Until the crash. And what a crash! Not of cars at an intersection. Not of china as a tray was dropped. But a crash of glass against glass. The initial explosive *crack*. And then the shattering disintegration as a mirror splintered into a thousand pieces.

Dana dropped the letter on the phone table beside his keepsake dagger, stepped out onto his balcony, slid the screen panel back, and looked into *lanai* suite Number Two.

Where Delilah Dalton was slumped on the studio couch, in green lounging pajamas and gold slippers, staring at what was left of the dressing-table mirror opposite her.

At first Dana thought she was dead, but then he realized she was just very drunk. And what he had heard had been the sound of her hurling her highball glass at the mirror with all her force. The results, the broken glass and amber fluid, lay in a shimmering mess on the rug before her.

He stepped into the room, and she looked around glassy-eyed.

"I heard the crash," he explained. "I have the room next door. Small world—"

She hunched herself up on one elbow, squinted at him with a half-numb smile of vague recognition. "Well, if it isn't the cynical—forceful—fair-haired—average—Mr. Monteagle!" She patted the couch beside her. "Sit down. Mr. Monteagle, and look at a lot of broken glass."

"I see it," he said.

She shuddered. "Hate mirrors. Only tell you what you already know. But won't admit. Like telephones." The phone was on the couch beside her, and she snatched it up, as though to rip the cord from the wall. "Hate telephones, too!"

"Wait a minute!" He put the phone out of her reach.

"No." She shook her head. "Not any longer. Waited—an' waited—an' waited." She produced a half-filled bottle of brandy. "Drink?"

The buzzer rang. Dana glanced at the door, and Delilah followed his look.

"Now, who do you suppose that is?" she asked.

"Probably the management."

"Well"—she waved an expansive hand—"let the management in. Sit down, too. An' have a drink."

Dana hesitated, opened the door. It was a bellboy with a bowl of ice—nice-looking, dark-haired kid with bright eyes.

"You rang for ice, sir?"

"No, we—I," Dana corrected, "didn't."

"*Lanai* suite Number Two, sir." The boy checked the order.

Behind Dana, Delilah straightened on the couch. "Leave it, anyway," she told the boy.

"No," Dana said.

She started to rise unsteadily. "Leave the ice!"

Dana shrugged to the bellboy, who stepped in, set the bowl on a table, and handed him the check. While he was signing it, he was aware of the boy's look traveling around the room. He was suddenly conscious he was still wearing the robe over his shorts, and the sandals.

He handed the bill back. The bellboy glanced at it, nodding. "Thank you. Mr. Monteagle."

Dana closed the door after him, and turned. Delilah had opened the brandy bottle and found a glass, and was trying to connect the two.

"Look, Miss Dalton—" he began.

"Oh"—Delilah appealed to an imaginary audience—"he's gonna lecture me." She fixed sullen eyes on him. "I don't like t' be lecture' to. Mr. Monteagle. Like I don't like t' be lied to."

She made the connection, poured out four fingers of liquor. Dana crossed to her, looked down. "Same man?"

She nodded, staring at the glass. "An' he's a heel, like you told me. Only you're wrong about cleats an' taps an' spurs. This one's got wings. Like Achilles." Her arms flailed the air, swooshing liquor over Dana's robe. "He flies away! He doesn't land, he doesn't stand still. Tells fancy stories that aren't true. Makes big promises he doesn't keep."

She raised the glass to her mouth with

both hands, drained it, then looked up at him.

"I told you it was a coincidence when we met on th' plane, Mr. Monteagle. But I didn't tell you why." Once more she indicated the couch beside her. "So sit down and let li'l old 'Lilah—"

But she didn't tell him. Her head just followed the arc her arm had made, her body followed her head, and she collapsed on the floor. Out cold.

He stooped, lifted her up, deposited her on the studio couch, backed away.

She should sleep now, for hours. When she came to would he time enough to call about the dressing-table mirror, or what was left of it, and clean up the room. And by then—who knew? Maybe he'd be on his way home.

He pulled the screen partition closed between the verandas and entered his room. The phone was ringing. Emmylou waiting downstairs. This had taken an hour, much longer than it had seemed.

He told her he'd meet her in the bar, and started to slip the blue envelope into the drawer of the phone table, as he'd slipped the others in under his desk blotter—and froze.

In under his desk blotter.

The one Celeste had overturned the decanter on, as he'd asked her to put Rosie back on the line and something had happened at the other end. As if the receiver'd been put down.

He dropped the note on the table and picked up the phone again. He put in a call to Kenilworth, pouring himself a stiff drink from a bottle he'd brought with him and hurriedly rallying his confused thoughts. He *had* to find out. But if he did, and she had discovered the letters, as she must have, what would he say? How would he explain?

He didn't have to explain. Albert answered. Mrs. Monteagle wasn't there.

"But I'm glad you called, sir," the houseman said with relief. "Grace and I have been a little upset."

"Why? What's happened?"

"I'm not exactly sure, sir. Mrs. Monteagle came home late this afternoon and asked me to bring some luggage up. Just light airplane cases. She packed quickly, made two telephone calls, and left."

"Left? Where'd she go?"

"That's just it, sir. We don't know."

"Didn't she tell the children?"

"She took them with her."

"Took the children?"

Albert's voice nodded. "Packed cases for them, too, sir. Said something unexpected had come up and we'd hear from her in a day or so."

"And the two calls she made?"

"One was long distance. I'm not sure where to, but I heard her ask for the long-distance operator. She was ringing

off the other when I entered with the luggage, sir."

"Did you hear *anything* she said?"

"That she'd canceled her trip to Europe, sir. Her exact words were, 'This is much more important than any trip to Europe. It may be a matter of life and death.' That upset Grace and me, sir. A matter of life and death—"

Yes, Dana would readily admit, it could be disturbing.

"What do you suggest we do, sir?" the butler asked.

What *was* there to suggest? "Don't worry, Alhert," he said finally. "I think I know where Mrs. Monteagle went." He didn't, of course. But you had to save face with the help. "You'll hear from her," he said, "in a few days. Or from me."

"Very good, sir," the retainer's voice came back. "And I'm much obliged, sir. Grace and I have grown fond of you and Mrs. Monteagle and the children. We wouldn't want anything to—happen, sir."

Anything to happen? Dana stared at the telephone in his hand for a minute, after the one in Kenilworth had been put down. What more *could* happen? Blackmail, larceny, suicide. Beautiful inebrates shattering mirrors in connecting bedrooms. Wives disappearing. And children, too . . .

And then remembering Emmylou waiting downstairs, he put the blue envelope in the table drawer, poured a second drink and tossed it down, and started to dress quickly.

She didn't have a tattoo on her forehead, she had a little white veil over it. And the ice cuhe wasn't illicit, it was hollow; the kind Dana didn't like in drinks. But in spite of this, Dana really enjoyed the half hour he spent talking with Emmylou Spaulding in the Olympic Palms' Tahitian Tavern (the inside bar) before Barney arrived.

"It's been rough on Barney," she said thoughtfully. "Hugo was a headache at times, but he really loved the old man. When they called this morning, it—Well, it was a terrible shock to him."

"I know. I saw it on his face when he met me. Applied with chalk. —But let's skip it. This part's supposed to be a reunion."

Dana wanted to forget Hugo Schaeffer for a little while, if he could. And Delilah Dalton—whom he could, that was easy. And the fourth letter. Which he couldn't.

As had the others before it, this one was haunting and harassing him now, too. Along with Celeste's baffling action. Although he didn't mention the letter, or Celeste, to Emmylou, trying to sub-

merge them in rum and gardenias until Barney arrived and Emmylou left to powder her nose before they went on to dinner.

"You look a little drawn," Barney commented mildly. "What happened? Get another letter?"

"Yes."

Barney had been lighting a cigarette and stopped abruptly. "You didn't!"

"I did. This afternoon. Here at the hotel."

"Buster, you'd better level with an old pal and make with the rest of the story."

"I've told you everything," Dana said hopelessly. "In this one, my furtive female said she knew where I was and unless I called her by five o'clock, she'd spread it all over the newspapers. How can I call her? I don't know who she is or where she is. Or what 'it' is!"

"Where's the letter now?"

"In my room. And," Dana added pointedly, "I wish the others were, too."

"You left them in your desk back in Chicago?"

"On my desk," Dana corrected. "Under the blotter pad. The one Celeste knocked the water decanter over on."

He said it to induce a certain effect, and it did. Barney's eyes hlinked as if they suddenly smarted, and then looked at him very sharply. "You mean, you—you think she saw them? When you were telephoning?"

"I've tried to find out. I called home. Albert told me she came in about five this afternoon, packed a bag, phoned somebody—he doesn't know who—to say she'd canceled her European trip, took the kids, and vanished. No word where she was going, no message for me, no nothing."

Barney hesitated, then sighed with the flicker of a smile. "You lead a rich, full life, Mr. Monteagle. But things'll work out. I still think it's a case of mistaken identity."

"Mayhe," Dana conceded. "But unless I'm mistaken, *I'm* the identity."

They dropped it then.

Three glasses of sherry brought small gold-colored stars to Emmylou's green eyes, and four of the rum concoctions (with what had gone before) put Dana and Barney on a very fraternal and somewhat unsteady basis.

Over a duck dinner in the hotel (Emmylou's favorite food; Barney had gone out the opening of the duck season the previous weekend, but no luck), they went through college again and replayed the historic 27-27 tie with Notre Dame. Over stingers at Romanoff's, they rewooded—and relost—the bit of fluff. During the Mocambo floor show, they refought World War II.

It was after two when they got back to the hotel.

Little lavender lines showed in Emmylou's eyelids as she kissed Dana good night. "Thanks for everything, Dana. I think you had a wonderful time. Considering—"

"Considering?" he repeated. "What?"

"Whatever it was you were considering all evening."

Complete exhaustion showed on Barney's face as they shook hands. "It's a good thing we have only an occasional problem in the L.A. office," he said, yawning. "I can't handle these drinking contests."

"You'll sleep it off," Dana told him. "Pick me up after breakfast."

Barney slid under the wheel of his car and followed Emmylou's convertible out of the hotel driveway into the night. Dana stood looking after them and letting the early-morning wind wash his lungs out before he turned, walked through the deserted hotel lobby, up one flight of stairs, and down the corridor toward his room.

A DO NOT DISTURB placard was hanging from the doorknob of *lanai* suite Number Two. Apparently Delilah Dalton had sobered up enough to put it there and, Dana hoped, put herself to bed. A good sign, he thought, as he unlocked his door, opened it, reached for the switch.

But the lights were already on. A man was sitting in a chair he'd pulled into the middle of the room. A young man, not more than twenty-five. Big, lean, but large-boned, determined-looking.

Dana paused. "What are you doing here?"

"I know the house detective." The man stood up, towering over Dana. But aside from the fact he was an obvious interloper and a total stranger, there was no particular menace about him. When he extended an immense hand, the gesture was almost courteous. "I'm Dick Kramer, Mr. Monteagle—Luise is my wife."

"Luise?" Dana repeated.

"Luise Schaeffer. Hugo's daughter. I'm his son-in-law. Or was."

"Oh"—Dana's mind fought its way free of alcohol and night clubs—"oh, yes—"

"I wanted to see you tonight," Kramer explained, "and I thought it would be better here instead of some more conspicuous place."

Dana moved into the room, relaxing a little. "You can't blame me for being somewhat startled," he said. "But it's all right, of course." The bottle from which he'd taken two drinks sat on the bedside table. "Want a drink?" Kramer shook his head.

Dana didn't want one, either, but he

poured out more whisky, anyway—automatic and, in a way, defensive. He sat down on the studio couch.

"Okay, Kramer, what is it? What do you want?"

"I went with my wife and mother-in-law to the undertaker's earlier tonight," Kramer said. "They'd been very expert, Mr. Monteagle. He looked almost alive. But the shadow of the wound could be seen on his temple. His right temple." He leaned forward, his eyes on Dana. "My father-in-law was left-handed."

"Left-handed?"

Kramer nodded, watching him. "If he'd shot himself, the wound would have been in his left temple."

"If he shot himself—?" Dana took a swallow of whisky, raw and strong. "What are you trying to say, Kramer?"

"My father-in-law was happy in his life and devoted to his family and your company. He never would have killed himself. I"—beneath his knees, Kramer's hands clenched, became white-knuckled fists—"we think he was murdered."

"Murdered? By—whom?"

"I don't know, Mr. Monteagle. That's why I'm here. I tried to get Barney Spaulding on the phone after we dis-

covered this, but the baby sitter said he was out with you. I thought the two of you should be told before I went to the D.A."

Dana put his glass on a table, stood up.

"There's something else you don't know, Kramer. Something I'd hoped we could keep from your family. But if you understand business ledgers, these speak for themselves." He handed the books to the other man. "Your father-in-law had been altering them. Over a period of years. We discovered it earlier this week. That's why I flew out here from Chicago."

Kramer was studying a page intently, with interest but little understanding.

"Those are his entries," Dana indicated them. "His handwriting."

Kramer nodded. "Yes, his handwriting, all right."

Dana poured himself another drink, hardly aware of it. "Thirty thousand dollars gone. Barney told him we'd do nothing until I got here, but I guess the shock of discovery, the threat of disgrace—"

Kramer closed the ledgers. "Yes," he



agreed slowly, "a man might kill himself because of something like this. But a left-handed man," he repeated, "does not shoot himself in the right temple."

Kramer rose. "I'll want those hooks for evidence."

"I'd like to find the answer to all these questions," Dana put in, "without publicity, if possible."

"Bad publicity doesn't hurt dead men. Just living ones."

"The ledgers tell you what happened, Kramer."

"No, they don't," Kramer said. "It's my father-in-law's handwriting. But he never would have stolen that money, Mr. Monteagle. You should know that."

Dana hesitated. If it went to the district attorney, it was out of his hands, and maybe just as well. "Okay," he said finally. "Good luck. We'd like to find out where the money went ourselves. Particularly if it didn't go to Hugo Schaeffer."

"I have your co-operation?"

"Of course."

Kramer nodded a good night and walked out. Dana reached for the phone. He gave the operator Barney's number, drained his glass while he was waiting for an answer. Emmylou, finally. Barney wasn't home.

"I lost him on the way," she explained. "He called a few minutes ago from an all-night gas station. The fan belt broke in that old car of his. He should be here any minute. Do you want him to phone you?"

Dana looked at the phone, and it blurred a little. What good would it do, having Barney phone him at four in the morning? Or having him come back to the hotel? What could be settled then? He shouldn't even have called, he should have waited. For the new perspective another morning would bring.

"No," he said. "Just tell him I wanted to kiss him good night again. And to pick me up in the morning."

He hung up and put the phone down with effort. Not only was it hlurred, but also the stand he put it on. The room around him. The walls closing in on him. then receding. Lights brightening, then fading. The whole thing starting to spin . . .

Exhaustion did this to a person, utter fatigue. Played tricks with touch, vision, balance.

Dana undressed awkwardly, leaning against the couch for support, a chair, the desk, the closet door. Rum, liqueurs, Scotch highballs, bourbon . . . he'd had it.

He clutched the side of the wash basin, rinsed his mouth out with ice water, stared at his reflection in the mirror. It, too, was weaving. He pitched back into

the bedroom, lurched against the wall to press the light button, stumbled across the room, and fell across the studio couch.

He pressed his hot face into the couch spread, but it reeked of cleaning fluid, and he turned to try and suck in air. It was then Dana smelled the smoke.

That he could actually smell anything was surprising. But instead of the cool air he'd breathed outside the hotel, this was hot and dry and acrid. As the whisky had been acrid. Only it wasn't the smell of whisky. It was smoke.

He sat up, groped for the bedside lamp, managed to turn it on. The room was filling rapidly with smoke, though nothing appeared to be on fire.

He looked at the transom. It was closed. The smoke wasn't coming from the hall. But nevertheless he stumhled to the door, turned the knob, pulled. It was locked. He turned the night lock, pulled again. Still the door wouldn't open. He must have unconsciously locked it from the inside with the room key. But where was the room key?

The smoke was dense now, choking, hlinding. He stumbled to the wardrobe. The key wasn't on it. He stepped to the closet to search his clothes. But by then he could hear the crackling of fire, and he turned from the closet and forced his way out upon the veranda.

It, too, was hlanketed in sweltering clouds—clouds billowing out of *lanai* suite Number Two, the interior of which, as he pushed back the sliding screen, was a broiling sea of flames.

Dana steadied himself against the railing for an instant, rallying his thoughts and his strength. Delilah Dalton had been lying on the couch in that room. Out cold. Somehow he had to get to her.

Fire, in great arms, reached out and enveloped him as he fought his way in. Singeing his hair, his eyebrows, the backs of his hands, his neck, his ankles. He retreated momentarily. But there was little place to retreat to. Already the holocaust was spreading behind him, running along the jerry-built structure.

His hands over his face, he tried again. But it was hopeless. Fingers of flame licked up his legs, ignited his robe.

He couldn't tell if a figure was lying on the bed or not. But if one was, this was its pyre.

He retreated again, struggling to get back to his own room. But by now the fire had devoured the wall between and it, too, was a furnace, the bed ablaze.

A siren wailed. Below him, figures darted across the pool area. Someone yelled, and he felt a deep stab in the small of his back as the pressurized stream from a water hose hit him squarely.

He opened his mouth at the shock, and the fire around him poured into it and

down his throat and into his lungs. His head was splitting open, his whole body broiling.

He stumhled, caught himself against the flaming screen partition, groped for the veranda railing. But it was going, going, going . . .

And he heard the crash almost before it happened, as the entire veranda of the Olympic Palms's de luxe *lanai* suites collapsed with a hlazing roar upon the cinder-covered flagstones and into the clover-shaped swimming pool below.

Dana Monteagle, Jr., recovered consciousness twenty-four hours later in the Good Angel Hospital. But he was scarcely aware of anything for another twelve hours, except a hlinding headache and the relentless irritation of the general blistering, beneath the petrolatum and pressure bandages.

He was ignorant of Barney and Emmylou's vigil. Of the physician in attendance, and the round-the-clock nurses. Of Celeste's brisk call of inquiry Friday afternoon (from where, nobody knew), and her fleet visit to the hospital Saturday morning. Of Sam Mayes from the D.A.'s office, and Captain Martin Culver from Homicide.

But the law wouldn't wait on healing processes. Late Saturday, the doctor gave his reluctant go-ahead for initial questioning, and Barney ushered in the officers as Mrs. Piggott, the afternoon nurse, *tchtchtched* her way out with a disapproving frown.

"We'll try to make it short and sweet, Mr. Monteagle," Mayes assured him. He was rangy, relaxed, candid-looking. Dana felt he could like Mayes. "And if you don't mind, Spaulding—"

"There's nothing to be said here," Dana protested, "that can't be said in front of Mr. Spaulding."

"Sorry, Monteagle. Orders." This from Culver. Short and crisp, not short and sweet. Captain Culver was tense, grim, ferret-eyed.

"Orders? A rubdown?" Dana asked wryly, as Barney left and Mayes sat down beside the bed, Culver standing at its foot.

"We just want to clear up a couple of things about the hotel fire," Mayes told him, "and a dame by the name of Delilah Dalton."

"I want to clear up something, too," Dana said. "Did she—get out?"

Mayes evaded an immediate answer. "Did you know Miss Dalton well, Mr. Monteagle?"

"I didn't know her at all."

"But you knew she was in her room?"

"I *thought* she was in her room. She'd been there earlier and—" He broke off. It hurt to think. *All* of him hurt.

"Yes," Mayes told him, "you and she

had had a row about her drinking that afternoon. The bellboy heard it. Saw you there. In your robe and slippers."

"It wasn't what he thought," Dana said quickly. "I'd been working on the veranda of my suite. I heard her mirror break and—"

"How did it break?"

"She threw a highball glass at it. She was high-strung, almost neurotic. Apparently some guy had let her down. The mirror was the first thing she saw to take it out on."

"You weren't the guy who let her down?" This from Culver.

"I'd only seen Miss Dalton once before that afternoon. On the plane flying to California from Chicago. She had the seat beside me."

"You didn't know her before then?" Mayes asked.

Dana shook his head. The meeting at the bar was unimportant and would sound like a pickup, or maybe even something else. Which it wasn't. Not exactly.

"The stewardess seems to think you did," Mayes pursued. "She says you were surprised when Miss Dalton caught that plane."

First the bellboy, now the stewardess! "Well," Dana conceded. "we'd spoken. In the airport bar."

"And that's all?" Culver put in.

"Yes."

Both officers sighed. "Mr. Monteagle," Mayes began patiently. "you say this woman was high-strung and neurotic. You say she was having man trouble. You don't deny you were in her room, in a robe and slippers. And yet you say you didn't even know her. How can you ask us to believe—?"

"I'm not asking anything!" Dana exploded. "I don't *care* what you choose to believe!"

He had to end this cross-questioning, get these men out and Barney back in. As far as he knew, Barney hadn't heard of Dick Kramer's doubts about his father-in-law's suicide. And something had to be done about Celeste. She'd have to be found, wherever she was, and told about this, or some of it.

"Please—" Dana's anger blended with exhaustion. "Tell me. What happened to her? Did she get out? Or was she—burned to death?"

Mayes looked at him for a long moment without answering, then spoke. "She wasn't burned to death, she was stabbed to death. The fire was set afterward. We don't know how long afterward."

"*Stabbed to death?*" Dana repeated, incredulous.

Mayes nodded. "With this." He withdrew something wrapped in tissue paper

from his pocket. "We found it later in the hotel swimming pool."

Dana turned his head on the pillow with effort, blinked again, fastened his eyes on the object in Mayes's hand.

It was his dagger. The sentimental souvenir. With the ivory handle and the treacherous blade.

"Ever seen it before, Mr. Monteagle?"

"Yes," Dana swallowed. "It's mine. I—I take it every place."

"Into women's bedrooms in hotels?" This from Culver—terse, succinct. "And then into swimming pools?"

Dana closed his eyes, gritting his teeth. This wasn't happening. He was dreaming it. He still hadn't come to.

"The last I knew, it was on my bedside table. I don't know how it got into the pool. If it did."

"It did," Mayes told him.

"And also into Delilah Dalton," Culver added. "Right between the shoulder blades."

Dana opened his eyes, looking at Mayes beseechingly. This *must* be a lie!

Mayes read his mind. "It might never have been discovered," the deputy D.A. said. "if the fire department hadn't been on its toes. Got to her body before—well, while she still had one."

He wrapped the dagger in tissue again, rose. "Anyway, Mr. Monteagle, we'll defer issuing a complaint until you're able to move. Or be moved."

"Defer issuing a complaint?" The words were thunder-struck.

At the foot of the bed, Culver nodded. "Yeah," he said. "When a guy's flat on his back, we don't like to indict him for petty crimes—like arson and murder."

The last rays of the sun latticed through the fire escape that ran down the building beyond French doors of the room that opened on a grilled escape landing. And as the day drew to a close, Barney sat, tie loosened, elbows on his knees, head in his hands, while Dana told him of the officers' shattering pronouncements.

"One thing. I—I didn't tell them the truth. That is, not all the truth. When I got back to the hotel Friday morning before the fire, Hugo's son-in-law was waiting for me in my room."

Barney's head raised. "How'd he get in there?"

"House dick's passkey. He'd just come from the undertaker's and was very upset. Not only because his father-in-law was dead. But because he didn't think it was suicide. He thought it was—murder."

"*Murder?*"

"He told me Hugo was left-handed. But that he was shot in the right temple."

Barney's eyes narrowed at the sides, his mouth at the corners. His hands opened and clenched again. A furrow ran

up his forehead. "Maybe you get ambidextrous when it comes to killing yourself," he said finally. "Nobody else would have done it."

"I hope the Schaeffers accept that."

"I hope so, too. I haven't seen them. The funeral was this afternoon. Emmylou went, but I was here."

"Well," Dana sighed, "the whole Hugo story may come out sooner or later. But I hate to drag it into the rest of this mess. He didn't have anything to do with the fire. Or Delilah Dalton. Of course," he added quickly, "neither did I."

Barney didn't reply at once, and Dana looked at him with mild annoyance. "I said, neither did I. You believe that, don't you?"

Barney rose, walked to the French doors. "I know all the story you've told me, Dana," he said evasively, his back to the bed. "But somehow the police know a little more than that. What the stewardess heard. What the bellboy saw. Who this Delilah Dalton was—"

"Who was she?"

"Dame around Chicago. Marriage a few years back, and a divorce. Gold Coast apartment, splashy clothes—but no visible means of support. Like a lot of aging debutramps you'd pick up in a bar. Start a conversation with on a plane. Have a drink with in a hotel bedroom."

"Barney—" This couldn't be happening, either! His best friend misconstruing facts. Distorting, exaggerating.

Barney walked back to the bed, looked down, frank and friendly, and thoughtful. "Lord knows I don't think you killed this woman, Dana. But you must realize it all adds up to plenty of suspicious evidence. And the first thing on the agenda—"

"The first thing on the agenda," Dana put in, "is to find Celeste—"

"Celeste was here," Barney said.

"*Here?*"

"Outside, in the hall. This morning."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You were out cold for twenty-four hours," Barney reminded him. "Nobody could tell you anything. And what with a murder or two, today's been booked solid. But anyway," he went on, "she called yesterday. Just told the office who she was and asked how you were. Then today, before lunch, Emmylou and I were sitting out in the hall, and all of a sudden I smell a white Jag convertible pulling up at the door—"

"Just facts, please, Barney."

Barney sighed. "I don't have many, but white Jaguars are among 'em. Belongs to her aunt in Pasadena."

"Lydia?"

Croesus-rich eccentric living out her fabulous days in a Crown City cottage the size of Buckingham Palace! What

was Celeste doing riding around Los Angeles in her imported sportster? What was Celeste doing riding around Los Angeles period?

"She's staying there," Barney said.

"What about the children?"

"I didn't ask."

"You're a big help."

"Celeste Monteagle and the Barney Spauldings live in two different worlds, Dana. Don't speak the same language."

"That isn't so," Dana countered.

"I *wish* it wasn't," Barney said. "But it is. Nobody's fault. Anyway, she told us everything she wanted us to know. Which was nothing. And said she'd try to get by later this afternoon. Or phone. I advised against that. There's a D.A. tracer on all inquiries about you."

"A D.A. tracer?"

"You're practically under arrest. That's why I don't think a wife comes first. If I were you, I'd get a lawyer. Pronto."

"But that's admitting I'm guilty."

"Guilty or not, you need a lawyer."

Oh, how it hurt to move! Even his hand, turning it. Even his mouth, as his lower lip sagged weakly. "Well," Dana said at last, "who do you suggest?"

"I've been thinking," Barney told him. "Graber and Doane handle the firm, of course. But they're not criminal lawyers. Giesler's the big shot out here, but he's in Europe. I have an uncle, Adam Barlowe, in practice for himself, and a smooth operator. But he's a little guy."

"What's the matter with that?" In Europe or not, Giesler's name meant headlines. That was the last thing Dana wanted. "Trot out Adam Barlowe."

Barney scratched his ear as Miss Piggott re-entered with a resolute look, a thermometer, and supper. "Well, we could start with him. He can tell you about procedure, and—"

Miss Piggott stopped him. "I can tell you about procedure," she said, popping the thermometer into Dana's mouth. "You proceed to get out. Scram. Dust off. I have a patient here who's fading in the stretch."

"Just leaving," Barney assured her. "I'll line up Barlowe," he told Dana, "and be back first thing in the morning."

He dusted off, and the nurse withdrew the thermometer, *tchtchtching*.

"Mercury rising?" Dana asked, actually relieved Barney was gone. He couldn't take much more of anything right now. And he wanted to phone Celeste. D.A. tracer, or no.

She shook the thermometer down. "We may be in for a hot spell, unless you get a chance to cool off a little."

"Nothing quite so chilling as a murder indictment."

"I heard about that," she conceded.

She uncovered supper dishes, held a spoon to his lips. "Here, take a sip of this nice glue soup and stop worrying. She probably had it comin' to her."

"I don't want any soup. I want to make a phone call."

She shook her head. "No phone calls. Orders."

"For a man not to talk to his wife?"

"For you not to talk to anybody."

"She was here this morning," Dana argued. "I didn't see her. And it's very important to me, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Piggott," she furnished.

"If it was *Mrs.* Piggott," Dana advised her, "you'd be somebody's wife."

She lifted a lid. "Well, a sea-gull leg!"

"Somebody who might want to talk to you, too," he pressed. "Who *needed* you, Miss Piggott. Please—" He turned on the charm. "I *have* to talk to her."

She wavered, studied him thoughtfully. "Well," she said at last, "I don't think talking to your wife'll kill you. What's the number?"

He told her. Pasadena. Listed under the H's. Hurrell. Miss Lydia . . .

The masculine voice was impersonal and obsequious as the nurse handed him the phone when it was answered, discreetly left the room. "Hurrell residence."

Dana knew these voices, \$350 a month. Just to handle the staff, of course. "I want to speak to Mrs. Monteagle," he said flatly.

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Monteagle."

"Oh." The voice was hesitant, thoughtful, evasive. "Just a minute, sir . . ."

Why did it *always* have to be this way? In his office. On her massage table. Always an initial irritation. Even before they started talking on the phone. Or maybe that was the reason; all their relationships consisted of these days, it seemed, was talking over telephones.

"Hello? Dana—?"

If you've ever loved a woman, there's something the sound of her, after time between, will always do to you. And though it hadn't been long since Dana had spoken to Celeste, now it suddenly seemed forever.

"I'm sorry to bother you," he said, "but I've been worried to death. Packing up, taking the kids, just vanishing—"

"I haven't just vanished, Dana."

"I called home Thursday night. Albert told me—"

"There are some things Albert needn't know." Oh, this was Celeste, all right! "When I told the doctor I was going to Europe," she went on, "he said a few months in California would be a lot better for the children's asthma. Appealed to my maternal instinct. So out we flew, while I still had one."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"It was so sudden. I—called as soon as I arrived. And found out where you were."

"Very thoughtful, Celeste."

"Dana," she began, "if the only reason you phoned me was—"

"I phoned you because I need you, Celeste," he interrupted.

She hesitated. When she spoke, her voice was very low. "Say that again."

"Again? Why?"

"You've never said it before, Dana. And you say it very nicely."

Dana's eyes blinked. "Celeste—"

"I know," she said gently.

As if she did know. What was in his mind. And in his body now. As if this sudden need for her could carry through cables and coils, receivers and sound boxes, from the hospital bedroom to the telephone cubicle.

"You'll come?" he asked. "Tonight?"

"No, Dana. It's late. You need your rest. The doctor told me the less excitement you have, the quicker you'll get out. That's all that matters now."

She was right, of course, completely logical. But he didn't want logic. He wanted—yes, he wanted Celeste. As his wife and as a woman. His imagination ran wanton and riot for a moment.

"Dana—?"

"What?" he asked finally.

"I'm going to hang up now."

"No."

"I have to. I'll see you tomorrow."

"No, Celeste—!"

But she did. In a den or library in Pasadena. Even as she slipped teasingly out of his arms. In their bed at home.

"Well, that was interesting."

Dana looked around from the phone to the figure of his doctor, lounging against the dresser, a slightly accusing smile on his face.

"I—I was just talking to my wife." Dana stammered, aware of blood tale-telling up his neck.

"I should hope so. But I left orders—"

"I broke 'em," Dana said. "You can take away my candy."

The doctor shrugged, turned to Dana's charts. "Actually," he said, "I was thinking of *giving* you a little. Glucose injection. You lost a lot of plasma, and with the heavy dose of barbiturate you took—"

"Barbiturate? You mean sleeping pills? I've never taken one in my life."

The doctor glanced at him quizzically.

"Sometimes symptoms lie, Mr. Monteagle. But not all your symptoms. Pulmonary edema, cyanosis, increased reflexes."

"I ought to know when I take a pill."

"It's available in liquid form." The doctor glanced at his watch. "I'm due in surgery. Good night."

He was gone as abruptly as he'd come.

leaving Dana leaning back against his pillows, bewildered, as Miss Piggott appeared with fresh linen to remake his bed, rolling him gently first on one side, then the other, slipping the sheet under him.

"What did he mean, barbiturate?" Dana asked. "Said I'd had an overdose."

"You did. You'd have pulled a Rip van Winkle on us if some smoke hadn't gotten up your nose."

"I didn't take anything. That is, not—voluntarily."

"Not voluntarily? What do *you* mean?"

"Could someone have spiked something I drank?"

"I guess so."

"How much would kill a man?"

"That depends on the man." She pinned the night switch to the spread. "Big guy like you, fifty grains at least. But it doesn't take that much for the large economy-size coma you were in when they delivered you."

"Is it hard to get fifty grains?"

"Not if a scratch artist gets hold of a prescription blank."

"Scratch artist?"

She nodded. "I guess if you have murder in mind, a little forgery's incidental." She raised his head with one hand to a glass she held in the other. "I understand tomorrow's visitors' day, so moisten the ivories, pull in your flappers, turn off the headlights, and get yourself a case of shut-eye, Mr. Monteagle. And stop thinking about violent death. It ain't healthy."

He swallowed the water, put his arms under the covers, closed his eyes. But he didn't get himself much of a case of shut-eye, because he couldn't stop thinking about violent death.

Barbiturate? Liquid form? What had he had to drink that night? *The* night?

Rum grogs at the hotel, stingers at Romanoff's. Surely no drugs in those. Scotch later at a Sunset Strip night spot, and then a couple of shots of bourbon out of the bottle he'd brought from Chicago. He'd had one drink out of the same bottle that afternoon. Which hadn't put him to sleep, surely. And nobody had been in the room afterward.

Nobody except a lean, solemn-looking young giant who had a speaking acquaintance with the house detective, whose father-in-law might have been murdered for hidden money, and whose wife's name began with "L" . . .

The next day was visitors' day, all right. It began right after breakfast, when Barney arrived with Adam Barlowe, a small, quiet man with light-blue eyes, a professional key on the chain across his chest, good hands, highly polished black shoes. Not average exactly, but—yes, average. In the nicest sense, Dana liked the attorney on sight.

"Well," Barney said, "what's the top news story of *this* morning?"

"Poison," Dana said flatly. "The doctor says I was slipped a load of barbitol early Friday. Before the fire."

Once again the furrow between Barney's eyes, the narrowing of the generous mouth. "How?"

"In something I drank. In my room, probably. I had a bottle. Could've been laced with the stuff."

"Who by?"

"The guy who sat there and watched me drink it."

"That's—fantastic."

"Agreed. But I had a couple of drinks while he was in the room and one after he left. Not enough to kill me. Just enough so I might have fallen into such a sound sleep, a raging fire could have killed me instead."

Barney half shuddered. "Now what—?"

Adam Barlowe, perched on the edge of the chair beside the bed, and nervously tapping the brief case on his lap, answered this himself. "Now that you have a lawyer, Mr. Monteagle, I think you should tell him—tell me, that is—the whole story. From the beginning."

"Okay," Dana sighed. "But last time around. For anybody. A week ago to-

morrow, I walked into my office in Chicago and on my desk, along with the rest of the mail . . ."

Funny how things started falling into place when it was presented in full. How it had a definite beginning (the first letter), gathered momentum (the call from Barney, his flight west), built to the climax (Delilah's death).

"So that's the saga, Mr. Barlowe," he finished weakly, almost an hour later.

"This Kramer, know much about him?"

"Only what I told you. On the police force, traffic detail. I think. Seems devoted to his family."

"And Miss Dalton? You're sure you'd never seen her before?"

"Positive. You couldn't forget Delilah Dalton, could you, Barney?"

Barney had stood for the whole time, looking out at the view. He turned now, almost with a start. "Me? I don't know, Dana. I never saw her, remember?"

"Could Kramer have known her?" the lawyer asked.

"I—I suppose so," Dana said. "I hadn't thought of that."

Barlowe nodded. "Maybe there was a relationship there. Maybe—"

But the morning nurse came in from



"In here, Lula! He's caught her!"

the hall at that point, and the lawyer left the sentence in mid-air.

"The district attorney's downstairs," she said. "He wants to come up."

"By all means have him do so," Barlowe told her. "We'll get going—"

"No," Dana protested.

"I'm familiar with Herb Gage's reactions, Mr. Monteagle," Barlowe told him. "He doesn't anticipate finding me here, or he wouldn't have chosen this hour. And it could—disturb him. We must approach this cautiously, keeping in mind the personalities of our adversaries. Also"—he looked around—"we should leave without his seeing us."

Barney indicated the balcony.

Barlowe shook his head. "The elevator's around the corridor. And didn't I notice an emergency stairway right next door?" He addressed Dana again. "Remember, Mr. Monteagle, anything you say can be used against you."

Dana couldn't resist a smile at the warning.

"We must proceed with great care," Barlowe continued. "Particularly if they issue a complaint."

The smile vanished. "How *can* they issue a complaint?" Dana demanded. "And for *what*?"

The little man paused by the bed. "If there's nothing to suspect Kramer of, except his desire to tell you he thought his father-in-law didn't commit suicide, it could be for first-degree murder, Mr. Monteagle."

He left then, scarcely giving Dana time to react before there was a tap on the door. And then District Attorney Gage—big, shuffling, unkempt, with the brightest eyes Dana had ever seen and ears that even *looked* sharp—was ambling into the hospital room, up to the bed, extending a hamlike hand.

"Monteagle?"

"Monteagle," Dana conceded.

"I'm Herb Gage." A twist of the massive head indicated Mayes and Culver. "You've met the boys."

Dana nodded.

Gage straddled a chair. Mayes leaned against the dresser. Culver resumed his place at the foot of the bed.

"Have you got a lawyer?"

"Working on it." *That* wasn't saying much. *That* couldn't be used against him.

"Good idea." One big hand reached into a pocket, and Dana's dagger, sharp and shining, rested in the square palm. "This is yours?"

"Yes, it's mine." Dana said shortly. "Sort of a souvenir. Good-luck charm."

"*Real* lucky. Where'd it come from?"

This would sound childish. He and Barney exchanging keepsakes. The dagger. The rabbit's-foot talisman. "I—I've had it forever," he said elusively.

The eyes pin-pointed Dana. "Any idea how it got into the Olympic Palms swimming pool?"

"None."

"It fell in," Culver interjected. "When the veranda collapsed. And you with it."

"I didn't have it then!" Dana barked. "Can't I get that through your thick skull?"

"Okay, Monteagle." A swift glance told Culver to lay off, as the D.A. pocketed the dagger again. "How many people know your wife's staying in Pasadena?"

This stopped Dana cold. Then he remembered the tracer on his phone. "My wife? Let's keep her out of this."

"I'd like to," Gage assured him. "But we have one dead doll on our hands already."

"Dead? You think someone would—?"

"I think plenty. Does Barney Spaulding know where she is?"

The man was all-covering, four-dimensional! "Yes," Dana said finally.

"The Schaeffer family?"

Again he was nailed. *How* could the D.A. know about the Schaeffers. How could he tie them into it? His eyes gave away his bewilderment.

"We're investigating a suicide, Monteagle"—Dana had forgotten that—"and we found a set of books in your hotel room. We know Schaeffer worked for your company."

"Did you find anything else in my room?" Dana asked quickly, to save face for old Hugo, at least for the moment. "Like a bottle of whisky? Spiked with barbitol?"

The D.A.'s expression altered, his eyes reflecting caution, curiosity. "It—was?"

"So the doctor says."

"And you drank some of it?"

"All that was drunk."

"Who slugged it?"

"I don't know."

"Well," Gage itemized casually. "Kramer had been in the room, of course—"

The man was a mile ahead of him!

"And maybe a maid or bellboy," the D.A. mused. "Probably there were other keys out, too. Duplicates." He sighed. "But this could have caused trouble. Poisoning our star witness." He left the subject of the barbitol in Mayes's notebook. "Know when you're getting out, Monteagle?"

"What difference does it make?"

"We have a coroner's jury coming up on the Dalton doll. Need some testimony. It's hard to get in a hospital room."

"My heart bleeds."

"It's my job." Gage said patiently.

"The newspapers are yapping at my heels, and the hotel's insurance company is on my neck. I can't stall much longer.

I'll have to take some action." He rose. "Anyway, you know where I am. If you have something to tell me you haven't already told me—"

"Like what?"

"Like who wrote the interesting little note we found in your hotel table. Slightly scorched, but we put it together."

"I don't know who wrote that note," Dana muttered dully.

He couldn't take it any more. He was tired, tired, tired. His bandages tugged at his seared flesh when he moved beneath the cover. His head throbbed again. His eyes stung when he closed them, swam when he opened them.

"Well"—the D.A. stepped to the door—"it really doesn't matter right now. Get some rest. We'll talk later."

He went out, Mayes following, but Culver pausing by the bed to look down at him. "Sure, Monteagle. We'll talk. When you decide to play ball—"

"Ball?" Dana summoned what strength was left to stand his ground. "You're talking to a rookie, Captain. Too green for this game."

"Rookies catch on," the officer told him, "but sometimes it takes a little coaching."

He walked out, too. Leaving Dana simmering behind him. But not from his burns and blisters, from anger and frustration and more anger.

Play ball with the authorities. was it? Cop a plea was another way of putting it.

And if he wouldn't?

"Sometimes it takes a little coaching," the man with the big shiny badge had said. Like a blackjack against the back of the neck, maybe. Or the water treatment. The squeeze. The sweat cure.

Well, maybe he was new talent. But they weren't going to beat a confession out of Dana Monteagle. That was for sure!

The day wore on. Lunch arrived. And while he was eating and the noon whistles were blowing the October morning away outside, Celeste materialized in one of the splashiest entrances of the season, making her chic way down the wide corridor, stepping into the room just as he took a bite of rhubarb. So that his mouth dropped open slightly, and some of the red juice dribbled down his chin.

"Celeste—"

"Hello, darling." She brushed his hot cheek with her cool one. "You're looking chipper."

"Never felt better," he said. "All ready for the class picture."

She surveyed the room, stepped to the French doors, looked out at the view. "Amazing about California weather," she said. "Three days, and the children's asthma is infinitely better."

He nodded, and the hair on the back of his neck stuck to his bandages and ripped away. "It's a very healthy climate."

She turned, and Dana noticed something strange about his wife. Or certainly something unusual—for Celeste. In the sunshine that poured in through the open doors, he saw for the first time tiny crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes, hollows beneath her cheekbones, tendons in her slim neck.

"Was the party fun?" he asked at last, after the awkward silence when he saw her as she really was. Tired. Lips bloodless under their rouge, and fingers jittering ever so slightly as they toyed with a cigarette holder.

"Party?"

"In Pasadena. Last night."

"It wasn't a party. Just Officer Kramer from the traffic detail. I think you know him."

"Kramer?"

"He wanted to show me—this." She opened her large bag and withdrew a small black bankbook. "Hugo's. He had a special checking account in a branch bank two blocks from his home, which nobody knew about."

"How did Kramer know about it?"

"Guessed. If Hugo had taken that money from the firm, it had to be someplace. Why not a bank? His father-in-law was thorough and meticulous, but not particularly imaginative. From there, it just took some telephoning."

She opened the book. "Sums were deposited regularly to this account. Dana. Money withdrawn equally regularly in checks made out to cash. Nobody knows where they went. But Mr. Kramer saw the initial deposit cards and the canceled checks, and he says they've got Hugo's signature."

"Of course, he'd say that."

She slipped the book back into her bag, produced a piece of paper. "Then there's this. A duplicate receipt for a pair of Colt double-action revolvers. Sold by the Rodeo Coin Company. Also made out to Hugo Schaeffer."

"You mean, it *was* his gun?"

"He bought two of them. A week before he died."

"With a permit?" Legal records wouldn't lie.

"You don't need a permit in Los Angeles, just a sales registration. They didn't even have that. It isn't a regular gun shop, and they sold the revolvers as antiques. But they were shootable. At least, one was. We don't know what happened to the other."

"We?"

"Aunt Lydia knew about the place. She collects guns, you know. Quite a shot. When Mr. Kramer told us about

the one they found on Hugo's lap, she remembered seeing two like it at this shop. I—that is, Mr. Kramer and I—went there this morning."

"This was the same Hugo Schaeffer, too? Did you describe him to the clerk?"

"The shop's changed hands in the last week. But it's his signature."

"You mean, Kramer says so."

"Yes."

"Celeste," he began slowly. "Dick Kramer's involved in all the trouble I'm in. I'm not sure how, but he is. He had a chance to poison the whisky I drank the night—the night Delilah Dalton was killed. You know about her, don't you?"

"Yes. I know about her."

"You found the letters under my desk blotter?"

A nod.

"I'm sure she wrote them."

"I'm sure she wrote them, too," Celeste agreed. "Or some of them. The same stationery's been found in her hotel room. And a bottle of white ink in the desk. Or what was left of one—it had exploded in the heat." She leaned forward. "But I'm not sure she wrote them to *you*, Dana. And I'm not sure it's Hugo's handwriting on the firm's books. Or his signature on the private account and the receipt for the guns."

"Not even when Kramer says so?"

She rose. "I don't think you know much about graphology, Dana. I didn't, either, until this morning. The writer—" She broke off.

"Go on."

"Well," she continued slowly, "somebody could acquaint him- or *her*-self with Delilah Dalton's handwriting so thoroughly as to be able to reproduce it without a flaw. And do the same with Hugo's. Then alter books and duplicate signatures."

"And just who might this—character be?"

"It might be any of several people," she said, "including—"

A tap on the door cut the sentence short, and Barney stepped in. In a bright plaid outing shirt. With a portable radio in one hand and a surprised smile when he saw Celeste.

"Well, if it isn't the little woman!" His eyes ran down her figure. "Not too little, of course. About the right frying size."

That would do it, Dana knew. Barney's humor—which she wouldn't think was funny. He had to admit it, they didn't speak the same language.

"Hello, Barney," Celeste said. Like that.

Barney turned toward the bed. "Now do you believe she's in town?"

"Now I believe it," Dana told him.

Barney deposited the radio on the bedside table. "Thought you'd like this ether

box. Keep up on world affairs, as long as you're just lying around. And," he continued pointedly, "as long as you're just lying around—"

"Yes?" In some ways, Barney was as transparent as glass.

"Well," Barney said, "they called from the club this morning. Said the sky was black with ducks. I know it may seem fun-loving at a time like this, but—"

Dana laughed, the first laugh he'd had for a long time. Fun-loving? Maybe. But so like Barney. "You don't have a choice, son," he said. "You *have* to go duck hunting." He winked at Celeste. "Poor boy hasn't been since last weekend."

"Last weekend?" Celeste repeated. "Where do you go, Barney?"

"Up in the San Joaquin Valley," Barney said. "Not very far, so if anything happens—"

Barney's face was flushing. Obviously he was sorry he'd brought it up, with Celeste there.

"Nothing's going to happen," Dana assured him. "now that I'm surrounded by wives and lawyers. So hop on your shotgun—"

Barney glanced at Celeste. "You'll keep your eye on him?"

"I'll try."

"Go on. Get out of here!"

Dana made a gesture as if to throw a pillow at him, and Barney ducked, high-signed a good-bye, hurried out.

"Poor guy," he said. "All this has been as hard on him and Emmylou as it has on me."

"I'm sure," Celeste's voice was cool. "But what did you mean, Dana? Surrounded by wives and *lawyers*? Have you an attorney?"

"Barney's uncle. Sharp little guy."

"Don't you think you need expert counsel?"

"Why can't Barney's uncle be expert counsel? Just because you don't like the Spauldings—"

"I've never said that, Dana."

"You haven't needed to say it. But getting back to the subject, how did Dick Kramer know you were in Pasadena?"

"I told him. At Hugo's funeral."

"You went to the funeral?"

"Of course. I sat with the family."

She would have. Why couldn't she have stayed out of it all? Gone to Europe. Left the kids with their asthma and Grace and Albert.

"And then invited them to Pasadena afterward?" he asked bitinglly.

"We went to the hospital first. Luise Kramer's baby was born three hours later. A little boy. They named him Hugo, after his—"

"I don't care what they named him." She stepped toward him.

"And," he continued, "it's very nice of

you to take all this sudden interest—”

She hesitated.

“—but I think you’re way off the beam,” he finished.

She stepped back. “You do?”

“I do. If Kramer believes all this, why doesn’t he take it to the D.A.? I can answer that. Because the district attorney has his eye on Kramer. He was here this morning. Wanted to know if Kramer knew where you were staying. Said he didn’t want another dead woman on his hands. Well, now Kramer *does* know where you’re staying. Because you butted in on something that really isn’t any of your business.”

“Dana,” she began, “last night you said—”

“Last night I needed you,” he interrupted. “Wanted you. Now I find that even while I was asking you to come to me, you and a man who could have poisoned me—”

“I don’t think Kramer poisoned you.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about!”

The hazel eyes narrowed. The lovely mouth became a tense line. “Maybe you’re right,” she agreed. “But I *do* know one thing. A person isn’t plunged into a chain of events like this with it all being accidental.”

He started to speak, but she shook her head.

“You have two children, Dana. For their sake—and yours—be careful. be terribly careful, from here on in. Or they may end up with no father at all. Not even one in a hospital!”

She grabbed her bag off the chair and rushed out with a sob.

“Celeste!”

But she was gone.

The view from the fire-escape landing was a disappointment to Dana. when Miss Piggott moved him out in a wheel chair and he finally looked at the row of palm trees topping the Palisades and the mid-afternoon sunshine espaliered on square office buildings.

She left, Dana filling his lungs with fresh air as a commercial came on and was followed by a newscaster fresh from the local news scene. D.A.’s office. Late bulletin. Dana turned his head abruptly. stared at the radio.

“A break in the Delilah Dalton murder case and the firing of the de luxe Olympic Palms Hotel early Friday morning,” the commentator was saying. “is expected momentarily by the district attorney’s office.”

Dana clutched the arms of his chair.

“Although it has not been officially announced, it was known the police had under surveillance a guest in the hotel, a man of prominence, who was injured in the blaze.”

Man of prominence? Hmmmm. Nice.

“However,” the broadcast continued, “attention has now shifted to one John Ramos, a parole violator with a record in Louisiana and Missouri, who was a bellboy at the hotel at the time of the double crime. I repeat—”

Dana turned the radio off abruptly. He didn’t need it repeated.

One John Ramos—

Latin. As the young, dark-haired waiter who’d brought the ice to *lanai* suite Number Two had been.

He stroked his bristled chin thoughtfully. Well, one John Ramos *might* have killed Delilah Dalton. Set fire to the hotel. If he had a record of other offenses, this was possible. Even probable. And it covered the major points, arson and murder.

But had one John Ramos written him letters soaked in Black Lilac perfume? Absconded with the firm’s funds? Bought a pair of Colt revolvers in a coin shop and shot an old man in the temple at Zuma Beach? Then forged prescription blanks and liberally doused a bottle of bourbon with barbitol?

How varied could John Ramos’ talents be? How assorted—

He stopped abruptly as, right then, he saw the girl. The tall, slim girl with the familiar look. And he leaned forward, peering down through the grilling at—yes! It was her! Emmylou Spaulding! Glancing around the courtyard and then starting up the fire escape. Only to stop abruptly—startled and out of breath—when she reached the first landing, where Dana sat in the wheel chair.

“Dana!” She paused, breathing quickly.

“Hello, Emmy. Why the carriage entrance?”

“A neighbor’s sitting with the kids,” she explained. “and I’ve been out cleaning up the beach shack. I had to come to town for some things, and got this sudden idea. But I look so terrible that—well, the back way just seemed the simplest.”

“You don’t look terrible,” Dana corrected. “you look swell. At least, to me. You’re my coming-out party. Or haven’t you heard? I’m not a murderer, after all.” He pointed to the radio. “They’ve arrested a bellboy.”

He saw relief flood her face. “That’s wonderful, Dana!” *It was*; so wonderful her chin quivered a little and she wiped away a sudden tear. “But then my idea isn’t such a good one—”

“Your idea is absolutely perfect. You can use my fire escape any time.”

“That was only *part* of the idea,” she explained. “It’s such a nice day, particularly down at the beach, that I—well, had this foolish notion of sneaking you out there, buying you a homemade

lemonade and a look at the ocean, and bringing you back before anyone could say Dana Monteagle, Jr. Of course, now...”

Foolish notion? It was a stroke of genius! “I’d rather ride up to the beach shack with you than anything else in the world, Emmylou.”

“Celeste will be calling,” she protested. “Probably the D.A.—”

“They can call back.”

She laughed. A slightly nervous laugh. Laugh of a kid planning some prank. “It isn’t practical when I think about it.”

“Don’t think about it. Let’s just *do* it!”

“All right,” she said suddenly. “I’ll wait in the car.”

She hurried down the fire escape, and he went back into the room and slipped into a robe Barney had lent him, and pocketed cigarettes and a handkerchief.

There was a pencil on the dresser, and a laundry list Miss Piggott had been preparing, and he hesitated. When she came back and found him gone, she’d be alarmed. Maybe get into trouble. The least he could do was leave a note.

He took the pencil. *Don’t worry*, he wrote. *I’ll be back. D.M.*

Then as quickly as he could, but somewhat unsteadily—he was weak and very shaky—he started down the fire escape to the little car at the edge of the courtyard below.

Seal Rock Beach, an hour northwest of metropolitan Los Angeles, is an unimpressive community, about a mile long and a pebble’s throw wide.

It has a small bar-café-grocery, a sheriff’s office, one or two motels, and the inevitable chain of weather-beaten shacks native to such communities.

When Dana had first seen Barney and Emmylou’s place, “Loose Ends,” he’d said it should have been called “The End.” It had been a lone room, protected from the sea and the sun and the wind by a sagging porch, from the highway by the dilapidated fence and a row of broken windows, and from the neighbors’ eyes only by their conscience.

But in the years between, a bedroom alcove had been added, and a little kitchenette, also plumbing and electricity. It had been painted a gay yellow by Barney, and the inside showed Emmylou’s creative touch—fish-net drapes, bright slip covers, seascape prints. Not that it was any doge’s palace yet. But it wasn’t four walls of a hospital room, either.

When Emmylou’s car, with its contraband cargo, pulled up beside it that afternoon, Emmylou turned to look at Dana before she got out.

“How’re you doing?”

“I’m fine,” he said.

“Up to a surprise?”

"Another? The day's full of 'em."
 "This wasn't just *my* foolish notion, Dana. And it wasn't as sudden as it seemed. Definitely premeditated. By me—and Barney. If you turn and look at the door..."

He turned and looked, and there was Barney, beer can in hand, big grin on his face, stepping out of the cottage as if on cue and approaching the car in his duck-hunting clothes.

"Well," Dana exclaimed, "what a short shoot!"

"That's coming up," Barney said. "I stopped here to say good-bye to Emmylou, and it was such a swell afternoon, I thought it should include you." He indicated the cottage to Dana. "Won't you step into the parlor?"

Emmylou laughed again. Dana had never heard her laugh so much. Of course, it was an afternoon for laughter (except for bellboys). "Said the spider to the—"

The horn of a passing truck swatted the fly.

"Very deluxury!" Dana surveyed the main room. Barney at his side, as Emmylou slipped into the kitchenette to unload her supplies. "Even nicer than when I first saw it."

"Yeah," Barney agreed. "nothing like a floor, walls, and a roof to give a room a finished look. What'll it be? Can you handle a beer?"

"Lemonade is about my speed."

"Coming right up."

Barney followed Emmylou into the kitchenette, and Dana stepped out on the porch and sank into a canvas chair.

This was more like it.

Almost directly below on the beach, a big man in a woven palm-frond hat was surf fishing. A woman was painting hollyhocks on the garbage can next door. Dana had to look twice, but that's what they were. A swarm of sea gulls landed on the roof, then pulled away with a sudden shrill scream, almost a woman's scream, before they were gone on the wind. A boy rolling an old tire along the sand ran it into one of the pilings below with a dull thud. Dana leaned over the rail, but the boy was gone on the wind, too. A mere speck already, racing along the distant beach.

Yes, very much more like it!

Barney came out with a big glass of lemonade, gave it to Dana, and sat on the floor by Dana's chair, beer can in hand.

"Emmylou tell you the news?" Dana asked, after swallowing half the lemonade in one thirsty gulp.

"No," Barney said. "She went to fix her face."

"They squeezed a confession out of the bellboy."

"Who squeezed—?"

"D.A. And his bloodhounds." He took another swallow. "The kid apparently stabbed Dalton with the dagger. And then set fire to the joint."

"Who told you this?"

"The radio you brought me. Why?"

"I thought maybe Celeste—"

"No," Dana said, "but *she* told me a couple of other interesting things. That Dick Kramer found an unknown bank account of Hugo's. Also found the place he bought the gun. Or *guns*. He bought a pair—"

"How would she know this?"

"You walked in just when I asked her that, Barney—and spoiled the whole story." He finished the lemonade. "After you left, we had a fight—"

"About me?"

"No."

Barney killed his beer. "She hates me, Dana." Funny how he could say something that strong so quietly. Dana had always admired Barney's hold on himself. Now he wished he hadn't brought up Celeste at all.

"She doesn't," he said quickly.

"Did you see the way she looked at me

today?" Barney pursued. "As if I'd come in through a hole in a screen."

"Or winged away in a flight of mallards." Dana smiled. "She just thought you were being a little—frisky."

"No," Barney rose. "That isn't what she thought at all, Dana." He indicated the empty glass. "More lemonade?"

"What about Emmylou?"

"She'll be out in a minute. You know women—"

"Okay," Dana said. "I'd like more."

Barney took the glass inside, and Dana leaned back in the chair, studying cloud formations thoughtfully. *Was* it what Celeste had thought? *Did* he know women? Maybe not. But he did know one thing.

If it was over—*when* it was over—he'd do something about himself and Celeste and the Spauldings. Somehow heal the breach. No reason they couldn't all be friends, in spite of the rarefied air Celeste breathed. No reason for her to stay with Aunt Lydia instead of Emmylou.

And no reason she hadn't been at the hospital when the D.A. was. When Adam Barlowe was. By his side. As a wife



should be. Instead of off with somebody's son-in-law.

But there he went again. Off on the tangents . . .

Barney came back, squatted on the floor once more. Dana studied the refilled glass.

"I'm sorry about Celeste," he said finally.

"I'm sorry, too," Barney said.

"Don't let it worry you. It isn't that important. *Our* friendship is important. And I'm not going to let—"

Dana broke off. Talking too much. Rambling. Like a sentimental old woman.

Too tired, that was all. The drive, the sun, the iced drinks. Tired—and suddenly a little dizzy. So that the porch rafters overhead closed in on him, then receded. The glass in his hand blurred. The day grew bright, dim, bright again.

Barney got to his feet. "What's the matter?"

"I'm dizzy, Barnaby. Better go in—"

He managed to get to his feet, but lurched against the doorjamb and held on for a minute. The whole cottage was vibrating around him now, starting to spin. Barney stepped past him into the room. And Dana staggered in after him. This *had* been a foolish notion. He just wasn't up to it yet.

"You'd better lie down a minute." Barney closed the door to the porch, pulled drapes across it against the sun.

Dana shook his head. But when *he* stopped, *it* continued shaking. Terrible feeling. "No, I—I've got to get back to the hospital." He tripped over a coffee table, clung to a wall for support.

"You're not going back to the hospital."

Seven words. Straight, toneless. Said quietly but distinctly. By Barney. Behind him.

"Of course, I am."

"No, you're not." Dana'd never heard Barney talk this way. It sobered him up instant.

He raised his head and stared at his pal. And into the Colt double-action revolver in Barney's right hand. Grim. Uncompromising.

He retreated, half tripped, fell awkwardly across the couch, ripping away some of the bandages around his legs. "Barney, what *is* this?"

Barney shrugged. "Surprise party. End of the romance." There was a look in his eyes that Dana could never have imagined. Not an insane gleam, exactly. But certainly a wild glaze. "Homicidal maniac trapped. And no other way out. . . ."

This *had* to be a dream! But it wasn't. Barney's eyes told him. The ringing in his ears, the leaden ache at the base of

his neck, the mental fog obscuring thought and vision—all told him.

Told him other things, too. That the lemonade had been spiked, as the whisky in his hotel bedroom had been spiked. With barbitol. And by the same person.

That here, in this room in the shack at Seal Rock Beach, lay not only the answers to all his questions but probably the end of the story. If not *his* end.

"No other way out"—Dana's words were strangled—"except what?"

"To kill my best friend. and my wife."

"Emmylou?" Dana repeated vacantly. He opened his mouth to call "*Emmylou!*" He got only the first half of her name out before the revolver muzzle cracked against his jaw, snapping his head back fiercely, splintering the side of his skull.

"She won't answer you," Barney said, indicating the gun. "She got a sample of that herself. In the kitchen, ten minutes ago. Only harder."

Scream of sea gulls. Almost a woman's scream. Thud of a tire hitting the pilings.

"Came as quite a surprise, too," Barney went on, almost softly. "She loved me. Poor little fool. Had faith in me. At least until this afternoon. I don't know what made her suddenly suspicious, but—"

He broke off. The gun told Dana to stand up. But he couldn't.

"Need help?" Barney jerked him to his feet by the lapels on the robe.

Dana pulled away, stumbled backward again. "Barney!"

"Come on."

Dana clutched at the wall. "Wait a minute—"

"Come on, you ———!" In a terrorizing flash, Dana realized where Barney had picked up the string of foul words that followed. Concentration camps. Hospitals deep in the Pyrenees. Recovering from fractured skulls. Concussions, brain lesions that could be a start of—
"*Come on!*"

He couldn't get away from Barney, he was helpless. He found himself being half carried into the bedroom alcove, dumped on the bed. One of Barney's knees buried his face in the spread as Barney's hands twisted his arms behind his back, lashed them together with cord, pulled his legs up behind him, bound his ankles.

He jerked his head out from under the viselike grip of the knee, opening his mouth to try and yell again. For help. But a hand was immediately clasped over it, and then a towel thrust between his teeth and tied in a hard knot at the base of his brain.

"You may not believe it, Dana," Barney said, his job done, and Dana rolled unceremoniously over on his back. "but I'm sorry it has to end this way."

Dana stared at the other man. The demoniac gleam had momentarily given way to a look of actual regret.

"Of course," Barney continued. "I'm sorry it has to end at all. It's been fascinating. Let me get another beer, and I'll tell you all about it."

Dana watched him cross the room, step into the kitchen, step over Emmylou's body lying on the floor, open the refrigerator, take out a can of beer, open it, step back over Emmylou's body, approach the bed again.

He struggled against the bindings, and they cut into his wrists and ankles. He tried to yell, but the towel gagged him. Just watch and wait and wonder and pray.

"I'll give it to you in capsule form." Barney said, sitting on the edge of the bed and glancing at his watch. "They have swell food at the duck club, and I don't want to miss dinner. Also, I may need an alibi. Of course," he sighed. "I hate to miss another fire. And this shack'll make a swell one. But to go back a little—"

Paris. During the war. Barney had met Delilah then, picked up with her after he married Emmylou. But a dame in a Gold Coast apartment plus a family in California can be expensive. Expensive enough to start you tapping the firm's till, altering books in the bookkeeper's hand.

Or an accurate duplication of it, thanks to a course in forgery. Adam Barlowe was an expert instructor. Should be. Had two degrees in it. B.A., San Quentin. M.A., Folsom. And for a piece of the pie . . .

You get in deeper and deeper. Finally, when the old German finds out what's happening and confronts you with it, you fly to Chicago to dust off the female. But she won't dust. And so a wondrous scheme evolves in a hotel bedroom and a paranoiac mind.

Buy the same stationery. White ink. Change envelopes and forward her notes to the "best friend" you've hated and envied from the very beginning, the day you walked away from a President's handshake dead broke and had to inveigle a legman's job from a fraternity brother and the boss's son.

Then fly back to the Coast. And phone them both and tell them to come out, for different reasons.

Buying the guns was a cinch, with Hugo's name on the receipt. But there had been a slight slip-up in the first murder. Right temple, instead of left. But the bookkeeper had hardly known what hit him. Just keeled over on the steering wheel. Then it was merely a matter of wiping off the fingerprints, hitchhiking back to Seal Rock Beach,

Emmylou was at home in the Valley with the kids.

The second murder was more complicated. Duplicate key to Dana's hotel room, picked up en route to the airport. Slipping in while Dana and Emmylou were having a drink downstairs. Taking the dagger, stabbing Delilah (who was already out cold), unlocking her door and putting the DO NOT DISTURB placard on it. Then returning through Dana's room to soak the bedspread with lighter fluid and spike the whisky, before going on to rum grogs and duck dinners.

It was that duck dinner that indirectly gave him away. Eventually. Somehow Celeste knew the duck season hadn't been open the weekend he'd used it as an excuse to his wife and flown to Chicago instead. Bright dame. Celeste. And she's always hated me. Dana.

Barney finished the second beer, took the can back out to the kitchen, returned with a small bottle of lighter fluid, unscrewed its top, and matter-of-factly sprinkled the bedspread around Dana with its contents.

"You won't get away with this!" Dana said. "Not *again*!" He couldn't be heard, of course; the words were absorbed by the towel. But anyway he'd said it.

Barney looked at him, nodded. As though he understood.

"I think I will," he said. "Before I go, you're going to be knocked out." He indicated the butt end of the gun he'd placed on a table beside him. "Untied," he went on. "Your clothes disarranged enough so that when I bring Emmylou in and lay her down beside you, it'll look—"

Dana's body tensed. Expanded. The shackles *had* to give. They didn't.

"Want to hear the rest of the story?"

Dana shook his head savagely. Life or death—prolonging it only increased the torture.

Barney picked up the gun, looked at Dana for a long, almost compassionate moment. "Well," he said finally. "then this is it, old boy. Sorry. Come on, sit up."

He jerked Dana to a sitting position with one hand, raised the butt of the gun with the other. "Just hold still and—"

A bell rang.

Barney froze. It rang again. He looked toward the front door, with another string of oaths. It rang a third time. From the bed in the alcove. Dana couldn't see the door (nor be seen from it), but they obviously had company.

Barney put the gun in his hip pocket, shoved Dana against the rear wall behind the bed, crossed the room quickly to close the kitchen door, then stepped to the front door and opened it a crack.

Dana strained to hear.

"Mr. Spaulding—" The woman's voice was neighborly. A voice that wore faded chartreuse slacks, too tight across the seat. Belonged to breakfast clubs. Counted election returns in people's garages.

"Oh," he heard Barney mutter, "hello, Mrs. Mills."

"I just want to show your wife the change in my garbage can's personality. Look! Hollyhocks!"

If there had been a laugh left in Dana, he would have laughed it then. Instead, he lunged backward to thump the wall and attract attention. The bindings ate into his seared flesh. There was no thump.

"Very nice," he heard Barney say. "But Emmylou's not here."

"Not here?" You couldn't fool that kind of a voice. "I saw her myself, through the kitchen window, not fifteen minutes ago."

Seal Rock Beach is very informal. People walk right in. She started to. "Don't mind me. I won't be a minute. Oh, Emmylou—"

"No, Mrs. Mills!" There was sudden terror in Barney's tone.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Spaulding?" he heard the woman ask. "You're white as a ghost."

"I—I'm not feeling well."

"Hmmm. Better sit down, and I'll just step into the kitchen and get you a glass of—"

"No!" From Barney, again.

But she did. The scream was heard all over town.

Most immediately, by the fisherman in the palm-frond hat and a sheriff's deputy sunning himself on the porch of a substation across the highway from "Loose Ends."

But very shortly thereafter by Herb Gage, Sam Mayes, and Captain Culver, who picked it up via short wave in their car en route from the Hall of Justice to Good Angel Hospital, at the nurse's frantic alarm. By Celeste, who heard it from Dick Kramer over the phone in Pasadena. By Adam Barlowe, who heard it on the loud-speaker system at the airport as he stepped, incognito, onto a plane bound for Mexico City. By one John Ramos. Over the county jail's grapevine.

It was the loudest scream Dana had ever heard. And the last one Barney ever heard.

He streaked out of the cabin, leaped into Emmylou's car, and whirled around in the middle of the busy highway directly into the path of a gravel truck southbound at maximum speed.

Coming-out parties come to an end. Facts have to be faced.

Glucose injected into doped veins again. pistol-whipped jaws taped. Blood transfusions given Emmylou, along

with the fifty-fifty chance. Barney Spaulding buried.

Another call made to Mrs. Schaeffer, but on the phone and from the hospital. Eye for an eye. The debt was canceled.

Finally a visit to the D.A.'s office on the afternoon the doctor finally signed Dana's release. Herb Gage was there. Also Mayes. Culver, and Dick Kramer.

"Glad to see you, Monteagle." The big, shirt-sleeved man lumbered to his feet behind his desk, extended a hand to Dana. "We'd have dropped in to pay you a visit, but you're"—he smiled and shrugged—"yesterday's headlines. What can we do for you now?"

"Accept my apology," Dana said. "I acted like a fool."

The district attorney didn't argue. "A very *lucky* fool," he remarked. "Any questions?"

Of course, there were.

Barney had told him half the plot. Celeste had tried to fill in, but what could she know? Kramer had clarified a point or two: that Barney had used a barbiturate instead of poison, for instance, because poison was harder to get. And if the barbital had knocked Dana out—if he'd fallen asleep on his couch and the fire Barney had set in Dalton's room had jumped to his—none of it would have looked like murder. Hugo's death, suicide. Delilah's and Dana's, accidents.

In the hospital, Kramer had done some clearing up.

"He set the fire early Friday morning," Kramer had explained. "Right after I left your room. Then he quietly locked your door from the outside, with that second key of his. So you were trapped. Even if he hadn't gotten away with it—and he almost *did*—Barney still needn't have looked like the heavy. The last letter the Dalton dame wrote him but which turned up in your room, *plus* the plane stewardess's and the bellboy's testimony, *plus* a hole in the middle of her back made by your dagger—well, actually the D.A. still has a good case against you."

"What if I hadn't met Delilah in that bar?"

"That was a break for Barney," Kramer agreed. "But not too surprising. He knew both of your habits intimately. And he had it all figured out. The plane you were coming on, so he could arrange for her to take the same one. Rooms next to each other. A bottle of brandy waiting for her—he knew what she'd do to that. Having Emmylou call you late in the afternoon to be sure you were in your room, and then phoning Dalton from downstairs in the hotel. So that even while you were reading the note he'd slipped under the door, you heard her phone ring."

It seemed so simple, the way he put

it. "He found she was drunk," Kramer concluded, "and told her he wouldn't see her. That's all it took. That, and the mirror. She hated mirrors, remember?"

"Yes," Dana said, "I remember. But how do you know all this?"

"There's a record of the calls, and Herb Gage has a department that does nothing but put two and two together."

"What were they putting together when I was being deep sixed at Seal Rock Beach?"

"You took your fate out of our hands at that time," Kramer reminded him.

Dana couldn't argue.

"Then," Kramer added, "Barney ordered ice on the house phone, so you'd be seen in her room. Very thorough. Until he made his big slip. The duck-hunting story."

"Duck hunting?" Dana turned to Celeste. "Yes, he told me you knew he was lying. How?"

"Aunt Lydia lives in the duckblinds during the season," she'd explained. "So I knew when it opens. And he knew I knew."

"Why didn't you say so?" Dana demanded. "It would have taken only one word."

"Yes," Celeste had agreed slowly. "One word. But I didn't have that word, Dana. If there was one chance in a million I was wrong. I didn't want to hurt you that much. I know what you thought of Barney. I—I couldn't tell you he was trying to kill you." She sank into the hospital chair with a short sob. "I couldn't—"

So some holes had been filled up. But still, there were questions.

"What about the bellboy, Ramos?"

Gage hitched up his suspenders. "Back to the parole board. They'll handle him."

"You knew it was Barney?"

"No," the D.A. said, "we never *knew*. But the morning your dagger was found in the hotel swimming pool, where Spaulding had dropped it the night before—he opened a drawer, produced a large envelope—"this was found by the diving board." He withdrew something from the envelope, tossed it on the desk.

Dana looked down. At a talisman rabbit's foot in a little gold holder, monogrammed "B.S." Just like one he'd once given Barney for a good-luck piece.

"He knew he'd lost it," Gage said. "Probably knew where. We think that's when he went to Barlowe."

Barlowe! Dana had almost forgotten his attorney.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Whatever happened to him?"

"Took a powder on Spaulding at the last minute. Things were getting too hot. Of course, Spaulding only used him to keep you from bringing in a first-class

legal brain. We picked him up in Mexico City."

Dana sighed. "Too bad. He seemed like a nice little guy."

"He's a honey," Gage agreed sardonically. "We'll give him a break. Send him back to Folsom where he has friends. Incidentally, if you want that dagger—"

But Dana didn't want the dagger.

The officers walked them to the elevator. The sedan was in a parking lot at Spring and Temple. Celeste headed it out the Arroyo Seco, and Dana leaned against the seat thankfully but thoughtfully. So it was over. All except regaining his lost strength, taking care of Emmylou, tying up the loose ends. The loose ends were him and Celeste, their life together.

He turned his head, studied her profile, finally put his hand on one of hers on the wheel.

"I don't know what to say, Celeste."

"That's all right, Dana."

"It wasn't the kids' asthma?"

She shook her head. "They've never had asthma."

"I should have realized. I'm sorry, Celeste. About Europe. About everything. I'll make it up to you—"

She glanced around, smiled slightly. "Will you, Dana? I hope so."

They turned into the San Rafael Hills, and presently into a circular drive that curved up to a pleasant rambling house. Celeste pulled to a stop and got out. Dana hesitated a moment, then followed.

"Some acquaintances of mine are having an early barbecue tonight." She tossed it over her shoulder as she went up stone steps. "Would you like to go?"

"It's up to you, Celeste."

He followed her into the house, then paused with surprise and pleasure. It was lovely. Reminded him of the house at Kenilworth, some of the furniture almost exactly the same. So this was where Celeste inherited her good taste. From Aunt Lydia.

The upper hall was like home, too. Celeste entered the first room on the right. "This is ours."

He stepped to the doorway, paused again. So *much* like their own room! Corner fireplace. Desk in an alcove. Mirrored dressing table, in front of which she was slipping out of her smart suit.

"I don't know these people very well, Dana. So let's not be late." She indicated a closet matter-of-factly. "Your clothes are in there."

He crossed the room slowly, his puzzlement growing. Opened the door. They were in there. The suits, shoes, ties.

"What is this, Celeste? How'd they get here?"

"They live here," she said simply.

"My clothes? At Aunt Lydia's?"

"This isn't Aunt Lydia's, Dana. it's

ours." She turned toward him, and though she was trying to smile, it came out edged with tears. "If you really want to make things up to me, this is where you can begin."

"You mean you've bought this house?"

She nodded. "And had the furniture shipped out."

"You're going to live out here? In California?"

"We're going to live here."

"But—what about my job?"

"Your job's all right. I've been assured of that. Barney's is the one that needs looking after. And it's only twenty minutes from here to the office. Incidentally, how'd you like the car? That's ours, too."

"What happened to the others?" Her expensive coupe, his custom convertible.

"They're in storage."

"Grace and Albert—"

"They went with the long-term lease. We can do without butlers and cooks for a little while."

"The children—"

She crossed to a window, beckoned to him. "They're thriving here," she said. "Twice as many. See?" She indicated a sweeping lawn, kids playing beneath an oak tree; not only Jeff and Liza (he'd seen them in the hospital, he *knew* what they looked like), but a couple of others.

"Four? Who're the—?" He broke off. He wasn't quite sure. And yet . . .

"The boy's name is Dana Spaulding," she said, at his elbow. "Sweet kid. Looks like his godfather. The little girl—"

The elbow became an arm and went around her.

"She's a darling, too. There isn't any other place for them to go, Dana. Until Emmylou's well. And we can find a home for her."

"I guess there isn't," he agreed slowly. "And I guess we owe it to them. But you can't blame me for being a little startled by all this, can you?"

She ducked into her closet, reappeared in pedal pushers. Celeste! Looking like a little girl. "I'll blame you for being late," she said, buttoning a gingham shirt. "The fire has to be built. I'm not sure how cold the beer is, and if you want potato salad—"

"I thought you said—"

She paused, looking at him gently. "I said some acquaintances were having an early barbecue. So their children can eat with them. A Mr. and Mrs. Dana Mont-eagle, Jr. They've just moved into the neighborhood, and they're a little—strange. Even to each other. But they're our type of people, darling. I hope we'll be seeing a lot of them in the future."

And the way her lips tasted then, the way she felt in his arms, Dana hoped so, too.

THE END

The response to this offer which I made to our readers last month has been so overwhelming that I've arranged to have more beach bags made available to you...but, please send your requests to me right away because this new supply won't last very long.

Oliver Richardson
Beauty Editor

P.S.: If your order hasn't been filled yet, please be patient because we've been swamped...but thousands are being shipped every day.

A.R.



COSMOPOLITAN SPECIAL OFFER

from the Beauty Editor to our readers for only **\$1.00** (tax and postage included)

A wonderful waterproof bathing suit bag . . . and a matching cosmetic bag . . . filled with famous beauty care products . . . for women who want to keep cool and look pretty this summer.

See page 94 for complete description of products

BALM ARGENTA Hand Lotion
BRECK CREAM TREATMENT
COETS
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL SHAMPOO
DIAL SOAP
SEA & SKI SUNTAN LOTION
STOPETTE (new)
WASH 'N DRI washcloth
YODORA Deodorant

Send coupon, or name and address

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, ROOM 411
959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.
I enclose \$1.00

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SEND TODAY... OFFER LIMITED... You may tell your friends, but, sorry, one to a customer.



Delaware Water Gap, gateway to the Poconos, marks the last lap of the budget trip.

Vacation Bargain— Florida in the Fall

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Bargain-hunting vacationists should be delighted by Florida in the fall.

Rates in September and October are still at off-season lows, and the crowds are the smallest of the year. It's excellent swimming weather—the temperature averages about eighty degrees and rarely touches ninety—and though there is some rain, the showers seldom last long.

Perhaps this seasonal drop in tourists is due to a fear of hurricanes, which has ballooned out of all proportion to the real hazard. Few of the widely headlined hurricanes actually hit Florida, and those that do usually cut a comparatively narrow path across the state.

Daily room rates in ocean-front hotels at Miami Beach range from \$8 to \$12 for double occupancy, and hotels a few blocks from the ocean are scaled as low as \$20 weekly a person. Breakfasts range in price, depending on your appetite, from 35 cents to \$1.50; lunch costs from 75 cents to \$1 in the more modest restaurants; dinner hits all the notes in the scale from \$1.65 up.

Play activities are also budget-priced. Greens fees at the golf courses are down to \$1.50 for eighteen holes, and tennis courts rent for 25 cents an hour a person.

Guests who live at ocean-front hotels

have free use of beach and pool, and those who stay at off-beach locations may use the municipal beach parks spotted along the shore at no cost.

For evening entertainment, Miami Beach has three civic centers that offer everything from movies and vaudeville shows to square and ballroom dancing. Two of these centers are free, and the third charges only a small fee.

Americans in Paris have at last discovered a bright spot in the seemingly impossible Paris telephone system. By dialing the number twelve and asking for the *téléphoniste anglaise*, you can connect with an English-speaking operator. And don't worry about how you pronounce those two tongue-twisting French words. The operators are so used to them now they instantly recognize the tourist in distress.

European autumns can be gay, giddy, and glamorous. Southern Germany breaks out with a rash of fairs and festivals honoring everything from cuckoo clocks to sausages and Rhine wine. The *Oktoberfest* in Munich begins in late September. Costumed merrymakers jam the beer halls and parade the streets behind Bavarian brass bands.

Barcelona, Spain, goes just as zany with its fall poets' competition. The poets must read their compositions in Catalan, the provincial dialect. A silver rose goes to the third-place poet, and a gold one to the second-place victor. But the big winner—Mr. Poet himself—gets a plain old garden rose.

Tourists are invited to join the International Torch Rally of Eindhoven, Holland, which gets under way in mid-September. Anyone with an automobile (rented or otherwise) may enter this unique competition. The whole family is welcome to go along for the scenic ride. Map-reading ability, and not speed, decides the winners.

Paris in the fall is a three-ring circus. The theater gets going full tilt, with about forty plays and six musical comedies. There are also nine music halls, the opera, two ballets, a marionette theater, and two circuses. Top tickets for most shows cost about \$3, and the average price is \$1.50.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

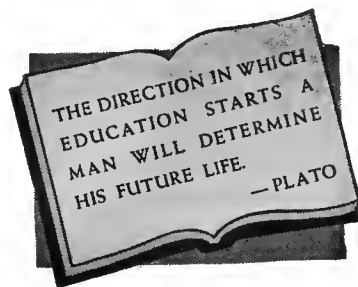
September and October are excellent for an automobile tour of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. A ten-day trip taking in their high spots costs about \$125 a person, with two motoring together and staying at motels.

Long Island, a 120-mile seashore area, is one of the best spots in New York in September, when the children have gone back to school and the beaches are not so crowded. The ocean temperature stays in the seventies, and the fine Long Island parkways are pleasantly traffic-free during the week. The trip to Montauk Point can be an enjoyable one, with stops at such spots as Jones Beach State Park and John Howard Payne's "Home Sweet Home," near East Hampton.

The trip upstate can be made via the romantic land of Rip van Winkle and the Hudson River Valley. You cross the Mohawk Trail to the Shrine of the Martyrs at Auriesville, and then drive northwest to the Thousand Islands, around the shoulder of the state near Lake Ontario, and south to Geneva. You travel down to beautiful Watkins Glen before visiting Corning's interesting glass museum.

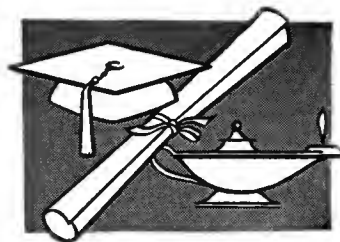
You cross over to Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, and view the near-by impressive Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania before heading south and east through the Pocono Mountains to New Jersey.

Next you drive south through the highlands and pine belt to the Delaware Bay area, where oyster boats are running from Bivalve and Fortescue. Then you head for historic Cape May, and motor homeward along the shore and through such famous resorts as Wildwood, Ocean City, Atlantic City, Point Pleasant, and Asbury Park. THE END



COSMOPOLITAN

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., Alice Canfield, Director

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Oak Grove

A Friends' School for Girls

Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12. Broadening interests of international enrollment. Riding included. Joyous outdoor life. Beautiful fireproof Quadrangle. Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Owen, Box 128, Vassalboro, Maine.

Mary A. Burnham School

For Girls 7th year.

Graduates are mature, poised, fully prepared for college. Also general and post-graduate courses. Music, Art, Secretarial. Traditional campus life. National enrollment. Riding, skiing, swimming. Summer School, Newport, R. I. Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box 43-C, Northampton, Mass.

Brenau Academy

In Blue Ridge Mts. nr. Atlanta. Fully Accredited.

College Preparatory & High School. Secretarial, Art, Music, Drama, Physical Educ. Supervised Study & Tutoring. Recreation & sports program. Social life co-ordinated with nearby boys schools & colleges. Tuition, room & board \$910. yr. For Catalog, write: Brenau, Box AC, Gainesville, Ga.

Marywood School

For girls. High School for resident and day students. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Fully accredited. Member of North Central Association. College Preparatory. General Courses, Music, Art, Drama, Home-Making, Gymnasium and swimming pool. 2122 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Radford School for Girls

Accredited college prep. in

ideal year 'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, dramatics, secretarialship. Character and personality developed in friendly home life. Sports, riding. Endowed. Limited enrollment. Catalog, Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Principal, 4201 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

Tilton School

Thorough college preparation for

boys, grades 7-12. Builds character, responsibility, leadership. Small classes, unaccredited. Inspiring masters, stimulating instruction. New gymnasium. Extensive sports program for all. Outing Club, Glee Club, Debating. Moderate Tuition. Established 1845. Catalog, J. Roland Grompton, D.D., Hdm., Box C, Tilton, N. H.

Worcester Academy

Est. 1834. One of New

England's traditional prep. schools. Grades 8 thru 12. National enrollment. Graduates enter leading colleges and universities. Students utilize all cultural resources of progressive city. Teams in all sports. Gym, pool, track. Wide choice of activities. Registrar, 85 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

Marianapolis Preparatory School

Conducted by Marian Fathers. Grades 9-12. College prep. only. Educational program conducted on personal basis. Emphasis on intimate contact between student & teacher. One faculty member for every seven students. Moderate rate. Catalog. Registrar, Box 186, Thompson, Conn.

Write direct to the schools on these pages. They will be happy to send you detailed information. If you need help in your selection, do not hesitate to write us in order to secure impartial, accurate information regarding schools.

Alice B. Canfield—Director

Cosmopolitan Education Department
572 Madison Ave., N. Y. PL 1-2100

BOYS' SCHOOLS

BOYS' SCHOOLS

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study has increased number of Honor Roll students by 50%. Develops capacity to concentrate. Fully accredited, ROTC Highest Rating. 560 Acres. 16 modern buildings, 2 beautiful, spacious gyms, pool, splendid environment, excellent health record. Separate buildings for Infirmary, Library, Chapel, Science Hall and Recitation Rooms. Effective personal Guidance. Upper School Grades 8-12; Junior School 1-7, separate bldgs. and housemothers. All athletics, bands, Glee Club, 57th Year. For One Subject Plan Booklet and Catalog, write

Dr. J. C. WICKER, Box 108, Fork Union, Va.



Carteret

Superior College Preparation



Accredited. From 1st Grade to College entrance. Personal guidance. Small classes. Proper study habits stressed. Remedial reading. Shops. Periodic aptitude tests. Homelike dormitory. Large gym. 40 acres atop Orange Mt. N. Y. trips 20 miles. Moderate rate. Graduates enter leading colleges. Request bklt. Carteret School, Box H-4, West Orange, N. J.

P E D D I E

A college preparatory school with a tradition for the successful preparation of boys for college and life. Grades 5-12. Endowed; fully accredited. Small classes; individual guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. All sports including golf and swimming. Junior School—separate dorm. 240 acres just off New Jersey Turnpike (exit 8). Summer session. 90th year. Catalog on request.

Dr. C. O. Moran, Headmaster, Box 8-K, Hightstown, N. J.

Nyack Junior School

Grades 1 through 9. On beautiful estate overlooking Hudson River, 13 miles from New York City. Atmosphere of well-appointed home. Limited enrollment. Capable staff & sympathetic care. Summer School. Catalog. Tel. Nyack 7-2622. Headmaster, Box C, Nyack, N. Y.

St. Peter's School

Episcopal boarding school for boys. Grades 7-12. College preparatory and general courses. Music, dramatics. Remedial reading. Small classes. Scholarships. Self-help plan. Inter-scholastic sports program. New gymnasium, two pools. 70-acre campus. Write for catalog.

Frank D. Leeming, Headmaster, Peekskill, N. Y.

Irving School for Boys

11th year. Offering boys sound preparation for college and life. Grades 2-12. Boys taught how to study. Individual guidance. Remedial reading. Small classes. Cultural field trips. All sports. Write for Catalogue.

W. Gray Mattern, Jr., Box 884, Tarrytown, N. Y.

De Vitte Military Academy

Est. 1918. Excellent training for boys grades 1-8 in a healthful, homelike environment. Forty miles from N.Y.C. Summer Camp. Rates \$90. monthly. Catalog.

Captain Walter J. Sweeney, Box C, Morganville, N. J.

Stratford Academy

School and Camp for Younger Boys

Ages 5-15. Semi-Military. High scholastic standards. Careful supervision of health, board, habits, manners, and studies. Water, woodland, playground sports; athletics, crafts, music. A homelike school. Convenient location. Open all year. Stratford, New Jersey.

FARRAGUT

College Preparatory—Naval Training



Fully accredited. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Testing, guidance, remedial reading. College Board center. Separate Jr. School. Sports, boats, bands. Summer camp & school. Write for catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy Box F, Toms River, N. J.

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY

121st year. Over 90% of graduates enter well known colleges. Non profit. Small classes. Personal interest in each boy. Athletic teams for all, intramural & varsity. Swimming pool, band, glee club, rifle team, camera club, etc. Separate Junior School grades 3-8, housemother. Mention interests. Enter now. Illustrated catalog write. Headmaster, Box 107, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Pennington

College preparatory, general courses. Fully accredited; graduates in 89 colleges. Grades 7 through 12. Sports for all; gym, pool, New dorm. Guidance; remedial reading. Crafts, shops, music. Moderate rate. Est. 1828. Write for Catalog. Ira S. Pinn, D.D., Box 30, Pennington, N. J.

Bordentown Military Institute

Fully accredited. College preparatory. Business, general courses. Aviation, ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. All sports. Junior School. 73rd year. Summer session. Write for catalog.

Registrar, Box 298, Bordentown, N. J.

Carson Long

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college, life or business. Character building supreme. 118th year. Overall charges \$1100.00.

Box A, New Bloomfield, Pa.

St. Francis

A college preparatory school of tradition and academic accomplishment. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Grades 9-12. 70 acres. Full athletic program. Convenient location. Est. 1847 by Franciscan Fathers. Catalog. Rev. G. J. Wuenschel, T.O.R., Box AF, Spring Grove, Pa.

Perkiomen

Boys taught how to study in homelike atmosphere. Grades 5-12. Accredited. Remedial reading. Sports, activities for each boy. Country setting, near N.Y.C., Phila. Non-sectarian. Summer School. 80th yr. Write for Catalog. Stephen C. Roberts, Headmaster, Pennsburg, Pa.

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

Health and interest assured by Spring and Fall in Georgia mountains. Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida—two complete school plants, each with all facilities. Fully accredited preparation for all colleges. Also Post Graduate Dept. Constant association with selected teachers who live and eat with cadets. Weekly reports. Highest official Army rating. Progress GUARANTEED. Moderate rate (no extras). Separate School younger boys, grades 5-8. Mention interests. For illustrated catalog, write: GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, Pres., Box 208-C, Gainesville, Georgia

6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS • 3 WINTER MONTHS NEAR MIAMI



NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

THE SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION

Stresses development of character, poise and leadership in boys from grammar school to college entrance. High academic standards; individual attention. Small classes. All varsity sports. Motorized Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Band scholarships available. R.O.T.C. Catalog.

10 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine" Prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep. School and Jr. College, fully accredited; ages 12-20. All sports, Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band, Senior Division ROTC. Catalog.

Box E. Wayne, Pa.

Mercersburg Academy

Graduates outstanding in leading colleges. Grades 9-12. Guidance, public speaking, special emphasis on remedial reading in regular and summer sessions. Beautiful campus. Gym. Pool. 5 athletic fields. 14 tennis courts. Est. 1836. Write for Catalog.

Charles S. Tippetts, Ph.D., Box C, Mercersburg, Pa.

Pennsylvania Military Prep.

ESTAB. 1821

Prepare your son for college. Boys trained to be leaders. Develop sound minds, strong bodies. Learn invaluable study habits. Fully accredited. Sr. ROTC. Training for army commission. Enroll now. Catalog, Picture Brochure.

Gen. E. E. MacMorland, Dept. 26, Chester, Pa.

Hargrave Military Academy

"Where Character Counts." Preparatory, general courses. Grades 5-12; fully accredited. How-to-study training; remedial reading; individual guidance. Wholesome Christian influence. Separate Jr. School. All sports. Summer School. Catalog. Col. Joseph H. Cosby, Pres., Box C, Chatham, Va.

Millersburg Military Institute

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 61st Year. College Preparatory and Separate Junior School. Thorough work—small classes. New gymnasium. All athletics. Rates very moderate. For catalog and "Activities Record", address: Col. L. C. Blankinship, Supt., Box 854, Millersburg, Ky.

Carlisle Military School

"Develops Manly Men"—cultivates physical, mental, spiritual qualities. 7th-12th grades. Pre-aviation. Band. Mild climate. Rate \$790 (including uniform). School dairy and truck farm. For catalog and view book, address: Col. Jas F. Risher, Headmaster, Box C, Bamberg, S. C.

Camden Academy

Grades 6-12. Scholarship, Leadership, Democracy, Military. Personal attention. How-to-study training. Free tutoring. Varsity and informal athletics. Various hobbies: Golf, Rifery, Horsemanship. Ideal Climate. Reasonable charges. Colonel T. F. Garner, President, Box C, Camden, S. C.

Gordon Military College

Accredited. Grades 8-12. Also two years college. ROTC trains for military or civilian leadership. Supervised study. Stimulating activities program. 350 acres. Golf, all sports, pool. \$875 inclusive rate. Founded 1852. Catalog.

Col. C. T. B. Harris, Pres., Box C, Barnesville, Ga.

THE BULLIS SCHOOL

6 miles from the White House

Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A. '24, Pres.



At Silver Spring, Md. Box C.

Address: Registrar

ANNAPOLIS

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

WEST POINT

Accredited. Outstanding success. Modern fireproof buildings. Rates moderate. Fall term—Sept. 13. Write for catalog.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box C-8, Staunton, Va. BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U.S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.



Founded 1860

BOLLES OF FLORIDA

Fully accredited. Distinguished academic record. Grades 7-12. Conference type classrooms. Varsity and intramural sports for all. Year-round golf, tennis, sailing, outdoor pool. Military or naval training. Summer School. Illustrated catalog.

Registrar, Box 5037-C, Jacksonville, Fla.



Junior Military Academy

Boys 4-14

Modified military school; kindergarten through 8th grade. Family life and affectionate care. Food from our 200-acre farm. 12 months' enrolment includes summer camp. Enter any time. Moderate rate. 35th year. Catalog. Maj. Roy DeBerry, Box C, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

Fishburne Military School

Grades 9-12. Accredited. College preparatory. 90% of graduates entered college in last 10 years. Small classes. Individual guidance. R.O.T.C. highest rating. All sports. Varied social activities. Non-profit. 75th year. Catalog. Col. John C. Moore, Box C, Waynesboro, Va.

Massanutten Military Academy

Accredited. Prepares for College and Christian Citizenship. The best in each boy is developed by friendly supervision and study guidance. Small classes. R.O.T.C. All sports. Gym. Pool. Riding. Junior Sch., 5th grade up. Catalog. Col. H. C. Benchoff, Hdqrs., Woodstock, Va. (Shenandoah Val.)

Tennessee Military Institute

Recognized as one of America's really good schools. Grades 8-12. Over 90% of graduates enter college. Small, friendly classes. High scholastic standards. All sports, incl. golf. ROTC. On U.S. 11—40 mi. Knoxville. 81st year. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endsley, Pres., Box 313, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Ohio Military Institute

Brings out the best in your boy. Large faculty, small classes. Lower school for boys 7-11. Upper school certifies to colleges. Wooded 52-acre campus. High, healthful location. 123rd year. All sports, band, orch., rifle clubs. Moderate tuition. Write: 5561 Belmont Avenue, College Hill, Cincinnati 24, Ohio.

Grand River Academy

For younger boys—grades 2-8. Chartered 1831. Prepares for secondary schools. Classes average 10. Sports include swimming and riding. Daily afterclass activities program on 50-acre campus. For "Activities" booklet and catalog, write: Carl C. Bauder, Headmaster, Austinburg, Ohio

Western Military Academy

Faculty accepts great responsibility for academic success. Integrated program based on individual needs; career analysis for upper grades. Grades 7-12. Jr.-Sr. R.O.T.C. All athletics: boating, riding, pool, 76th year. Near St. Louis. Write Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box C-8, Alton, Ill.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY Highest Standards

Accredited. Preparation for College and Government Academies. Junior School in separate plant. Boys taught to study and inspired to excel. Senior Unit R.O.T.C. 17 modern buildings. Every boy in athletics every day. Outdoor sports year round. Endowed. Swimming pool, golf, aviation. Summer school and camp. For catalog and "22 Points," address:

Colonel H. C. Armstrong, President (Near Nashville) Lebanon, Tenn.

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

8 miles from Atlanta—Winter and summer school. R.O.T.C.—Highest government rating. Accredited. Prepares for all colleges and the national academies. Separate Junior School, first thru seventh grades, limited to 100 boarding cadets. Post-graduate course. Reading Clinic, completely equipped with electronic apparatus, under supervision of a reading expert. All major sports. Aviation—theory and flying. Cadets live in small groups with teachers. Moderate rates. Write Col. W. A. Brewster, College Park, Ga.

GREENBRIER MILITARY

The School of Achievement

142nd Year. 7th & 8th grades and High School & Junior College. Teaches "How to Study." Develops leadership. Remarkable success records in college. ROTC. Healthful location. 2300 ft. Elev. White Sulphur Springs' golf & swimming pool. Athletics for all. Accredited—all colleges. Enroll now. Write for Catalog (mention age and needs). New gymnasium now under construction. Col. D. T. Moore, Box C-208, Lewisburg, W. Va.

FARRAGUT STUDY AND PLAY IN FLORIDA SUN

Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges and gov't academies. Separate Jr. Dept. Naval-military. Near beaches. Guidance for college & career. Sports. Boats. Catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy Park Street St. Petersburg 3, Florida

Onarga Military School

Character first! INDIVIDUAL College Preparation. Fully Accredited. Small classes. Tutoring help free. Business Courses. Vocational Guidance. 5th gr. up. Gym and pool. Endowed. 85 miles S. of Chicago. Visit. Catalog: Col. L. C. Adams, Supt., Box C, Onarga, Illinois.

Roosevelt Military Academy "Builders of Men"

An outstanding educational institution. Fully accredited: Noted Guidance Department; small classes; personal supervision; free tutoring; all sports; band; riding. Infirmaries. 45-acre campus in residential St. Paul. 70th yr. Catalog: Box 5, Rev. Leo White, St. Thomas M.A., St. Paul, Minn.

St. Thomas Military Academy

Exceptional preparatory training in Catholic environment. Fully accredited. Personal attention to each boy. ROTC. All sports. Golf, pool, gym. Band, choir. Chapel, infirmary. 45-acre campus in residential St. Paul. 70th yr. Catalog: Box 5, Rev. Leo White, St. Thomas M.A., St. Paul, Minn.

Pillsbury Academy

Fully accredited with national reputation. Grades 6-12. Small classes; supervised study. Military training. Modern equipment. All sports; pool. Separate dormitory for younger boys. Heavily endowed; reasonable rates. 78th yr. Catalog. Lloyd Holsinger, Hdqrs., Box 397-C, Owatonna, Minn.

Wentworth Military Academy

Thousands of business and professional leaders started here. 4-yr. High School; separate 2-yr. College. Accred. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Modern bldgs., country club. Sports for all; pool. Summer school; also younger boys' camp. 75th yr. Catalog. Col. J. M. Sellers, 284 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE



A School with a winter home in Florida
Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Winter months at Venice, Fla. Oldest private Military School in America. ROTC. Land and water sports. For catalog and "Why Florida" folder, address: Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Lyndon, Ky. Box C



KEMPER

One of America's most distinguished military schools. 8th Grade, H.S. & Jr. College. Balanced educational, military, recreational program; builds self-reliance, leadership. Accredited. Small classes; individual attention. Approved ROTC. All sports; flying, golf, horsemanship. 110th yr. Catalog. Director of Admissions, 884 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

Williams Military Academy

Accredited boarding school for boys six to fifteen years of age. Full curriculum. Inspiring military life. All sports, 18-acre campus, 25 miles from Chicago loop. Moderate rates. Write for information or call: Col. P. E. Williams, Department C, Wheaton, Illinois. Telephone Wheaton 8-1048.

Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

College prep. est. 1888. Accredited. 75 mi. to Chicago, 55 to Milwaukee. Avg. class 10. Fireproof buildings. Modern facilities. 85 acres on lake. Sr. ROTC Basic. All sports; sailing. Operates Lake Geneva Naval Camp. Catalogs, 28 So. L. Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wis.

Missouri Military Academy and Separate Junior School

68th year. Grades 4-12. Fully accredited. Senior ROTC. Friendly and inspiring teachers. Small classes. Complete guidance program. All sports. Riding, Golf. 30 acre lake. 5 athletic fields. 226 acre campus. Catalog. Col. C. R. Strubling, 284 Main Street, Mexico, Missouri.

★ ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY



Generations of outstanding Americans have trained under famous "St. John's System." Grades 7-12. Fully accredited. Outstanding faculty. Small classes. Reading clinic. Beautiful campus, new hospital. Chapel. Fireproof dormitories. Sr. ROTC (highest rating). Sports (teams for each age-size level). Summer Camp. Est. 1884. Catalog on request.

Dir. of Admissions, Box 284, Delafield, Wisconsin

Howe Military School

Thorough academic training in spiritual environment. Accred. college preparatory, business courses. Potential Achievement Rating gives each boy individual goal. Small classes. Jr. School. Senior ROTC. Sports. Activities. New dorms and pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 484 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

Culver Military Academy

On Lake Maxinkuckee
8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Accredited. Develops initiative, stamina, courtesy, character. Leadership training. Exceptional facilities and guidance. Sr. Basic ROTC. Field Artillery. Cavalry. Infantry. Band. All sports. Catalog. 83 Pershing Lane, Culver, Ind.

Morgan Park Military Academy

Superior academic program under inspiring faculty. Fully accredited; 90% enter college. Small classes. Grades 4-12. Honor ROTC; Cavalry. Band. Art, music, drama. Shop. Sports; teams for all. 82nd year. Catalog. Col. C. L. Jordan, Box 284, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

Allen Military Academy

Bryan, Texas
An honor military school for 31 consecutive years; low teacher-student ratio; grades 7-12 and junior college. Teams in all sports. Excellent climate and health rating. 70th year. Catalog.

Nat B. Allen, Jr., President, Bryan, Texas.

EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

Individualized Plan—
Each Student a Class

For those with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and science of study. Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 18 years' experience. Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY
Box J-95 Pleasantville, N. J.

Kern School on the Gulf

Military boarding school for boys, with Naval program. Day school for boys and girls, grades 1 to 12. Enrollment limited to 120 students. Music, art, modern reading program, horsemanship. Pres. Albert J. Kern, 923 E. Beach, Pass Christian, Miss.

Georgia Military College

Accredited Junior College. High School grades 8-12. 75th year. Modern equipment. Personal guidance. Sports. Quarterly registration. Designated Senior B.O.T.C. Honor School. Moderate cost. Fall term starts Sept. 7. Write for catalog. Col. R. C. Thorne, Box C, Milledgeville, Ga.

COEDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

The Arnold School

A new concept in education because it is very old. Old-fashioned courses teach mental discipline, thoroughly prepare boys and girls 6-18 for college. Work projects for practical skills. 165-acre farm. Mature teacher-counselors. Sports, hobbies. 23rd yr. N. C. Arnold, E. Pembroke, Mass.

Fornachon Hall

Boarding & Day
Boys 4-8, Girls 4-12

Happy, healthy home life. Thorough academic instruction. Individual training and character forming care. Art, music, hobbies, outdoor play. Charming suburban environment, one-hour bus trip from New York City. 41st year. Louise C. Carr, Ph.D., B.S., Pd.B., Prin., Ridgewood, N. J.

West Nottingham Academy

Coeducational. Grades 7-12. Post-graduate. Excellent college preparation. One subject plan of study. Remedial work. Music, drama, art, sports, golf, hobbies. 80-acre campus. Located midway between Phila.-Balto. Est. 1744. Catalog. C. W. Blaker, Th.M., Headmaster, Box 29, Colorado, Md.

Ann Arbor School

Coed
6-14 yrs.

A private resident school for children of average or superior intelligence whose psychological difficulties impair their learning abilities and school progress. Provides a program of education with psychotherapy. Address. Aline Allen, 1700 Broadway, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Todd School

For 100 years, a leader in American education. Joyous living and learning for boys and girls in grades 1 to 8. Small classes. Top academics plus music, art, shops, riding etc. 300 acres. Hour to Chicago. Winter in Florida Keys. Catalog: Box D2, Woodstock, Ill.

Elgin Academy

College prep. Coed, grades 7-12. Small classes. Strong faculty. Students achieve individual P.A.R. goals through personalized guidance. Balanced activities, sports for all. Gym, pool, art gallery, music, drama. Modern dorms. Endowed. Est. 1839. Catalog. M. L. Brett, 221 Academy Pl., Elgin, Ill.

Wayland Academy

Prepares boys and girls for all colleges and universities. Small classes, supervised study. Religious, home atmosphere. Music, dramatics. Commercial department. Athletics. New gym, swimming pool. Dormitories. Grades 8 to 12. 79th year. Ray Patterson, President, Box 69, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

Fenster Ranch School—Tucson

Accredited, nationally known ranch school in warm, dry climate excellent for asthma, sinusitis. Co-educational, grades 1-12. College preparatory. Outstanding facilities and staff. Write today for Folder #8. Fenster Ranch School, Tucson, Arizona

FOR HELP IN YOUR SELECTION OF A SCHOOL

fill in the coupon below and mail to:

Alice B. Canfield, Director
Cosmopolitan Education Department
572 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

8-54

I am interested in a School _____ Boarding _____ Day _____

College _____, Junior College _____, Prof'l. School _____

For Girl _____, Boy _____, Self _____, Age _____, Grade _____

Approximate Fee Range: _____

Location Preferred: _____

Special Activities & Courses Desired: _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____, Zone _____, State _____

JUNIOR COLLEGES

Are YOU a HARCUM Girl?

Education for gracious adult living. Est. 1915 on Phila.'s Main Line, famous educational and cultural community. 2-Year Academic and Vocational specializations in Liberal Arts, Dance, Drama, Music, Painting, Bus. & Med. Secty., Merchandising, Journalism & Advt., Med. Tech. Personal & vocational guidance. Catalog. **HARCUM JR. COLLEGE** Bryn Mawr, Pa., Box C



Stratford College

EDUCATES IN ART OF LIVING

Accredited Junior College & College Preparatory. Liberal Arts and Terminal Courses. Speech, Drama, Music, Art, Merchandising, Journalism, Secretarial, Pre-nursing, Medical-secretarial, Medical-technology, etc. Social and sports programs. Write for Catalog & "Intimate Glimpse." **DR. JOHN C. SIMPSON, Pres.,** Box C-8, Danville, Va.

Vermont Junior College For women. On hilltop campus in Vermont's capital city. Terminal, transfer courses. Secretarial, med. sec'l, lab. tech., journalism, nursery teaching, pre-professional, art, liberal arts, general. Dietetics. Music, speech, drama. Radio studio. Ski tow, toboggan run on campus. Catalog. **Ralph C. Noble, Pd.D.,** Montpelier, Vt.

Virginia Intermont For girls. Fully accredited Junior College and 2-years High School. Liberal Arts and Career Courses. Music, Art, Dramatics, Journalism, Radio, Nursing, Home Ec., Physical Ed., Secretarial. Elevation 2000 feet. Sports, riding, gym, pool. Est. 1884. Inclusive rate \$895. Catalog. **R. L. Brantley, Ph.D., Pres.,** Box 125, Bristol, Va.

Sullins College For Girls. Estab. 1870. Accredited Junior Coll. Liberal Arts, Music, Speech, Radio, Sec'l, Merchandising, Home Ec., Med. Sec'l, Phys. Ed., Ballet, Equestrian. Outstanding activities and social programs. Swim Pool. 335 acres. Also 2-yr. H.S. Dept. Mention grade & interests. Catalog. **William T. Martin, Pres.,** Box C-8, Bristol, Va.

Southern Seminary and Junior College Accredited Jr. College & High School. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Music, Art, Drama, Home Economics, Physical Education, Secretarial, Merchandising, Kindergarten Training, Equestrian. 88th Yr. **Margaret Durham Robey, Pres.,** Box 918, Buena Vista, Va.

All Saints' Episcopal

For girls. Accredited 2-yr. college, 4 yr. high school. High academic standards. In historic Vicksburg National Park. Near Natchez. Separate music and art departments. All sports, riding. For "All Saints' Today" and bulletin, address: **The Rev. W. G. Christian, Rector, Box C, Vicksburg, Miss.**

FINE & APPLIED ARTS

New York School of Interior Design

Four Months' Practical Training Course starts October 4th. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Period and modern styles, color schemes, all fundamentals. Send for Catalog 2R. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to N. Y. Starts at once. Catalog 2C. 29 East 72nd St., N. Y. 21.

New York-Phoenix School of Design

Thorough training for careers in Advertising Art; Story Illustration; Textile Design; Airbrush; Fashion Illustration; Fine Arts. Est. 1892. Approved for veterans. Enroll now for Fall Term. Catalog C on request. 160 Lexington Ave. at 30 St., New York 16. MU 5-2973.

Moore Institute of Art

110th year. The Professional School for Career Women. Internationally known artist-instructors. Diploma and degree courses in Advertising Art, Art Ed., Fashion Design & Illustration, Interior & Textile Design, Painting & Illustration. Day and Resident. Catalog. 1344 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia 21, Pa.

FINE & APPLIED ARTS

Traphagen School of Fashion

Training Here Pays Dividends for Lifetime! Fashion Art, Beginners or Advanced. Sketching, Design, Clothing Construction, Interior Decor., Display, Day or Evening. Free Placement Bureau. Write or phone CO 5-2077 for Circular 4. **Traphagen School, 1680 Broadway, (52d St.) New York 19.**

Parsons School of Design

Professional training based on Fine Arts. Interior, Fashion, Advertising, Design in Industry. Teacher Training. 3 year certificate. 4 year degrees thru N.Y.U. Veteran approved. Catalogues. Summer and extension. **Box D, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.**

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

18 month Diploma Career courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Illus.; Int. Dec.; Dress Design. Unusually active employment help before and after grad. Veteran approved. Co-ed. 32nd year. For king size FACTBOOK, write: **Willis C. Shook, Dir.,** 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

R.P.I. School of Art

Drawing, Painting, Sculpture; Costume & Fashion; Commercial Art; Interior Decoration; Art Education; Drafting. College activities. Dormitories. Degrees. Richmond Professional Institute. College of William and Mary. For Catalog and View Book Address: **Director, 901 W. Franklin St., Richmond 20, Va.**

Ringling School of Art

23rd year. Study Painting, Illustration, Commercial Art, Fashion Arts, Interior Design in Florida year round. Faculty of outstanding artists. Use Ringling Museum and Circus. Outdoor classes. Dormitories. Low cost. Write for catalog & folder "In Florida Sunshining". Address: **George C. Kaiser, Jr., Exec. Sec'y,** Sarasota, Florida.

Layton School of Art

Thorough training in Painting, Illustration, Photography. Fashion Illustration, Sculpture, Design—Advertising, Industrial, Interior. Faculty of professional artists. Non-profit. 35th year. Fall, Spring, Summer terms. Catalog. **Dapt. 384, 1362 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee 2, Wis.**

Chicago Academy of Fine Arts

Enroll now—full day term, night school, part-time punch ticket in Commercial Art, Fashion-Magazine Illustrations. Dress Design, Interior Decoration, Cartooning, Drawing, Painting. Direct Project Methods since 1902. Write for free catalog D. 720 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Ray-Vogue Schools

Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Fashion Illustration, Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entrances Sept. 8 & Oct. 4. Write Registrar, Room 508. **RAY-VOGUE Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11.**

American Academy of Art

Practical courses in Commercial & Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Story, Advertising & Fashion Illus.; Adv. Art, Lettering, Layout, Painting, Placement serv. Vet. appr. Coed. Fall term Sept. 7. Catalog. **Frank H. Young, Director, Dept. 184, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.**

The Art Institute of Chicago

Professional School. Fine, Industrial, Advertising Arts. Dress Design, Interior Design. Teacher Training. Diploma. Degrees. Fall term Sept. 20, 1954. **Box 203, Michigan Ave. at Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.**

Kendall School of Design

Established 1923. 3 or 4 year diploma courses. Furniture design, advertising design, interior design. Thorough training, professional faculty, traditional & contemporary design. Enter Sept. 13. Approved for veteran training. Catalog: **Dept. C-2, 145 Fountain St. N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

COLLEGES

RIDER COLLEGE Career Education for Men and Women

Regular and accelerated programs leading to accredited B.S. and A.A. degrees. Accountancy, business administration, teacher training, secretarial, medical secretarial, journalism, finance. Four and two year courses. Athletics. Fraternities, sororities. Dorms. Dining halls. Placement Service. Freshmen and transfer students admitted Sept., Nov., March, May, 89th yr. Approved for Korean veterans. Write for Catalogue.

Rider College, Box C, Trenton, New Jersey

HOME STUDY

Educate Your Child at Home

Kindergarten through 9th grade

If distance from school, travel or illness hampers your child's schooling, give him an approved education in your own home with the famous Calvert "School-at-Home" Courses. Lessons, books, supplies provided. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Used by more than 100,000 children. Start any time. 48th yr. Catalog. Give child's age, school grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 68 E. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

LABORATORY TECHNIQUE

MEDICAL TECHNICIANS X-RAY TECHNICIANS An Approved College

Attend one of the largest and best-equipped schools of its kind in the U. S. College-owned dormitories. Co-educational. Free nationwide placement; graduates in great demand at excellent pay. Write now for Catalog C.

COLLEGE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY 1900 LA SALLE AVENUE • MINNEAPOLIS 4, MINNESOTA

Franklin School of Science & Arts

Nationally famous for excellence of training in Medical Technology—12 months; X-Ray Technology—6 months; Medical Secretary—12 months. Top paying positions waiting. Coed. Free Placements. Accredited. Founded 1919. Send for Catalog C. 251 S. 22nd St., Phila. 3, Pa.

Carnegie Institute

Medical Assistants, X-ray & Laboratory Technicians enjoy prestige, security, high salaries. Carnegie is outstanding for comprehensive training. High School and College grads. Coed. Distinguished faculty. Modern labs, equipment. Part-time work available. Approved for Korean Vets. Dorms. Catalog: **Dept. C, 4707 Euclid Ave., Cleveland 3, Ohio.**

Gradwohl School of Laboratory and X-Ray

Technique. Big demand for graduates. Diploma course includes Clinical Microscopy, Hematology, Bacteriology, Basal Metabolism, Electrocardiography, X-Ray Techniques. Accredited. Coed. Enter any month. H.S. required. Placement service. Catalog. **R. B. H. Gradwohl, M.D., Dir.,** 3516 Lucas Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

Trowbridge

For unusual children. Twelve month program. Experienced teachers. Psychologist. Brain injured accepted. Medical and psychiatric supervision. Home atmosphere and individual training. Reasonable rates. Pamphlet. **John A. Moran, M.S.S.W., Dir.,** Box B, 2827 Forest Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

Binghamton Training School

For retarded children. Pre-school, school and special training groups. Home-like cottage plan. Individual, well-rounded program under trained supervision. Est. 1884. **Dr. W. H. Boldt, Director, 114 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, New York.**

BUSINESS & SECRETARIAL

BRYANT COLLEGE

Get a head start! **EARN YOUR BACHELOR'S DEGREE IN 2 YEARS.** Save time and money. Prepare yourself for a profitable career. Study **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION** (management, acctg., finance, retailing, salesmanship, advtg.); **EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL** (mdsg., advtg., med. and legal sec'l). Also 4-yr. degree course in Business Teacher Training; 1-yr. sec'l diploma. Good. Traditional college life. Dorms. 17 buildings. Fraternities. Sororities. Self-help program. Effective placement service. Graduates in demand. Approved for veterans. Catalog. President, Providence 6, Rhode Island.

Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL

BOSTON 16
90 Marlborough St.
NEW YORK 17
230 Park Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
33 Plymouth St.
PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.
135 Angell St.

Outstanding training for high school and private school graduates. Special course for college women. Resident facilities. Catalog: Assistant Director.

Berkeley Train for the best-type secretarial positions. Intensive and comprehensive courses for high school graduates and college women. Distinguished faculty. Effective placement service with leading business organizations. New term Sept. 20. For Catalog address **The Secretary, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17.** Also: White Plains, New York; East Orange, New Jersey.

DENTAL NURSING

Wayne School Be a Dental Nurse
A well paying, uncrowded field. Includes chairside and receptionist duties. X-ray. Lab. glamour and personality development. Write for book describing six week resident course or our home study plan.
Wayne School, Lab. V-16, 2521 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14.

PLAN YOUR CAREER

Write to:

Cosmopolitan Education Dept.
572 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

for suggestions of schools offering the types of training listed below. Check your particular interest and specify location

Be sure to enclose your name and address.

- ☐ Air Stewardess
- ☐ Art, fine and commercial
- ☐ Costume Design
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Drafting, mechanical
- ☐ Drama
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Hotel Training
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Laboratory Technique
- ☐ Medical Assistants
- ☐ Medical Secretarial
- ☐ Merchandising
- ☐ Modeling
- ☐ Nurse's Training (men)
- ☐ Nurse's Training (women)
- ☐ Photography
- ☐ Physiotherapy
- ☐ Radio Broadcasting
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Television
- ☐ Window Display
- ☐ X-ray Technique

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

ENGINEERING DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

INDIANA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

B.S. DEGREE. Aeronautical, Chemical, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Radio Engineering (inc. TV and Electronics). Drafting, 1-yr. Gov't approved for G.I.'s. Low rate. Earn board. Large industrial center. Students from 48 states, 21 countries. Demand for graduates. Enter Sept., Dec., March, June. Catalog: 784 E. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne 2, Indiana.

UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES IN ENGINEERING

BACH. SC. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS in Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero., Radio (TV), Adm. Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Visit campus, see well-equipped labs. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service. Prev. courses. Founded 1884. Approved for Korean Veterans. Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Low cost. Write **Dean McCarthy for Catalog, Vitec Book.**

TRI-STATE COLLEGE 284 College Ave. Angola, Indiana

DRAMATIC ARTS

R. P. I. Dept. of Dramatic Art

(Richmond Prof. Inst., College of Wm. & Mary) Prep. for radio, television, theatre leading to degree. Practice training. Experienced faculty. Many students successful in profession. College activities. dormitories. For catalog, view book address: **Director, 921 W. Franklin Street, Richmond 20, Va.**

American Academy of Dramatic Arts 70th Year. Thorough preparation for the Theatre, Radio and Television. In Senior Year public performances on Broadway. Approved for Korean Veterans. Fall Term Oct. 15th. Year-round Evening Courses. Room 144, 245 West 52nd St., N. Y. 19.

HOME STUDY

Wayne School High School No Classes
Interesting spare-time home study; standard text furnished; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, write for free catalog.
Wayne School, Catalog HBK-14, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

National School of Dress Design

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet.
835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 339C, Chicago 14, Ill.

HOTEL TRAINING

"How I Became a Hotel Hostess"



Patricia O'Connor Succeeds as Social Director Though Inexperienced in Hotel Work

"Words can't express how glad I am that I enrolled for Lewis Training. Soon after graduating, their Employment Bureau placed me as Social Director of a beautiful hotel. The work is enjoyable and I have a good, steady income. I owe everything to Lewis."

STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION

Important positions, increasing opportunities await trained men and women in glamorous hotel, motel, club, and institutional field. Lewis graduates "making good" as hostesses, managers, executive housekeepers and 55 other well-paid positions. Previous experience proved unnecessary. "Over 40," no obstacle. Lewis Training quickly qualifies you at home or through resident classes in Washington. FREE book describes this fascinating field. It tells how you are registered FREE in Lewis National Placement Service. Mail coupon today!

HOME STUDY

FOR REAL JOB SECURITY—get I.C.S. training! You study your own exact needs in your spare time, at your own pace. No interference with work or social life. **I. C. S.** is the oldest and largest school. 277 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No scripping. Diploma to graduates. Write for 2 free books—"How to Succeed" gold mine plus Career Catalog. (Mention field of training desired.)

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Write today: Box 2524-D, Scranton 9, Pa.

How I Learned SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks

Speedwriting SHORTHAND

No Symbols—No Machines, Uses ABC's

by Helen L. Annable
Three Oaks, Michigan

"I have enjoyed studying **SPEEDWRITING** shorthand—in my estimation, the fastest and easiest shorthand to learn. I was a clerk-typist and as a result of **SPEEDWRITING** shorthand, I am now Secretary to the Purchasing Agent. I find **SPEEDWRITING** shorthand as natural as breathing and shall always be thankful for the career it has given me."



Speedwriting The ABC Shorthand

Over 250,000 men and women have learned shorthand the **SPEEDWRITING** way at home or through classroom instruction in schools in over 400 cities in U.S., Canada, Cuba, and Hawaii. Today they are winning success everywhere—in business, industry and Civil Service. **SPEEDWRITING** shorthand is easy to master yet is accurate and speedy, 120 words per minute. Age is no obstacle. Typing also available.

FREE Write TODAY for FREE book which gives full details and FREE sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly YOU can learn **SPEEDWRITING** shorthand. Mail the coupon NOW.

School of SPEEDWRITING
Dept. 5908-4, 55 W. 42 St.
New York 36, N. Y. 31st Year

Please send me details and FREE sample lesson.
☐ Home Study ☐ Classroom Instruction

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

"Can I, At My Age Become a Hotel Executive?"

"Yes," says Calvin W. Schaeffer
Who Became Hotel Manager As A Result of Lewis Training



"After retiring as a Lt. Commander from the U.S. Navy, I considered many fields of endeavor. I decided upon the hotel field and enrolled for the Lewis Course. I am now Manager of a resort hotel. I look forward to a bright and profitable future, thanks to Lewis."

Approved for ALL Veteran Training

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room XM-279, Washington 7, D. C. 38th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Send me, without obligation, your Free Book. I want to know how to qualify for a well-paid position.
☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS).....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran Training



HER HUSBAND'S EVERY MOVE before thousands of critical spectators means her children's bread and butter and whether or not the mortgage gets paid.

Baseball Wife

Being a ballplayer's wife looks glamorous—unless you happen to be one. Here, says Mrs. Monte Irvin, is what it's really like

BY BOOTON HERNDON

One spring afternoon in 1952, an attractive young housewife returned home from a shopping expedition to hear a television announcer excitedly shouting her husband's name. She hurried to the set, the announcer's words harsh in her ears. Her husband had been seriously injured—multiple fractures of the left ankle. No one knew how long it would be before he could play ball again.

That was the costliest broken ankle in sports history. It belonged to Monte Irvin, the most valuable player on the New York Giants baseball team. The cost of that broken ankle to the Giants has been estimated at anywhere from \$100,000 to \$300,000. And it robbed Monte himself of what might have been his best year in baseball.

But Dee Irvin, standing, horrified, before the TV set, didn't give a thought to the Giants, or even her husband's career. All she knew was that Monte was hurt.

That was probably the only time in the ten years Monte has been in professional baseball that Dee Irvin has been able to forget her husband's occupation. Like every other baseball wife, she is a slave to the game eight months of the year, counting spring training. Her domestic life is patterned by the hectic demands of her husband's career. She has no social life. Even her own laughter and tears are subordinated to baseball's demands.

The Irvins Can't Afford a Quarrel

She can't even risk a domestic battle. She knows, along with every other baseball wife, the story of a once-great player whose decline was hastened by a shrewish wife. She is determined this will never happen to Monte.

Monte Irvin, on and off the baseball field, is a man of pride, reserve, and intelligence, with a strong competitive sense. Dee doesn't think she could interfere with his game if she wanted to. But

she is taking no chances. Monte—and baseball—come first in every phase of her life.

Even the two little Irvin girls, ten-year-old Pam and six-year-old Patti, are disciplined by baseball's demands. Dee has trained them to respect their father's need for quiet when he rests during the day, without lessening their affection for him.

Though Dee and her husband are both basically warm people, she has to keep people at arm's length. Having friends drop in unannounced is simply impossible during baseball season.

Take a recent Sunday. Monte left home at ten in the morning for the Polo Grounds in New York. Practice session lasted an hour and a half, and then came a double-header. During the long, hot afternoon, Monte played eighteen innings of baseball, making several brilliant plays, including a spectacular catch and knocking out a home run.

After the game, he had a rubdown, showered and dressed, then bucked Sunday-evening traffic for two hours to get back home to Orange, New Jersey.

It was eleven that night when he pulled in. Fatigue lined his face. The ankle pained him with every step. A pulled muscle in his side was a dull, throbbing ache. A sty was forming on his right eye. He hadn't eaten for twelve hours and had lost ten pounds that day, but he had no appetite. Before going to bed he had to eat, exercise his ankle a half hour on the Exercycle in the attic, and soak ankle and side in hot water another half hour.

Next morning he had to get up at nine and start all over again.

This, needless to say, was hardly the time to have people drop by for a drink.

Baseball Governs Her Life

Not only Dee's day-to-day living but her entire outlook is determined by the realities of baseball. Monte gets \$25,000

a year from the New York Giants, and additional income—from such sources as endorsements and off-season employment—brings his total earnings up to between \$30,000 and \$35,000. But the Irvins have been exposed to big money for only a few years; and they don't intend to succumb to its temptations. A Negro, Monte was twenty-nine before the racial barriers were dropped and he could enter the majors. Now thirty-three, Monte gives himself only two more years on the diamond. Unless he strikes unexpected gold in the business world, he will step out of the high-salaried brackets at an age when most men are just entering them. In few fields are a man's earning years so brief.

So Dee Irvin resolutely puts the figure \$30,000 out of her mind when planning her household budget. The Irvins are a one-car family, and except for a woman who comes in a few hours once a week for heavy cleaning, a maidless one.

Two years ago, they bought a three-

bedroom house. Though it is a pleasant home, with gigantic rhododendrons and evergreens and a big grassy back yard for the kids, the Irvins got it for \$17,500. Eager to retire the mortgage as soon as possible, they are already two years ahead on their payments.

A New World for Them

The furniture, in unostentatious good taste, was added piece by piece out of the budget. It was a pretty barren house a year and a half ago.

Both Dee and Monte admit they had to acquire good taste as well as money. For years now, as a star athlete, Monte has been invited to wealthy homes. And after each such visit, Dee has collared him and made him describe in fine detail every last chair and drape. Through Monte's eyes, Dee has become a home decorator once-removed.

This plush world Monte occasionally glimpses—and even their own modestly

Photos by Ruth Orkin

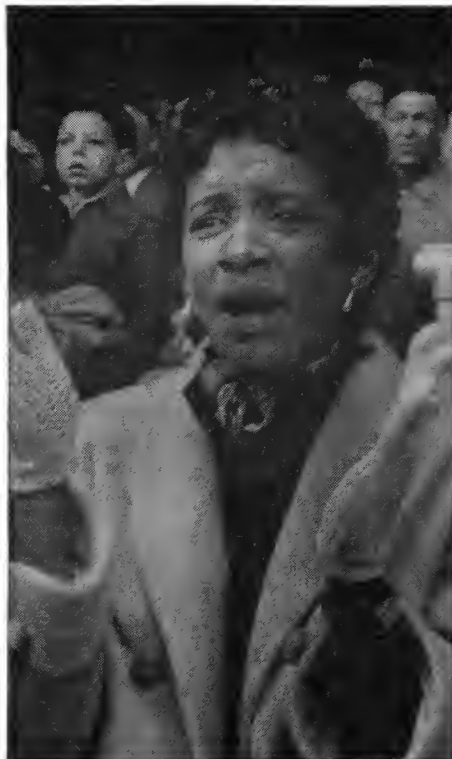


BY THE WAY MONTE STRIDES TO BAT, Dee can tell if he woke up too early or if yesterday's sprains got proper treatment. The Irvins have figured how many more years he can stay in the high-salary bracket. Dee keeps her budget accordingly.

(continued) 125



"HERE'S MONTE, up to bat. It's two outs already, and the game is up to him. . . ."



"STRIKE TWO! Oh, please. He's got to hit it now. And here comes the pitch. . . ."



"A HIT! It's a long one, going, going. . . . Run-n-n, Monte! Monte! Monte-ee-ee...."

comfortable life—are remote from the harsh setting they grew up in. They were both poor kids, children of laborers, reared in the sprawling industrial area around Newark. Monford Irvin, a four-letter man in high school, was the greatest high-school athlete in New Jersey's history. He lived around the corner from Dorinda Otey.

A Hospital-Room Romance

One night, when Monte was a junior and Dee a sophomore, Monte was taken suddenly ill. He was rushed to a hospital and placed in a private room. Nobody could see him. A friend of Dee's was a nurse at the hospital, and more as a stunt than anything else, Dee got her friend to sneak her in.

Sitting in the darkened room, watching over the unconscious young athlete, Dee felt a sudden wave of tenderness. By the time Monte left the hospital, the two youngsters were in love.

Dee doubled up her two last years in high school so she could graduate with Monte. Their dream was to go off to college together, but they knew it was hopeless. They had no money. Monte got an athletic scholarship to Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania, but Dee stayed home and got a job.

In his second year at Lincoln, Monte came home one weekend with a problem. He had been offered a chance to play professional baseball. It would mean he

and Dee could get married. It would also mean an end to his education.

Dee knew Monte was a superb athlete. She knew he had plenty of sense, too. But though she was only an eighteen-year-old factory girl, she realized he didn't have the cultural background to keep up with the circles his sports career would introduce him to, and she didn't think Lincoln, though it was an excellent school scholastically, was helping him polish off the rough spots. They decided on a professional-baseball career for Monte. A year later, when he had made good, they were married.

Though pay in the Negro leagues was small, it was plenty for twenty-one-year-old Monte and nineteen-year-old Dee. Besides, it meant a three-month honeymoon in Mexico City. In those days, Negro stars played baseball the year round, going to Mexico, Venezuela, Cuba, or Puerto Rico for the winter.

Although Dee has lived in Mexico, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, she can't speak any Spanish. In Mexico, a Mexican girl named Carmelita started teaching her the language. One of the first words Carmelita trotted out was the one for *town—pueblo*. Dee repeated it painstakingly.

"Poo-ay-below," Dee intoned. "Poo-ay-below."

That struck Monte so funny that he laughed until he couldn't stand up. He gasped for breath. Meanwhile, Dee watched coldly.

And that was her last Spanish lesson.

In Havana, Dee and the clerks at the neighborhood grocery store quickly established a routine. When she came in, the clerk stepped out from behind the counter and Dee stepped in. She circled the store, mutely pointing out what she wanted, while the obliging clerk clambered up the shelves or dived into the refrigerator to get it. It got to be a neighborhood event. As soon as she headed for the store, all the housewives dropped their work to catch the show.

One winter in Puerto Rico, Monte and Dee shared a house with Larry Doby, now with the Cleveland Indians, and his wife, Helen. Occasionally one of the monstrous bugs that abound in Puerto Rico flew into their living room in the evening. Dee and Helen would run screaming into the bedroom and barricade the door, while Monte and Larry stood outside and shouted they were going to throw the bug through the transom. Screams shrilled from behind the door.

The Natives Began to Gossip

Soon neighborhood gossip started about those crazy American baseball players and what they were doing to make their women scream so. Word about this dark speculation got back to Monte and Larry. The next time a bug flew in, they went through the same routine, then strolled out on the front porch and stood chatting despite the hysterical screams



"HOME RUN! Monte's won the game! No need, right now, to think of tomorrow."

coming from inside the house. At this point, the natives gave up.

During Monte's Negro-league days, Pam was born. Dee went to college for a year, but between Monte and Pam, there wasn't time for her studies. The war came, and Monte served a three-year hitch, while Dee worked in a Government office. Monte came home and returned to baseball. Patti was born.

Then Jackie Robinson, the great Brooklyn Dodger, broke down the major-league color barrier. The winter of 1948, Monte was playing in Havana, Cuba. One morning, a long-distance call came from New York. It was the Giants, offering him a contract. Monte accepted, but he and Dee were too afraid something would go wrong to let themselves get excited over it. They celebrated by splitting a can of beer.

To Dee, the big break wasn't real until she actually saw Monte in a Giant uniform. The first game she watched was nerve-racking for both of them, him on the diamond, her alone in the stands—until Monte exploded a home run.

"I was on my feet before the bat hit the ball," Dee says today, smiling. "What do I mean on my feet—I was ten feet in the air!"

It was not until 1951, at the age of thirty, his major-league career delayed at least five years because of his race, that Monte Irvin came into his own. The statistics tell the story. In 1951, Monte

(continued)

Dee seesaws between anxiety and relief in her role of diplomat, nurse, morale booster, and guardian



EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED after watching her husband at work, Dee waits the lonely wait. Monte, a slow dresser, is always the last to leave the Giants' locker room.



WHEN IRVIN APPEARS, the autograph hounds swarm, even throw themselves into the Irvins' car. Dee calls up reserve energy to restrain them, protect her husband.

I.N.P.



TEAM TRAGEDY, FAMILY TRAGEDY. When Monte broke his ankle in an exhibition game with Cleveland, he lost valuable time, but got full pay.

had a batting average of .312 and his 121 runs batted in led the league. More than that, it was in the crucial closing days of the season, when the Giants were battling to catch up with the league-leading Dodgers, that Monte was most effective.

Then came Monte's first World Series. Far and away the star of the team, he stole home in the first game, and tied the all-time World Series record for six games with his eleven hits. He was named the outstanding Giant of 1952. The mayor of New York presented the huge trophy at a banquet. Dee couldn't be there to see it. Patti had the measles.

It was a sure bet that 1952 was going to be Monte's greatest year. The broken ankle was all the more tragic because of it. When the baseball writers heard about the accident, their immediate reaction was, "Well, there goes the pennant." That was how much Monte meant to the Giants.

They kept Monte in a Denver hospital for a few days, then flew him home. Dee waited anxiously at the airport. Was this the end of the dream? Was the house they'd been planning now an impossibility? The life they had still not yet dared to live, was it over before it began?

The plane landed. The door opened, and Monte was rolled out in a wheel

chair. Suddenly the reserved Mrs. Irvin was running as fast as she could. She threw her arms around her husband.

Monte held her for a moment, then assured her, "Dee, it's going to be all right."

People tried to commiserate with Dee in the period that followed. They wanted to sympathize with her difficult task of being cooped up with an invalid, of living with irritability, fear, frustration. Dee almost gave up trying to explain. "It wasn't like that at all," she insists. "Don't you see, Monte said it would be all right. And I believe Monte."

Still Weak, He Paced the Team

It was late in August when Monte got back into the line-up. The Giants were ten games out of first place. Monte's ankle was weak and his batting eye was out of practice, but he nevertheless went on a hitting spree. The Giants cut the Dodger lead down to four games, but Monte got hurt again and the team collapsed. Brooklyn won the pennant, but Monte had proved he was still a \$25,000 ball player.

Life in a baseball player's home is a frantic struggle to adapt to the constantly shifting game schedule. There are day games and night games, double-headers and twinight games (doubleheaders start-

ing at twilight). For each, Monte must eat and sleep at a different time. The girls, however, who are in school for half the season, live on an unchanging schedule. Dee, caught between the two timetables, is sometimes convinced she spends all her time in the kitchen.

Although she has to build her whole life around Monte's baseball career, Dee has no complaints. She has watched Monte play professional ball for over ten years now, and she knows the harsh demands it makes on both physique and nerves. Saving Monte's strength for baseball is a matter of practical necessity.

She Didn't Want Monte in Politics

Because she is so aware of how her husband's life is dictated by his career, Dee was not overjoyed when the county Democratic party asked Monte to run for state assembly in 1952. She knew campaigning would eat into his precious rest time. But Monte, who spends much of his free time working with youth in neighborhood centers and churches, decided to run. When Dee saw his mind was made up, she did all she could to help. She even made a speech, although her stage fright was so acute she does not remember a word of it.

That was in 1952. Monte pulled more votes than any other Democrat on the ticket, but lost the election.

Being a baseball player's child has very real advantages and disadvantages. Going to Phoenix, the Giants' spring-training camp, was a big treat for the two little Irvin girls. Dee was undecided about taking along Pam, who would miss several months of school. But Pam is an excellent student, and her teacher endorsed the idea of her going. Pam took along a complete study plan to cover the two-month absence.

Thanks to wide-eyed Pam and Patti, Dee and Monte found their trip west a lot more entertaining. They gave themselves time for rubbernecking. Instead of by-passing Pittsburgh, they drove through the city, and all remember vividly the Alcoa Company Building. They took a ferry across the Ohio River, and Pam and Monte had an absorbing discussion with the captain. In Arizona, Pam spent three hours a day on her lessons, and Dee heard them each night. Pam was up with her class when she got back home.

Although Pam is a sweet, reliable, and likable child—the most popular girl in her class—she is sometimes the innocent victim of others' envy. When the Irvins moved two years ago, Pam switched to the Brownie Troop linked with the school district she was entering. It was an automatic move, but to the girls in Pam's old troop, it meant she was going high

(continued)



FOR TWELVE YEARS, Dee has been saying good-bye to her husband at airports and railroad stations. She must see that no domestic problems follow him. Left behind, she is both parents to the children and works hard on self-improvement. She hopes it will pay off when the big-money days end. During Monte's three years in the Army, she worked for the Government.

Baseball Wife (continued)



MONTE AND HIS DAUGHTERS GET TOGETHER as much as his hectic schedule allows. The Irvins are a strongly affectionate family. In their Orange, New Jersey, back yard, six-year-old Patti greets her favorite playmate after his required nap.



TEN-YEAR-OLD PAM'S DAD is a baseball star, but she knows him better as a rug cutter who shares her problems.



SHUTTERBUG MONTE carries his family in his hip pocket. He got his camera when in Japan with the Giants in 1953.

hat, and they taunted her cruelly. It was several months before this unhappy situation was ironed out.

Dee tries hard to keep the children's feet on the ground. One summer day she overheard a youthful conversation outside the house. A boy named Joey was proudly announcing his father was going to take him into Newark that afternoon to attend a television show.

"Oh, that's nothing," Pam said disdainfully. "My father has taken me to lots more places than any old television show."

Dee whipped out the kitchen door and hustled Pam inside.

"I'm ashamed of you," Dee said sternly. "Joey was completely happy until you chose to put on airs and ruin everything for him. Let me tell you something. Because your father is a baseball player doesn't mean you can hurt people. Your father works hard, just like Joey's father. That's why you and Patti must walk on tiptoes when your father is sleeping, because he's tired and he needs his rest. Now, when you go back outside I want you to tell Joey you hope he has a wonderful time at the television show. And when you see him tomorrow, I want you to ask him all about it. You hear me?"

Patti is a different proposition. She's as cute as a bug—but mischievous as a kitten. Many a morning Dee awakens to find Monte gone. Patti has done it again. She has sneaked into her parents' room, roused a weary Monte, and the two have gone for a six A.M. stroll.

The Irvins do not socialize much with the other Giant families, most of whom live on the other side of New York. Dee does not sit with the other wives at ball games, as the Giant management shrewdly scatters the wives over an entire section. This prevents Mrs. Pitcher from needling Mrs. Infielder when an error costs her husband the game.

Once a year Dee attends the annual party Laraine Day, movie-star wife of Leo Durocher, the Giant manager, gives for the wives. Like the other wives, Dee turns out for baby showers, wedding receptions, and the like. Dee is closest to Henry Thompson's wife, Maria. Their friendship dates back to the old days in the Negro leagues. She's also good friends with Kay Maglie, wife of pitcher Sal.

In her efforts to be the perfect baseball wife, Dee once decided to help her husband pack for a two-week road trip. She got out several suits, slacks, and sport coats, a dozen shirts, and piles of socks, shorts, undershirts, and shoes. She overflowed one bag, and moved on to the next.

When Monte's next road trip came up, Dee got out the bags again and devotedly began laying out suit after suit after suit. At this point, Monte gently but firmly took over and proceeded to do his own packing, as he had done it for years.

Actually, of course, a baseball player's uniform, in which he spends most of his time on road trips, is carried by the team. He spends three or four days in each city, always stopping at hotels with valet

service. A baseball player is one of the few people who goes off on a two-week trip and returns with a bagful of clean clothes.

Aware that the golden years are coming to an end, Dee is constantly groping for self-improvement. She enrolled in a secretarial school a couple of years ago, but a baseball player and two children and a three-bedroom house were too much. She took piano lessons along with Pam.

Currently she is reading up on how to run a nursery school. In her neighborhood, there are several educated Negro families with small children. Dee believes that by taking care of their preschool children, she could achieve a double goal. She could bring additional income into her own home and at the same time free other mothers to take jobs outside the home that would mean extra advantages for their families.

Dee's Long-range Project

And, of course, there is still one unfinished project ahead of her. For anyone who loves both kids and baseball as much as Monte does, it's a real shame not to have a boy or two around the house. At the same time, after all Monte's bad breaks—his irretrievable delay in getting into major-league baseball, the costly broken ankle—Dee wants Monte to play the two remaining years he has set himself without the complications and sleepless nights a brand-new baby would bring to the house. She is, first of all, a baseball player's wife.

THE END



WHEN MONTE PLAYS, his family stays glued to the TV set. If he plays a night game in New York, he will be lucky to get back home to New Jersey by one a.m. But Dee will be up, ready to minister to her weary husband.

The Last Word

WHEN YOU SAY GABLE, SMILE

Babylon, New York: Gable was on the cover of your June issue, so I bought it. I like your magazine, but Cameron Shipp's article has me seething! Who is he to imply Gable is a heel who used women for his own selfish ends? Gable gives credit. His timing is perfect, his naturalness unaffected, and his sex appeal tremendous. So he's fifty-three. The look in his eye will thrill American women when he's ninety-three. He's not *play acting* a wonderful man—he really is one.

—MRS. C. ROZYCKI

AMERICAN MARRIAGE

Wichita, Kansas: I've been reading Cosmo for years, but no issue has meant as much to me as June's. "A Survey of American Marriage" has helped to make my marriage last.

—MRS. JOAN JARDINE

Fargo, North Dakota: I object to Amram Scheinfeld's article. By what authority does he put forth his Freudian concept? Articles such as this try to justify our decaying morals when they should be condemned.

—JOAN B. McKNIGHT

OFFSPRING-PHOBIA

Los Angeles, California: Sumner Ahlbum deserves more than praise for his wonderful article "Are We Afraid of Our Children?" [June]. I wish a small booklet of this article could be published and

mailed to all my parental friends. Might make them arise from their kneeling position and lead their children by the hand!

—DIKI KLEINMAN

ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Los Angeles, California: Your warm and sincere story [June] was greatly appreciated. I've long been a Lewis fan but have always felt that not enough has been written about him. Hats off to Cosmopolitan.

—DARLENE GRANT

FUMBLES

New York, New York: I want to let you know how much I liked Bob Considine's complete rundown on the life and times of J. Daly in the July issue of Cosmopolitan. All the pieces are in place except for one picture caption on the bot-



John Dalys and friend

tom of page 68. John Neal is on the left with self in center. But the boy on the

right is not John Charles but Jack Steinthal, who is John Neal's friend. Thanks for all kind words.

—JOHN DALY

Sherman Oaks, California: I would like to call to your attention that the photo



Jack Webb

of Jack Webb leading off his picture story on page 126 of the May Cosmopolitan was shot by me. I have been still-camera man for "Dragnet" for the past two and a half years.

—BERT LYNCH

Cosmopolitan regrets. We always try—even belatedly—to give credit where credit is due.

—The Editors

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 515TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U.S.A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT; G. O. MARKUSON, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; RICHARD E. DEEMS, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR ADVERTISING; ROBERT E. HARG, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CIRCULATION; R. F. McCauley, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA, \$4.20 PER YEAR; ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, \$7.20 PER YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, AND POSTAL ZONE NUMBER; ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.

Looking into September

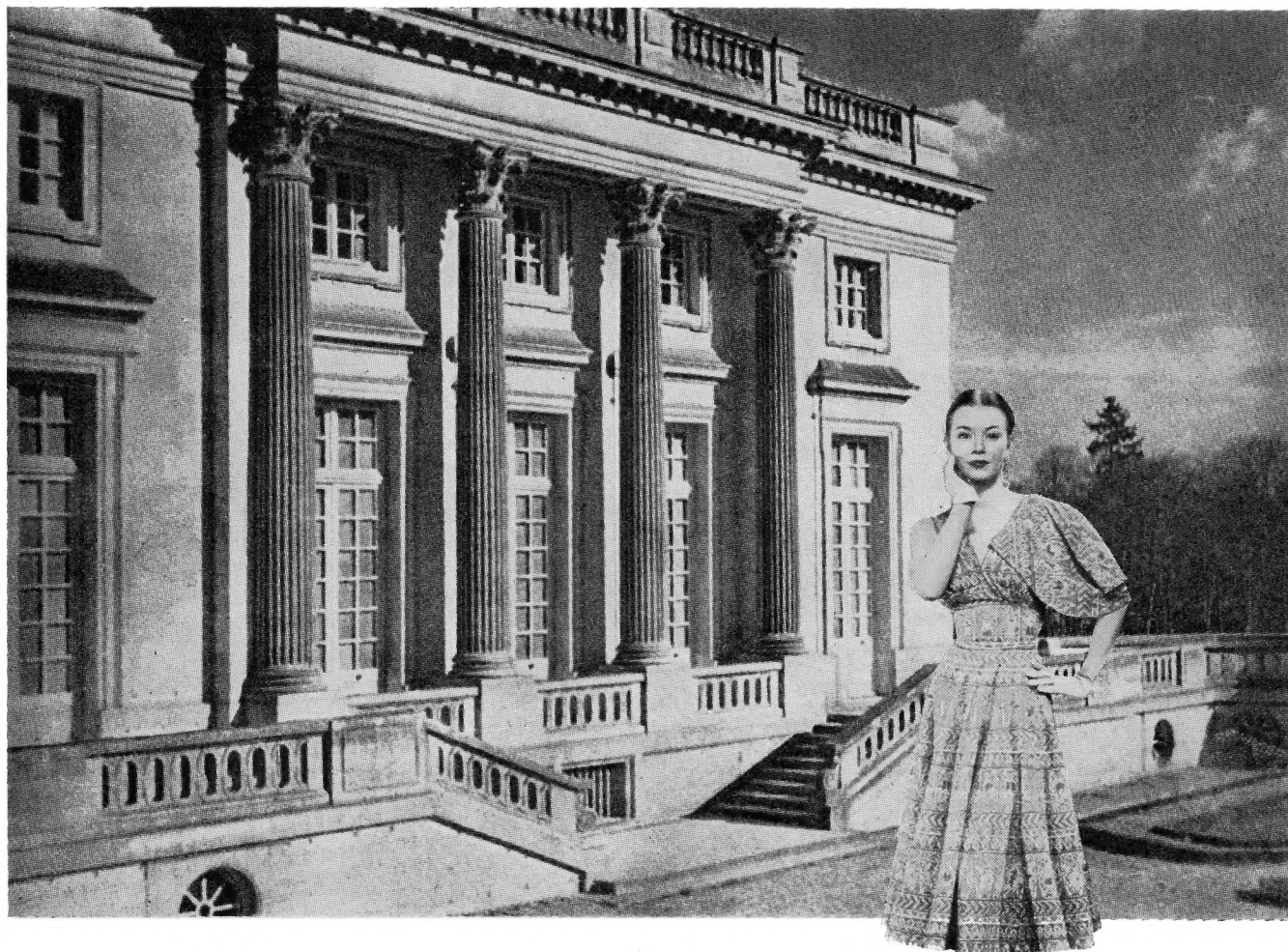


A LITTLE GIRL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE—Because her malformed heart could not be immobilized long enough for surgery, Pamela Schmidt barely lived, while four doctors sought new operating techniques. Her deeply human story widens hope for cardiacs.

"MY TWO YEARS OF FEAR"—When Czechoslovakia fell to a Red coup d'état, Lydia Zuleger and her athlete fiancé plotted their escape. Hers is a story of chilling risk, desperate courage.



WALTER STACKHOUSE had a lawyer's probing mind. A cold, hysteria-driven wife kept his inner tension mounting. When he read about an unsolved murder, he guessed how a husband might have done it—and trapped himself in a tightening web of error. Patricia Highsmith's novel "The Blunderer" is a thrilling tale that could happen to you.



“I have a reputation to maintain,”
says Mrs. Arnold Burr Chamberlain,
 “that’s why I won’t take risks with an ordinary sheet”

Mrs. Chamberlain’s husband is a gentleman of discrimination, and the bearer by descent of three historic names.

Everyone knows how the Arnolds dominated New Haven and Philadelphia colonial society, and then how the General set a pattern that has been followed ever since by those colonists who have made their fortunes in the new world and returned to the mother country where the social atmosphere is uncontaminated by tradesmen.

Mr. Burr is still remembered as the gay blade who led the Princeton cotillions when he lived at Prospect. In Washington he snubbed the Inaugural Ball and gave his own Vice-Presidential Soirée. He failed to invite Mr. Hamilton, because the latter had no background. That’s really why he shot him, and it’s still a precedent for getting rid of bothersome bankers, though nowadays it’s done from the rear.

Of course, Governor Chamberlain is famous for the reception he gave to the legislators in the State House. The buffet was at one end and the bar was at the other, so they put on roller skates. The Carolinians refer to him as a carpetbagger, but he was, and still is, highly regarded in his native Massachusetts, and his fellow Harvard alumni still follow his political example.

“Of course, I use SPRINGMAID sheets,” says Mrs. Chamberlain, “Type 180 for myself, Type 140 for my husband, Type 128 for my guests, and Type 100 for my servants. I’ll let you in on a secret: they’re all good. I try them occasionally, so I know what I am talking about.”



Other famous users of percale sheets are:

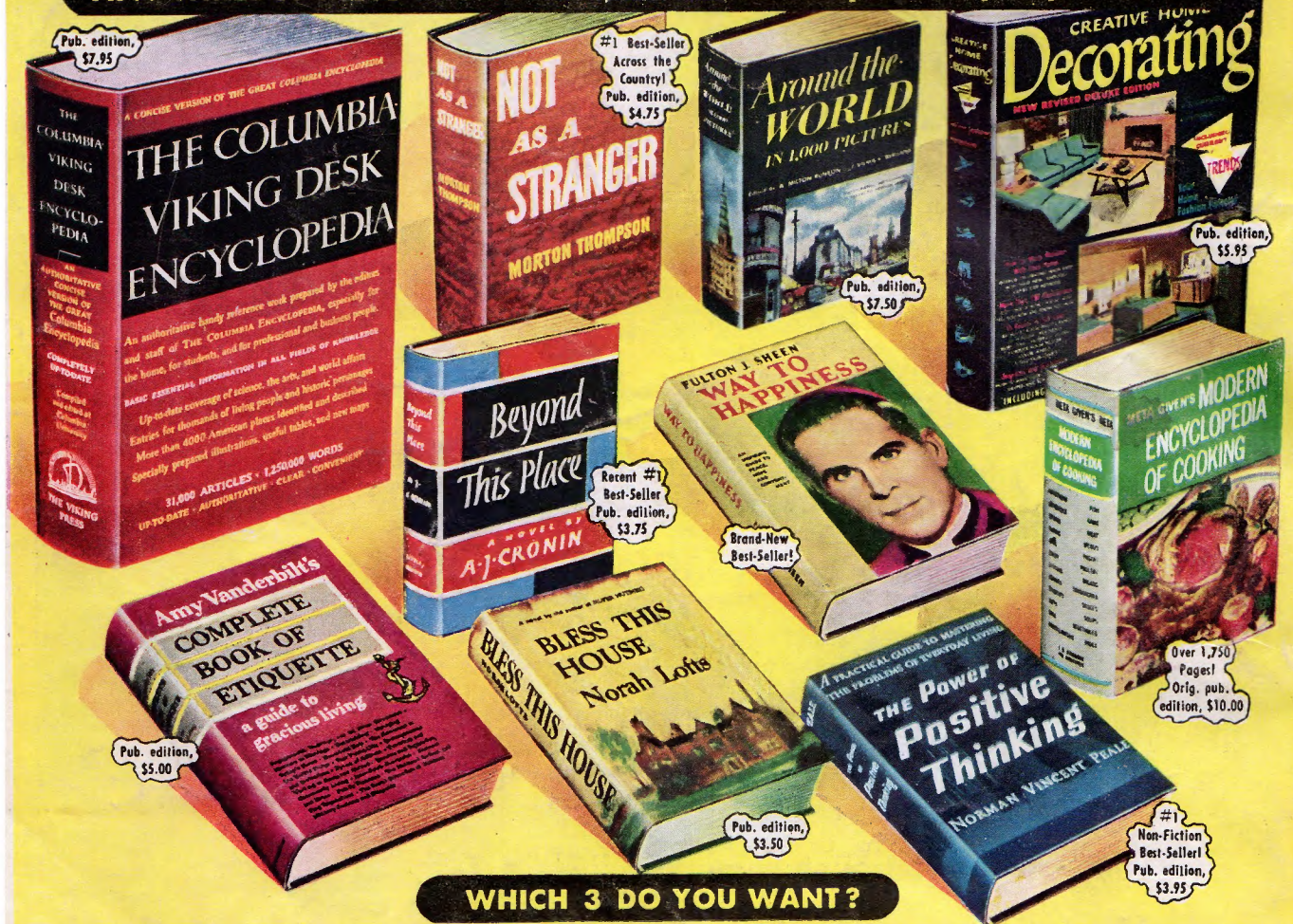
PRINCESS POLLY ADULLAH
 FRAÜLEIN LILI MARLENE

LADY CHATTERLEY
 THE INFANTA TORQUEMADA

MISS MERCEDES McBENZ
 MISS SADIE THOMPSON

The Literary Guild's Greatest Offer in 27 Years

ANY THREE of these fine books (Value up to \$25.45 in publishers' editions) for only \$2.00 if you join now!



WHICH 3 DO YOU WANT?

THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA. A concise version of the giant \$35.00 COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. Only volume of its kind; contains 31,000 articles, 1,250,000 words; full-page illustrations. The "Absolute Authority," completely up-to-date with basic facts in every field. A must for the permanent library! Pub. edition, \$7.95.



NOT AS A STRANGER by Morton Thompson. No. 1 best-seller throughout the whole country! Magnificent new story of the making of a doctor... his loves, conflicts, ambitions—and strange temptations. Pub. edition, \$4.75.



AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,000 PICTURES. See the entire free world, outside the U. S., with intriguing photos, many in color! 10 "tours" to fabulous places. Exciting text, full-page maps, 448 pages! Pub. edition, \$7.50.



CREATIVE HOME DECORATING by the Rockwells. New, revised; covers latest trends! 700 pictures and dozens of full-color "show-rooms" help you work home wonders. Hundreds of thousands in print! Pub. edition, \$5.95.



ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKING by Meta Green. Gives you a marvelous new approach to cooking! Plans meals, guides shopping; contains over 2,000 superb recipes, hundreds of great food pictures. Orig. in 2 vols. at \$10.00.

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE A completely new guide to gracious living in these times... your way to be sure you are socially correct always, in all things. 704 pages. Pub. edition, \$5.00.



BEYOND THIS PLACE by A. J. Cronin. National best-seller by the beloved author of *The Keys to the Kingdom*, *The Changeling*, *The Green Years*, *The Stars Look Down*. All America is talking about it! Pub. edition, \$3.75.



WAY TO HAPPINESS by Fulton J. Sheen. We can find ourselves, re-awaken our souls to faith and hope, remake our lives; we can be happy! Here is the way, lighted by a great wise man. For years of study and inspiration.



BLESS THIS HOUSE by Norah Lofts. A novel of four centuries of family life... of a girl-witch and a boy's unspeakable sin... of hate, passion, villainy punished, love denied. Year's must reading! Pub. edition, \$3.50.



THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING by Norman Vincent Peale. Our era's most inspired writer and thinker gives us the rules that work to win success, popularity, love and happiness. A book that may change your life.



MAIL THIS COUPON

Which 3 Books Do You Want for only \$2

IF YOU JOIN THE LITERARY GUILD NOW

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 8C, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once the THREE books I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only \$2.00, plus few cents shipping, for all three:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative Home Decorating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Around the World in 1,000 Pictures | <input type="checkbox"/> Encyclopedia of Cooking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Beyond This Place | <input type="checkbox"/> Not As A Stranger |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bless This House | <input type="checkbox"/> The Power of Positive Thinking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Columbia-Viking Ency. | <input type="checkbox"/> Way To Happiness |

Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher prices of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing four books.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be cancelled.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please Print)
Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age, if under 21, _____ Selection price in Canada, \$2.20 plus shipping.
Address LITERARY GUILD (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in USA and Can.

A LITERARY GUILD OFFER THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN!

FOR 27 years the Literary Guild has been saving its members up to 50% of the retail prices of each year's best books. Almost without exception, Guild selections, which members receive as soon as they are published, have been the most widely-read books of their day. For example, during the past few months members have received the new national best-sellers!

Why We Make This Unusual Offer

Nearly a million readers now belong to the Guild. We want you to discover for yourself how convenient it is to get the books you want when you want them! We want you to realize how you get \$3.00, \$3.50 and occasionally \$4.00 books for just \$2.00 each (plus shipping)—and how you get superb Bonus Books FREE.

That is why we offer you THREE books on approval—two as a Gift for joining and one as your first selection. If you are pleased, you pay only \$2.00 and join the club on a trial basis; if not, you simply return the books and owe nothing.

How the Literary Guild Operates

Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors. From among them one is

selected and described in "Wings," the illustrated book-review magazine members receive monthly. If you don't want a selection, you choose one of the alternates offered, or tell us not to send any book. It is not necessary to accept a book every month; you can take as few as four a year from the 50 or more offered. You pay postman nothing; your bill is due only after you examine the books, and you may cancel membership at any time after accepting four books. With each fourth Guild book, you receive your valuable FREE Bonus Book... an important new work of fiction or non-fiction, or a beautifully-printed, handsomely-bound volume from our famous "Collector's Library" of literary classics.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Why not join the Guild now while you can have THREE books (a value up to \$25.45 in the publishers' editions) on approval! You may return them within 7 days and owe nothing, or pay only \$2.00 for all three and become a member on a trial basis. Your sole obligation then will be to accept only three more books at only \$2.00 each during the coming year. So mail the coupon NOW!

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, New York